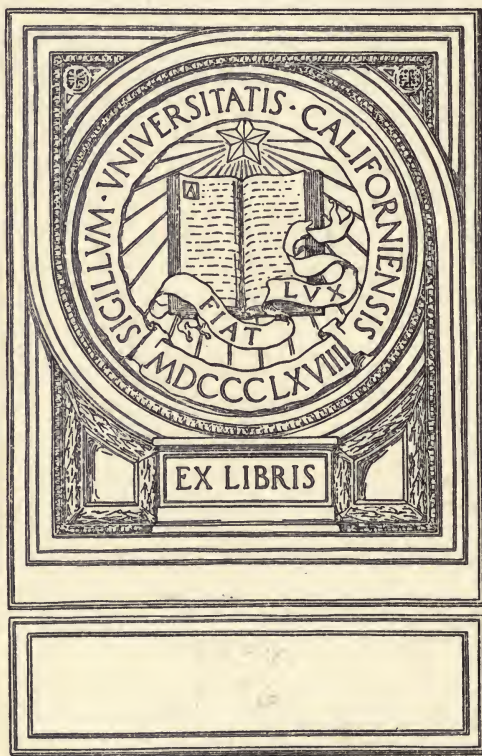






GIFT OF  
A. F. Morrison



















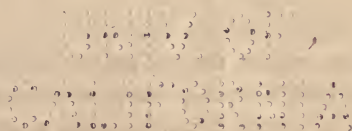






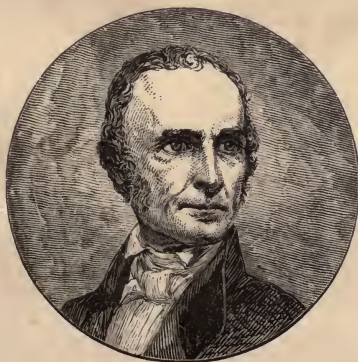
"For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled."—Page 252.

THE COMPLETE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



*H. B. Treat.*  
*May '77.*

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



BOSTON:  
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,  
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1876.



add'l.

GIFT OF

A. F. MARSHALL

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## NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

TO THE EDITION OF 1857.

IN these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement, which respect for the opinions of others and my own after-thought and experience demand.

That there are pieces in this collection which I would "willingly let die," I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them, and I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical as well as other sins. There are others, intimately connected with the author's life and times, which owe their tenacity of vitality to the circumstances under which they were written, and the events by which they were suggested.

The long poem of Mogg Megone was in a great measure composed in early life; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 18th 3d mo., 1857.

## PROEM.

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try ;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies ;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind ;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown ;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom ! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine !



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## MOGG MEGONE.

1835.

[The story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man.]

### PART I.

Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,  
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,  
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,

Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone? <sup>1</sup>  
Close to the verge of the rock is he,

While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,  
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,

And slow through the rock its pathway hewing!  
Far down, through the mist of the falling river,

Which rises up like an incense ever,  
The splintered points of the crags are seen,  
With water howling and vexed between,  
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath  
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!

But Mogg Megone never trembled yet  
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.  
He is watchful: each form in the moonlight dim,  
Of rock or of tree, is seen of him:  
He listens; each sound from afar is caught,  
The faintest shiver of leaf and limb:  
But he sees not the waters, which foam and fret,  
Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin wet,—  
And the roar of their rushing, he hears it not.

The moonlight, through the open bough  
Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked rock  
Coils like a serpent at his foot,  
Falls, checkered, on the Indian's brow.

His head is bare, save only where  
Waves in the wind one lock of hair,  
Reserved for him, whose'er he be,  
More mighty than Megone in strife,  
When breast to breast and knee to knee,  
Above the fallen warrior's life  
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet and gun,  
And his gaudy and tasselled blanket on:  
His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,  
And magic words on its polished blade,—  
'T was the gift of Castine <sup>2</sup> to Mogg Megone,  
For a scalp or twain from the Yengees torn:  
His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,  
And Modocawando's wives had strung  
The brass and the beads, which tinkle and shine  
On the polished breach, and broad bright line  
Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone? His foes are near,—  
Grey Jocelyn's <sup>3</sup> eye is never sleeping,  
And the garrison lights are burning clear,  
Where Phillips' <sup>4</sup> men their watch are keeping.

Let him hie him away through the dank river fog,  
Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the  
rocks,  
For the eyes and the ears which are watching for  
Mogg  
Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts,—there 's a rustle among the leaves:  
Another,—the click of his gun is heard!

A footstep,—is it the step of Cleaves,  
With Indian blood on his English sword?  
Steals Harmon <sup>5</sup> down from the sands of York,  
With hand of iron and foot of cork?  
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,  
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle? <sup>6</sup>  
Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,  
How lights the eye of Mogg Megone!  
A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow,—  
"Boon welcome, Johnny Bonython!"

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,  
And quick, keen glances to and fro,  
The hunted outlaw, Bonython! <sup>7</sup>  
A low, lean, swarthy man is he,  
With blanket-garb and buskined knee,  
And naught of English fashion on;  
For he hates the race from whence he sprung,  
And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.

"Hush,—let the Sachem's voice be weak;  
The water-rat shall hear him speak,—  
The owl shall whoop in the white man's ear,  
That Mogg Megone, with his scalps, is here!"  
He pauses,—dark, over cheek and brow,  
A flush, as of shame, is stealing now:  
"Sachem!" he says, "let me have the land,  
Which stretches away upon either hand,  
As far about as my feet can stray  
In the half of a gentle summer's day,  
From the leaping brook <sup>8</sup> to the Saco river,—  
And the fair-haired girl, thou hast sought of me,  
Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and be  
The wife of Mogg Megone forever."

There's a sudden light in the Indian's glance,  
A moment's trace of powerful feeling,  
Of love or triumph, or both perchance,  
Over his proud, calm features stealing.  
"The words of my father are very good;  
He shall have the land, and water, and wood;  
And he who harms the Sagamore John,  
Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone;  
But the fawn of the Yengees shall sleep on my  
breast,  
And the bird of the clearing shall sing in my  
nest."



"But, father!"—and the Indian's hand  
Falls gently on the white man's arm,  
And with a smile as shrewdly bland  
As the deep voice is slow and calm,—  
"Where is my father's singing-bird,—  
The sunny eye, and sunset hair?  
I know I have my father's word,  
And that his word is good and fair;  
But will my father tell me where  
Megone shall go and look for his bride?—  
For he sees her not by her father's side."

The dark, stern eye of Bonython  
Flashes over the features of Mogg Megone,  
In one of those glances which search within;  
But the stolid calm of the Indian alone  
Remains where the trace of emotion has been.  
"Does the Sachem doubt? Let him go with me,  
And the eyes of the Sachem his bride shall see."

Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,  
And watchful eyes and whispers soft,  
The twain are stealing through the wood,  
Leaving the downward-rushing flood,  
Whose deep and solemn roar behind  
Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark!—is that the angry howl  
Of the wolf, the hills among?—  
Or the hooting of the owl,  
On his leafy cradle swung?—  
Quickly glancing, to and fro,  
Listening to each sound they go  
Round the columns of the pine,  
Indistinct, in shadow, seeming  
Like some old and pillared shrine;  
With the soft and white moonshine,  
Round the foliage-tracery shed  
Of each column's branching head,  
For its lamps of worship gleaming!  
And the sounds awakened there,  
In the pine-leaves fine and small,  
Soft and sweetly musical,  
By the fingers of the air,  
For the anthem's dying fall  
Lingering round some temple's wall!  
Niche and cornice round and round  
Wailing like the ghost of sound!  
Is not Nature's worship thus,  
Ceaseless ever, going on?  
Hath it not a voice for us  
In the thunder, or the tone  
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,  
Speaking to the unsealed ear  
Words of blended love and fear,  
Of the mighty Soul of all?

Naught had the twain of thoughts like these  
As they wound along through the crowded trees,  
Where never had rung the axeman's stroke  
On the gnarled trunk of the rough-barked oak;—  
Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,  
Breaking the mesh of the bramble fine,  
Turning aside the wild grapevine,  
And lightly crossing the quaking bog  
Whose surface shakes at the leap of the frog,  
And out of whose pools the ghostly fog  
Creeps into the chill moonshine!  
Yet, even that Indian's ear had heard  
The preaching of the Holy Word:  
Sanchebantacket's isle of sand  
Was once his father's hunting land,  
Where zealous Hiacoomes' stood,—  
The wild apostle of the wood,  
Shook from his soul the fear of harm,  
And trampled on the Powwaw's charm;  
Until the wizard's curses hung  
Suspended on his palsyng tongue;  
And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,  
Trembled before the forest Paul!

A cottage hidden in the wood,—  
Red through its seams a light is glowing,  
On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,  
A narrow lustre throwing.  
"Who's there?" a clear, firm voice demands;  
"Hold, Ruth,—'t is I, the Sagamore!"  
Quick, at the summons, hasty hands  
Unclose the bolted door;  
And on the outlaw's daughter shine  
The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,  
Like some young priestess of the wood,  
The freeborn child of Solitude,  
And bearing still the wild and rude,  
Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.  
Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain  
More from the sunshine than the rain;  
Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,  
A pure white brow into light is starting;  
And, where the folds of her blanket sever,  
Are a neck and bosom as white as ever  
The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.  
But in the convulsive quiver and grip  
Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,  
There is something painful and sad to see;  
And her eye has a glance more sternly wild  
Than even that of a forest child.  
In its fearless and untamed freedom should be.  
Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen  
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,  
As freely and smiling she welcomes them  
there,—

Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:  
"Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?  
And, Sachem, say,—does Scamman wear,  
In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"  
Hurried and light is the maiden's tone;  
But a fearful meaning lurks within  
Her glance, as it questions the eye of Megone,—  
An awful meaning of guilt and sin!—  
The Indian hath opened his blanket, and there  
Hangs a human scalp by its long damp hair!  
With hand upraised, with quick-drawn breath,  
She meets that ghastly sign of death.  
In one long, glassy, spectral stare  
The enlarging eye is fastened there,  
As if that mesh of pale brown hair  
Had power to change at sight alone,  
Even as the fearful locks which wound  
Medusa's fatal forehead round,  
The gazer into stone.  
With such a look Herodias read  
The features of the bleeding head,  
So looked the mad Moor on his dead,  
Or the young Cenci as she stood,  
O'er-dabbled with a father's blood!

Look!—feeling melts that frozen glance,  
It moves that marble countenance,  
As if at once within her strove  
Pity with shame, and hate with love.  
The Past recalls its joy and pain,  
Old memories rise before her brain,—  
The lips which love's embraces met,  
The hand her tears of parting wet,  
The voice whose pleading tones beguiled  
The pleased ear of the forest-child,—  
And tears she may no more repress  
Reveal her lingering tenderness.

O, woman wronged can cherish hate  
More deep and dark than manhood may;  
But when the mockery of Fate  
Hath left Revenge its chosen way,  
And the fell curse, which years have nursed,  
Full on the spoiler's head hath burst,—  
When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,  
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain,—  
Still lingers something of the spell





"The Indian hath opened his blanket."

Which bound her to the traitor's bosom,—  
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,  
Some flowers of old affection blossom.

John Bonython's eyebrows together are drawn  
With a fierce expression of wrath and scorn,—  
He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!  
Is this the time to be playing the fool,—  
Crying over a paltry lock of hair,  
Like a love-sick girl at school?—  
Curse on it!—an Indian can see and hear:  
Away,—and prepare our evening cheer!"

How keenly the Indian is watching now  
Her tearful eye and her varying brow,—  
With a serpent eye, which kindles and burns,  
Like a fiery star in the upper air:  
On sire and daughter his fierce glance turns:—  
"Has my old white father a scalp to spare?  
For his young one loves the pale brown hair  
Of the scalp of an English dog far more  
Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam floor;  
Go,—Mogg is wise; he will keep his land,—  
And Sagamore John, when he feels with his  
hand,  
Shall miss his scalp where it grew before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone,—  
The lip is clenched,—the tears are still,—  
God pity thee, Ruth Bonython!  
With what a strength of will  
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,  
As with an iron hand, repressed!  
And how, upon that nameless woe,  
Quick as the pulse can come and go,  
While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and yet  
The bosom heaves,—the eye is wet,—  
Has thy dark spirit power to stay  
The heart's wild current on its way?  
And whence that baleful strength of guile,

Which over that still working brow  
And tearful eye and cheek can throw  
The mockery of a smile?  
Warned by her father's blackening frown,  
With one strong effort crushing down  
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again  
The savage murderer's sullen gaze,  
And scarcely look or tone betrays  
How the heart strives beneath its chain.

"Is the Sachem angry,—angry with Ruth,  
Because she cries with an ache in her tooth,<sup>10</sup>  
Which would make a Sagamore jump and cry,  
And look about with a woman's eye?  
No,—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's door  
And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,  
And broil his fish and tender fawn,  
And weave his wampum, and grind his corn,—  
For she loves the brave and the wise, and none  
Are braver and wiser than Mogg Megone!"

The Indian's brow is clear once more:  
With grave, calm face, and half-shut eye,  
He sits upon the wigwam floor,  
And watches Ruth go by,  
Intent upon her household care;  
And ever and anon, the while,  
Or on the maiden, or her fare,  
Which smokes in grateful promise there,  
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams are thine,  
But those which love's own fancies dress,—  
The sum of Indian happiness!—  
A wigwam, where the warm sunshine  
Looks in among the groves of pine,—  
A stream, where, round thy light canoe,  
The trout and salmon dart in view,  
And the fair girl, before thee now,  
Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,

Or plying, in the dews of morn,  
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,  
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,  
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bonython,  
Venison and succotash have gone,—  
For long these dwellers of the wood  
Have felt the knawing want of food.  
But untasted of Ruth is the frugal cheer,—  
With head averted, yet ready ear,  
She stands by the side of her austere sire,  
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire  
With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,  
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls  
On the cottage-roof, and its black log walls,  
And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting flask  
The fire-water burns at the lip of Megone:  
"Will the Sachem hear what his father shall ask?  
Will he make his mark, that it may be known,  
On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the land,  
From the Sachem's own, to his father's hand?"  
The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,  
As he rises, the white man's bidding to do:  
"Wuttamuttata—weekan! Mogg is wise,—  
For the water he drinks is strong and new,—  
Mogg's heart is great!—will he shut his hand,  
When his father asks for a little land?"  
With unsteady fingers, the Indian has drawn  
On the parchment the shape of a hunter's bow,  
"Boon water,—boon water,—Sagamore John!  
Wuttamuttata—weekan! our hearts will grow!"  
He drinks yet deeper,—he mutters low,—  
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro,—  
His head falls down on his naked breast,—  
He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

"Humph—drunk as a beast!"—and Bonython's brow  
Is darker than ever with evil thought—  
"The fool has signed his warrant; but how  
And when shall the deed be wrought?  
Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is there,  
To fix thy gaze in that empty air?"  
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought that tear,  
Which shames thyself and our purpose here,  
Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,  
Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,  
And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping,—  
Tis—this!"—he dashes his hand upon  
The rattling stock of his loaded gun,—  
"Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

"Father!"—the eye of Bonython  
Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,  
Hollow and deep, as it were spoken  
By the unmoving tongue of death,—  
Or from some statue's lips had broken,—  
A sound without a breath!  
"Father!—my life I value less  
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;  
And how it ends it matters not,  
By heart-break or by rifle-shot;  
But spare awhile the scoff and threat,—  
Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl,—I only meant  
To draw up again the bow unbent.  
Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought  
To frighten off thy gloomy thought;  
Come,—let's be friends!" He seeks to clasp  
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.  
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,  
As if each nerve and muscle felt,  
Instinctively, the touch of guilt,  
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg:  
"What shall be done with yonder dog?  
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine,—  
The deed is signed and the land is mine;  
And this drunken fool is of use no more,  
Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,  
'T were Christian mercy to finish him, Ruth,  
Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor,—  
If not for thine, at least for his sake,  
Rather than let the poor dog awake  
To drain my flask, and claim as his bride  
Such a forest devil to run by his side,—  
Such a Wetuomanit<sup>12</sup> as thou wouldst make!"

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what is there?—  
The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,  
With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes!  
"Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-face's hair,  
For his knife is sharp, and his fingers can help  
The hair to pull and the skin to peel,—  
Let him cry like a woman and twist like an eel,  
The great Captain Scamman must lose his  
scalp!  
And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with  
Mogg."  
His eyes are fixed,—but his lips draw in,—  
With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin,—  
And he sinks again, like a senseless log

Ruth does not speak,—she does not stir;  
But she gazes down on the murderer,  
Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell  
Too much for her ear of that deed of hell.  
She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,  
And the dark fingers clenching the bearskin bed!  
What thoughts of horror and madness whirl  
Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,  
Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear,—  
But he drops it again. "Some one may be nigh,  
And I would not, that even the wolves should  
hear."  
He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt,—  
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;  
Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's side,  
From his throat he opens the blanket wide;  
And twice or thrice he feebly essays  
A trembling hand with the knife to raise.  
"I cannot,"—he mutters,—  
"did he not save  
My life from a cold and wintry grave,  
When the storm came down from Agiochook,  
And the north-wind howled, and the tree-tops  
shook,—  
And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,  
Till my knees grew weak and I could not go,  
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,  
And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses sleep!  
I cannot strike him—Ruth Bonython!  
In the Devil's name, tell me—what's to be  
done?"

O, when the soul, once pure and high,  
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,  
As, with the downcast star of morn,  
Some gems of light are with it drawn,—  
And, through its night of darkness, play  
Some tokens of its primal day,—  
Some lofty feelings linger still,—  
The strength to dare, the nerve to meet  
Whatever threatens with defeat  
Its all-indomitable will!—  
But lacks the mean of mind and heart,  
Though eager for the gains of crime,  
Oft, at his chosen place and time,  
The strength to bear his evil part;  
And, shielded by his very vice,  
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.



Ruth starts erect,—with bloodshot eye,  
 And lips drawn tight across her teeth,  
 Showing their locked embrace beneath,  
 In the red firelight:—"Mogg must die!  
 Give me the knife!"—The outlaw turns,  
 Shuddering in heart and limb, away,—  
 But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,  
 And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.  
 A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
 Are dimly pictured in light and shade,  
 Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that  
 cry  
 Again—and again—he sees it fall,—  
 That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!  
 He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits by—  
 The door on its rusted hinges creaks:—  
 "Ruth—daughter Ruth!" the outlaw shrieks.  
 But no sound comes back,—he is standing alone  
 By the mangled cors: of Mogg Megone!

## PART II.

'T is morning over Norridgewock,—  
 On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.  
 Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred  
 At intervals by breeze and bird,  
 And wearing all the hues which glow  
 In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,  
 That glorious picture of the air,  
 Which summer's light-robed angel forms  
 On the dark ground of fading storms,  
 With pencil dipped in sunbeams there,—  
 And, stretching out, on either hand,  
 O'er all that wide and unshorn land,  
 Till, weary of its gorgeousness,  
 The aching and the dazzled eye  
 Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue sky,—  
 Slumbers the mighty wilderness!  
 The oak, upon the windy hill,  
 Its dark green burthen upward heaves—  
 The hemlock broods above its rill,  
 Its cone-like foliage darker still,  
 Against the birch's graceful stem,  
 And the rough walnut-bough receives  
 The sun upon its crowded leaves,  
 Each colored like a topaz gem;  
 And the tall maple wears with them  
 The coronal, which autumn gives,  
 The brief, bright sign of ruin near,  
 The hectic of a dying year!

The hermit priest, who lingers now  
 On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow,  
 The gray and thunder-smitten pile  
 Which marks afar the Desert Isle,<sup>13</sup>  
 While gazing on the scene below,  
 May half forget the dreams of home,  
 That nightly with his slumbers come,—  
 The tranquil skies of sunny France,  
 The peasant's harvest song and dance,  
 The vines around the hillside wreathing  
 The soft airs midst their clusters breathing,  
 The wings which dipped, the stars which shone  
 Within thy bosom, blue Garonne!  
 And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,  
 At morning spring and even-fall,  
 Sweet voices in the still air singing,—  
 The chant of many a holy hymn,—  
 The solemn bell of vespers ringing,—  
 And hallowed torchlight falling dim  
 On pictured saint and seraphim!  
 For here beneath him lies unrolled,  
 Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,  
 A vision gorgeous as the dream  
 Of the beatified may seem,  
 When, as his Church's legends say,  
 Borne upward in ecstatic bliss,  
 The rapt enthusiast soars away  
 Unto a brighter world than this:

A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale,—  
 A moment's lifting of the veil!

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,  
 Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;  
 And gently from that Indian town  
 The verdant hillside slopes adown,  
 To where the sparkling waters play  
 Upon the yellow sands below;  
 And shooting round the winding shores  
 Of narrow capes, and isles which lie  
 Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—  
 With birchen boat and glancing oars,  
 The red men to their fishing go;  
 While from their planting ground is borne  
 The treasure of the golden corn,  
 By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow  
 Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.  
 The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,  
 Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,  
 Watching the huskers, with a smile  
 For each full ear which swells the pile;  
 And the old chief, who nevermore  
 May bend the bow or pull the oar,  
 Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,  
 Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,  
 The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye  
 A thousand wooded islands lie,—  
 Gems of the waters!—with each hue  
 Of brightness set in ocean's blue.  
 Each bears aloft its tuft of trees  
 Touched by the pencil of the frost,  
 And, with the motion of each breeze,  
 A moment seen,—a moment lost,—  
 Changing and blent, confused and tossed,  
 The brighter with the darker crosse  
 Their thousand tints of beauty glow  
 Down in the restless waves below,  
 And tremble in the sunny skies,  
 As if, from waving bough to bough,  
 Flitted the birds of paradise.  
 There sleep Placentia's group,—and there  
 Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;  
 And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,  
 On which the Father's hut is seen,  
 The Indian stays his rocking skiff,  
 And peers the hemlock-boughs between,  
 Half trembling, as he seeks to look  
 Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.<sup>14</sup>  
 There, gloomily against the sky  
 The Dark Isles rear their summits high;  
 And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,  
 Lifts its gray turrets in the air,—  
 Seen from afar, like some stronghold  
 Built by the ocean kings of old;  
 And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,  
 Swells in the north vast Katahdin:  
 And, wandering from its marshy feet,  
 The broad Penobscot comes to meet  
 And mingle with his own bright bay.  
 Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,  
 Arched over by the ancient woods,  
 Which Time, in those dim solitudes,  
 Wielding the dull axe of Decay,  
 Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide  
 The beauty of thy azure tide,  
 And with their falling timbers block  
 Thy broken currents, Kennebec!  
 Gazes the white man on the wreck  
 Of the down-trodden Norridgewock,—  
 In one lone village hemmed at length,  
 In battle shorn of half their strength,  
 Turned, like the panther in his lair,  
 With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,  
 For one last struggle of despair,  
 Wounded and faint, but tameless yet!



Unreaped, upon the planting lands,  
The scant, neglected harvest stands :

No shout is there,—no dance,—no song :  
The aspect of the very child  
Scowls with a meaning sad and wild

Of bitterness and wrong.

The almost infant Norridgewock  
Essays to lift the tomahawk ;  
And plucks his father's knife away,  
To mimic, in his frightful play,

The scalping of an English foe :  
Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,  
Burns, like a snake's, his small eye, while  
Some bough or sapling meets his blow.

The fisher, as he drops his line,  
Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver  
Along the margin of the river,  
Looks up and down the rippling tide,  
And grasps the firelock at his side.  
For Bomazeen<sup>15</sup> from Tacconock  
Has sent his runners to Norridgewock  
With tidings that Moulton and Harmon of York

Far up the river have come :  
They have left their boats,—they have entered the  
wood,

And filled the depths of the solitude  
With the sound of the ranger's drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet  
The flowing river, and bathe its feet,—  
The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,  
And the creeping vine, as the waters pass,—  
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,  
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands,  
Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,  
For the holy sign of the cross is there :

And should he chance at that place to be,  
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,  
When prayers are made and masses are said,  
Some for the living and some for the dead,  
Well might that traveller start to see

The tall dark forms, that take their way  
From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,  
And the forest paths, to that chapel door ;  
And marvel to mark the naked knees

And the dusky foreheads bending there,  
While, in coarse white vesture, over these  
In blessing or in prayer,  
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,  
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit<sup>16</sup> stands.

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,  
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,  
Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,  
Which a stranger is telling him.  
That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,  
And wet with dew and loosely worn ;  
Her fair neglected hair falls down  
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine brown ;  
Yet still, in that disordered face,  
The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace  
Those elements of former grace  
Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,  
Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head, and voice so low  
That scarce it meets the Jesuit's ears,—  
While through her clasped fingers flow,  
From the heart's fountain, hot and slow,  
Her penitential tears,—  
She tells the story of the woe  
And evil of her years.

“ O father, bear with me ; my heart  
Is sick and death-like, and my brain  
Seems girdled with a fiery chain,  
Whose scorching links will never part,  
And never cool again.  
Bear with me while I speak,—but turn  
Away that gentle eye, the while,—

The fires of guilt more fiercely burn  
Beneath its holy smile ;  
For half I fancy I can see  
My mother's sainted look in thee.

“ My dear lost mother ! sad and pale  
Mournfully sinking day by day,  
And with a hold on life as frail  
As frosted leaves, that, thin and gray,  
Hang feebly on their parent spray,  
And tremble in the gale ;  
Yet watching o'er my childishness  
With patient fondness,—not the less  
For all the agony which kept  
Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept ;  
And checking every tear and groan  
That haply might have waked my own,  
And bearing still, without offence,  
My idle words, and petulance ;  
Reproving with a tear,—and, while  
The tooth of pain was keenly preying  
Upon her very heart, repaying  
My brief repentance with a smile.

“ O, in her meek, forgiving eye  
There was a brightness not of mirth,  
A light whose clear intensity  
Was borrowed not of earth.

Along her cheek a deepening red  
Told where the feverish hectic fed ;

And yet, each fatal token gave  
To the mild beauty of her face  
A newer and a dearer grace,  
Unwarring of the grave.

'T was like the hue which Autumn gives  
To yonder changed and dying leaves,  
Breathed over by her frosty breath ;  
Scarce can the gazer feel that this  
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,  
The mocking-smile of Death !

“ Sweet were the tales she used to tell  
When summer's eve was dear to us,  
And, fading from the darkening dell,  
The glory of the sunset fell

On wooded Agameticus,—  
When, sitting by our cottage wall,  
The murmur of the Saco's fall,  
And the south-wind's expiring sighs,  
Came, softly blending, on my ear,  
With the low tones I loved to hear :

Tales of the pure,—the good,—the wise,—  
The holy men and maids of old,  
In the all-sacred pages told ;—  
Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's fountains,  
Amid her father's thirsty flock,  
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming  
As the bright angels of his dreaming,  
On Padan-aran's holy rock ;  
Of gentle Ruth,—and her who kept  
Her awful vigil on the mountains,  
By Israel's virgin daughters wept ;  
Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing  
The song for grateful Israel meet,  
While every crimson wave was bringing  
The spoils of Egypt at her feet ;  
Of her,—Samaria's humble daughter,  
Who paused to hear, beside her well,  
Lessons of love and truth, which fell  
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water ;  
And saw, beneath his pilgrim guise,  
The Promised One, so long foretold  
By holy seer and bard of old,  
Revealed before her wondering eyes !

“ Slowly she faded. Day by day  
Her step grew weaker in our hall,  
And fainter, at each even-fall,  
Her sad voice died away.  
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,

Sat Resignation's holy smile :  
 And even my father checked his tread,  
 And hushed his voice, beside her bed :  
 Beneath the calm and sad rebuke  
 Of her meek eye's imploring look,  
 The scowl of hate his brow forsook,  
 And in his stern and gloomy eye,  
 At times, a few unwonted tears  
 Wet the dark lashes, which for years  
 Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

"Calm as a child to slumber soothed,  
 As if an angel's hand had smoothed  
 The still, white features into rest,  
 Silent and cold, without a breath  
 To stir the drapery on her breast,  
 Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,  
 The horror of the mortal pang,  
 The suffering look her brow had worn,  
 The fear, the strife, the anguish gone,—  
 She slept at last in death !

"O, tell me, father, *can* the dead  
 Walk on earth, and look on us,  
 And lay upon the living's head  
 Their blessing or their curse ?  
 For, O, last night she stood by me,  
 As I lay beneath the woodland tree !"

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe,—  
 "Jesu ! what was it my daughter saw ?"

"She came to me last night.  
 The dried leaves did not feel her tread ;  
 She stood by me in the wan moonlight,  
 In the white robes of the dead !  
 Pale, and very mournfully  
 She bent her light form over me.  
 I heard no sound, I felt no breath  
 Breathe o'er me from that face of death :  
 Its blue eyes rested on my own,  
 Rayless and cold as eyes of stone ;  
 Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,  
 Something, which spoke of early days,—  
 A sadness in their quiet glare,  
 As if love's smile were frozen there,—  
 Came o'er me with an icy thrill ;  
 O God ! I feel its presence still !"

The Jesuit makes, the holy sign,—  
 "How passed the vision, daughter mine ?"  
 "All dimly in the wan moonshine,  
 As a wreath of mist will twist and twine,  
 And scatter, and melt into the light,—  
 So scattering,—melting on my sight,  
 The pale, cold vision passed ;  
 But those sad eyes were fixed on mine  
 Mournfully to the last."

"God help thee, daughter, tell me why  
 That spirit passed before thine eye !"

"Father, I know not, save it be  
 That deeds of mine have summoned her  
 From the unbreathing sepulchre,  
 To leave her last rebuke with me.  
 Ah, woe for me ! my mother died  
 Just at the moment when I stood  
 Close on the verge of womanhood,  
 A child in everything beside ;  
 And when my wild heart needed most  
 Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

"My father lived a stormy life,  
 Of frequent change and daily strife ;  
 And—God forgive him !—left his child  
 To feel, like him, a freedom wild ;  
 To love the red man's dwelling-place,  
 The birch boat on his shaded floods,  
 The wild excitement of the chase

Sweeping the ancient woods,  
 The camp-fire, blazing on the shore  
 Of the still lakes, the clear stream where  
 The idle fisher sets his wear,  
 Or angles in the shade, far more  
 Than that restraining awe I felt  
 Beneath my gentle mother's care,  
 When nightly at her knee I knelt,  
 With childhood's simple prayer.

"There came a change. The wild, glad mood  
 Of unchecked freedom passed.  
 Amid the ancient solitude  
 Of unshorn grass and waving wood,  
 And waters glancing bright and fast,  
 A softened voice was in my ear,  
 Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine  
 The hunter lifts his head to hear,  
 Now far and faint, now full and near—  
 The murmur of the wind-swept pine.  
 A manly form was ever nigh,  
 A bold, free hunter, with an eye  
 Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake,  
 Both fear and love,—to awe and charm ;  
 'T was as the wizard rattlesnake,  
 Whose evil glances lure to harm—  
 Whose cold and small and glittering eye,  
 And brilliant coil, and changing dye,  
 Draw, step by step, the gazer near,  
 With drooping wing and cry of fear,  
 Yet powerless all to turn away,  
 A conscious, but a willing prey !

"Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere long  
 Merged in one feeling deep and strong.  
 Faded the world which I had known,  
 A poor vain shadow, cold and waste ;  
 In the warm pleasant bliss alone  
 Seemed I of actual life to taste.  
 Fond longings dimly understood,  
 The glow of passion's quickening blood,  
 And cherished fantasies which press  
 The young lip with a dream's caress,—  
 The heart's forecast and prophecy  
 Took form and life before my eye,  
 Seen in the glance which met my own,  
 Heard in the soft and pleading tone,  
 Felt in the arms around me cast,  
 And warm heart-pulses beating fast.  
 Ah ! scarcely yet to God above  
 With deeper trust, with stronger love,  
 Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,  
 Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,  
 Than I, before a human shrine,  
 As mortal and as frail as mine,  
 With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,  
 Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of sin,  
 An awful light came bursting in.  
 The shrine was cold at which I knelt,  
 The idol of that shrine was gone ;  
 A humbled thing of shame and guilt,  
 Outcast, and spurned and lone,  
 Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,  
 With withering heart and burning brain,  
 And tears that fell like fiery rain,  
 I passed a fearful time.

"There came a voice—it checked the tear—  
 In heart and soul it wrought a change ;—  
 My father's voice was in my ear ;  
 It whispered of revenge !  
 A new and fiercer feeling swept  
 All lingering tenderness away ;  
 And tiger passions, which had slept  
 In childhood's better day,  
 Unknown, unfelt, arose at length  
 In all their own demoniac strength.



"A youthful warrior of the wild,  
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,  
Of crime the cheated instrument,  
Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wilderness  
He tracked his victim; and, at last,  
Just when the tide of hate had passed,  
And milder thoughts came warm and fast,  
Exhulting, at my feet he cast  
The bloody token of success.

"O God! with what an awful power  
I saw the buried past arise,  
And gather, in a single hour,  
Its ghost-like memories!  
And then I felt—alas! too late—  
Then underneath the mask of hate,  
That shame and guilt and wrong had thrown  
O'er feelings which they might not own,  
The heart's wild love had known no change;  
And still that deep and hidden love,  
With its first fondness, wept above  
The victim of its own revenge!  
There lay the fearful scalp, and there  
The blood was on its pale brown hair!  
I thought not of the victim's scorn,  
I thought not of his baleful guile,  
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,  
The characters of sin and shame  
On heart and forehead drawn;  
I only saw that victim's smile,—  
The still, green places where we met,—  
The moonlit branches, dewy wet;  
I only felt, I only heard  
The greeting and the parting word,—  
The smile,—the embrace,—the tone, which made  
An Eden of the forest shade.

"And oh, with what a loathing eye,  
With what a deadly hate and deep,  
I saw that Indian murderer lie  
Before me, in his drunken sleep!  
What thought for me the deed was done,  
And words of mine had sped him on!  
Yet when he murmured, as he slept,  
The horrors of that deed of blood,  
The tide of utter madness swept  
O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.  
And, father, with this hand of mine—"  
"Ha! what didst thou?" the Jesuit cries,  
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,  
And shading, with one thin hand, his eyes,  
With the other he makes the holy sign.  
"—I smote him as I would a worm;—  
With heart as steeled, with nerves as firm:  
He never woke again!"

"Woman of sin and blood and shame,  
Speak,—I would know that victim's name."

"Father," she gasped, "a chieftain, known  
As Saco's Sachem,—MOGG MEGONE!"

Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams,  
What keen desires, what cherished schemes,  
What hopes, that time may not recall,  
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall!  
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,  
To lift the hatchet of his sire,  
And, round his own, the Church's foe,  
To light the avenging fire?  
Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,  
For thine and for the Church's sake?  
Who summon to the scene  
Of conquest and unsparing strife,  
And vengeance dearer than his life,  
The fiery-souled Castine?<sup>17</sup>  
Three backward steps the Jesuit takes,—  
His long thin frame as ague shakes;  
And loathing hate is in his eye,

As from his lips these words of fear  
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear,—  
"The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,  
Checked midway in the fearful chase,  
When bursts, upon his eye and ear,  
The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,  
Between him and his hiding-place;  
While still behind, with yell and blow,  
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.  
"Save me, O holy man!"—her cry  
Fills all the void, as if a tongue,  
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,  
Thrilling with mortal agony;  
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,  
And her eye looks fearfully into his own;—  
"Off, woman of sin!—nay, touch not me  
With those fingers of blood;—begone!"  
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form  
That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,  
Guilty in the sight of Heaven,  
With a keener woe be riven,  
For its weak and sinful trust  
In the strength of human dust;  
And its anguish thrill afresh,  
For each vain reliance given  
To the failing arm of flesh.

### PART III.

Ah, weary Priest!—with pale hands pressed  
On thy throbbing brow of pain,  
Baffled in thy life-long quest,  
Overworn with toiling vain,  
How ill thy troubled musings fit  
The holy quiet of a breast  
With the Dove of Peace at rest,  
Sweetly brooding over it.  
Thoughts are thine which have no part  
With the meek and pure of heart,  
Undisturbed by outward things,  
Resting in the heavenly shade,  
By the overspreading wings  
Of the Blessed Spirit made.  
Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong  
Sweep thy heated brain along,  
Fading hopes for whose success  
It were sin to breathe a prayer;—  
Schemes which Heaven may never bless,—  
Fears which darken to despair.  
Hoary priest! thy dream is done  
Of a hundred red tribes won  
To the pale of Holy Church;  
And the heretic o'erthrown,  
And his name no longer known,  
And thy weary brethren turning,  
Joyful from their years of mourning,  
'Twixt the altar and the porch.  
Hark! what sudden sound is heard  
In the wood and in the sky,  
Shriller than the scream of bird,—  
Than the trumpet's clang more high!  
Every wolf-cave of the hills,—  
Forest arch and mountain gorge,  
Rock and dell, and river verge,—  
With an answering echo thrills.  
Well does the Jesuit know that cry,  
Which summons the Norridgewock to die,  
And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.  
He listens, and hears the rangers come,  
With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,  
And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),  
And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,  
And taunt and menace,—answered well  
By the Indians' mocking cry and yell,—  
The bark of dogs,—the squaw's mad scream,—



The dash of paddles along the stream,—  
The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves  
Of the maples around the church's eaves,—  
And the gride of hatchets fiercely thrown,  
On wigwam-log and tree and stone.  
Black with the grime of paint and dust,  
Spotted and streaked with human gore,  
A grim and naked head is thrust  
Within the chapel-door.

"Ha—Bomazeen!—In God's name say,  
What mean these sounds of bloody fray?"  
Silent, the Indian points his hand

To where across the echoing glen  
Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,  
And Moulton with his men.

"Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen?  
Where are De Rouville<sup>18</sup> and Castine,  
And where the braves of Sawga's queen?"

"Let my father find the winter snow  
Which the sun drank up long moons ago!  
Under the falls of Tacconock,  
The wolves are eating the Norridgewock;  
Castine with his wives lies closely hid  
Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!  
On Sawga's banks the man of war  
Sits in his wigwam like a squaw,—  
Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,  
Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,  
Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,  
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,  
Like swift cloud-shadows, each other chase.  
One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,  
For a last vain struggle for cherished life,—  
The next, he hurls the blade away,  
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;  
Over his beads his fingers stray,  
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud  
On the Virgin and her Son;  
For terrible thoughts his memory crowd  
Of evil seen and done,—  
Of scalps brought home by his savage flock  
From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock  
In the Church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,  
As scowling on the priest he looks:  
"Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?"<sup>19</sup>

Let my father look upon Bomazeen,—  
My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,  
But mine is so hard that it does not thaw;  
Let my father ask his God to make

A dance and a feast for a great sagamore,  
When he paddles across the western lake,  
With his dogs and his squaws to the spirit's  
shore.

Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?  
Let my father die like Bomazeen!"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,  
And through each window in the walls,  
Round the priest and warrior pours  
The deadly shower of English balls.

Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;  
While at his side the Norridgewock,  
With failing breath, essays to mock  
And menace yet the hated foe,—  
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro

Exultingly before their eyes,—  
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,  
Defiant still, he dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog!  
Death to the Babylonish dog!"

Down with the beast of Rome!"  
With shouts like these, around the dead,  
Unconscious on his bloody bed,  
The rangers crowding come.

Brave men! the dead priest cannot hear  
The unfeeling taunt,—the brutal jeer;—  
Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,  
The symbol of your Saviour's death;  
Tear from his death-grasp, in your zeal,  
And trample, as a thing accursed,  
The cross he cherished in the dust:  
The dead man cannot feel!

Brutal alike in deed and word,  
With callous heart and hand of strife,  
How like a fiend may man be made,  
Plying the foul and monstrous trade

Whose harvest-field is human life,  
Whose sickle is the reeking sword!  
Quenching, with reckless hand in blood,  
Sparks kindled by the breath of God;  
Urging the deathless soul, unshriven,

Of open guilt or secret sin,  
Before the bar of that pure Heaven

The holy only enter in!  
O, by the widow's sore distress,  
The orphan's wailing wretchedness,  
By Virtue struggling in the accursed  
Embraces of polluting Lust,  
By the fell discord of the Pit,  
And the pained souls that people it,  
And by the blessed peace which fills

The Paradise of God forever,  
Resting on all its holy hills,  
And flowing with its crystal river,—  
Let Christian hands no longer bear

In triumph on his crimson ear  
The foul and idol god of war;  
No more the purple wreaths prepare  
To bind amid his snaky hair;  
Nor Christian bards his glories tell,  
Nor Christian tongues his praises swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing white,  
Glimpses on the soldiers' sight  
A thing of human shape I ween,  
For a moment only seen,  
With its loose hair backward streaming,  
And its eyeballs madly gleaming,  
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,

From the world of light and breath,  
Hurrying to its place again,  
Spectre-like it vanisheth!

Wretched girl! one eye alone  
Notes the way which thou hast gone.  
That great Eye, which slumbers never,  
Watching o'er a lost world ever,  
Tracks thee over vale and mountain,  
By the gushing forest-fountain,  
Plucking from the vine its fruit,  
Searching for the ground-nut's root,  
Peering in the she-wolf's den,  
Wading through the marshy fen,  
Where the sluggish water-snake  
Basks beside the sunny brake,  
Coiling in his slimy bed,  
Smooth and cold against thy tread,—  
Purposeless, thy mazy way  
Threading through the lingering day.  
And at night securely sleeping  
Where the dogwood's dew is weeping!  
Still, though earth and man discard thee,  
Doth thy Heavenly Father guard thee:

He who spared the guilty Cain,  
Even when a brother's blood,  
Crying in the ear of God,  
Gave the earth its primal stain,—  
He whose mercy ever liveth,  
Who repenting guilt forgiveth,  
And the broken heart receiveth,—  
Wanderer of the wilderness,  
Haunted, guilty, crazed, and wild,

He regardeth thy distress,  
And careth for his sinful child !

'T is springtime on the eastern hills !  
Like torrents gush the summer rills ;  
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves  
The bladed grass revives and lives,  
Pushes the mouldering waste away,  
And glimpses to the April day.  
In kindly shower and sunshine bud  
The branches of the dull gray wood ;  
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks ;  
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,  
And odors from the springing grass,  
The pine-tree and the sassafras,  
Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the wood  
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood,—  
The warriors of the wilderness,  
Painted, and in their battle dress ;  
And with them one whose bearded cheek,  
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak  
A wanderer from the shores of France.  
A few long locks of scattering snow  
Beneath a battered morion flow,  
And from the rivets of the vest  
Which girds in steel his ample breast,  
The slanted sunbeams glance.  
In the harsh outlines of his face  
Passion and sin have left their trace ;  
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,  
No signs of weary age are there.  
His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood  
Urges the hoary veteran on :  
The fire of conquest and the mood  
Of Chivalry have gone.  
A mournful task is his,—to lay  
Within the earth the bones of those  
Who perished in that fearful day,  
When Norridgewock became the prey  
Of all unsparing foes.  
Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,  
Of coming vengeance mused Castine,  
Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,  
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks  
Dig up their buried tomahawks  
For firm defence or swift attack ;  
And him whose friendship formed the tie

Which held the stern self-exile back  
From lapsing into savagery ;  
Whose garb and tone and kindly glance  
Recalled a younger, happier day,  
And prompted memory's fond essay,  
To bridge the mighty waste which lay  
Between his wild home and that gray,  
Tall chateau of his native France,  
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din,  
Ushered his birth-hour gayly in,  
And counted with its solemn toll  
The masses for his father's soul.

Hark ! from the foremost of the band  
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell ;  
For now on the very spot they stand  
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.  
No wigwam smoke is curling there ;  
The very earth is scorched and bare ;  
And they pause and listen to catch a sound  
Of breathing life,—but there comes not one,  
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound ;  
But here and there, on the blackened ground,  
White bones are glistening in the sun.  
And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,  
And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness,  
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank ;  
And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,  
Tethered to tree and stump and rock,  
Rotting along the river bank !

Blessed Mary ! who is she  
Leaning against that maple-tree ?  
The sun upon her face burns hot,  
But the fixed eyelid moveth not ;  
The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear  
From the dry bough above her ear ;  
Dashing from rock and root its spray,  
Close at her feet the river rushes ;  
The blackbird's wing against her brushes,  
And sweetly through the hazel-bushes  
The robin's mellow music gushes ;—  
God save her ! will she sleep away !

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper :  
"Wake, daughter,—wake !"—but she stirs no  
limb :  
The eye that looks on him is fixed and dim ;  
And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no deeper,  
Until the angel's oath is said,  
And the final blast of the trump goes forth  
To the graves of the sea and the graves of earth.  
RUTH BONTYTHON IS DEAD !

## THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.<sup>20</sup>

1848.

We had been wandering for many days  
Through the rough northern country.

We had seen  
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake  
Of Winnepiseogee ; and had felt  
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles  
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips  
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,  
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall  
Is piled to heaven ; and, through the narrow rift  
Of the vast rock, against whose rugged feet  
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,  
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind

Comes burdened with the everlasting moan  
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,  
We had looked upward where the summer sky,  
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,  
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags  
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land  
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed  
The high source of the Saco ; and bewildered  
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,  
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,  
The horn of Fabyan sounding ; and atop  
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains  
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and  
thick



As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea of Casco,  
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;  
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;  
Mooshillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge  
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks  
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are  
shaken

By the perpetual beating of the falls  
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked  
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung  
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,  
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,  
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam  
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,  
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams  
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver  
The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's falls.

There were five souls of us whom travel's chance  
Had thrown together in these wild north hills :—  
A city lawyer, for a month escaping  
From his dull office, where the weary eye  
Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged  
streets,—

Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see  
Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take  
Its chances all as godsend; and his brother,  
Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining  
The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,  
Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,  
In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed  
By dust of theologic strife, or breath  
Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore;  
Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking  
The hue and image of o'erleaving flowers,  
Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,  
Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,  
And tenderest moonrise. 'T was, in truth, a  
study,

To mark his spirit, alternating between  
A decent and professional gravity  
And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often  
Laughed in the face of his divinity,  
Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined  
The oracle, and for the pattern priest  
Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,  
To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's  
inn,

Giving the latest news of city stocks  
And sales of cotton, had a deeper meaning  
Than the great presence of the awful mountains  
Glorified by the sunset; and his daughter  
A delicate flower on whom had blown too long  
Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice  
And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,  
Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts Bay,  
With the same breath which stirs Spring's open-  
ing leaves  
And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,  
Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced

That as we turned upon our homeward way,  
A drear northeastern storm came howling up  
The valley of the Saco; and that girl  
Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,  
Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled  
In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,  
Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the  
streams

Which lave that giant's feet; whose laugh was  
heard

Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze  
Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green  
islands,

Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly  
drooped

Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn  
Which looks from Conway on the mountains  
piled

Heavily against the horizon of the north,  
Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home :  
And while the mist hung over dripping hills,  
And the cold wind-driven rain-drops all day long  
Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,  
We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm  
Went angling down the Saco, and, returning,  
Recounted his adventures and mishaps;  
Gave us the history of his scaly clients,  
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations  
Of barbarous law Latin, passages  
From Isaac Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh  
As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire,  
Where, under aged trees, the southwest wind  
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white  
hair

Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,  
Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,  
His commentaries, articles and creeds,  
For the fair page of human loveliness,—  
The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text  
Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.  
He sang the songs she loved; and in his low,  
Deep, earnest voice, recited many a page  
Of poetry,—the holiest, tenderest lines  
Of the sad bard of Olney,—the sweet songs,  
Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,  
Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount  
Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing  
From the green hills, immortal in his lays.  
And for myself, obedient to her wish,  
I searched our landlord's proffered library,—  
A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pic-  
tures

Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them,—  
Watts' unmelodious psalms,—Astrology's  
Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,  
And an old chronicle of border wars  
And Indian history. And, as I read  
A story of the marriage of the Chief  
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,  
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt  
In the old time upon the Merrimack,  
Our fair one, in the playful exercise  
Of her prerogative,—the right divine  
Of youth and beauty,—bade us versify  
The legend, and with ready pencil sketched  
Its plans and outlines, laughingly assigning  
To each his part, and barring our excuses,  
With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers  
Whose voices still are heard in the Romance  
Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks  
Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling  
The ear of languid beauty, plague exiled  
From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes  
To their fair auditor, and shared by turns  
Her kind approval and her playful censure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone  
To the fair setting of their circumstances,—  
The associations of time, scene, and audience,—  
Their place amid the pictures which fill up  
The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust  
That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,  
Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,  
That our broad land,—our sea-like lakes and  
mountains

Piled to the clouds,—our rivers overhung  
By forests which have known no other change  
For ages, than the budding and the fall  
Of leaves,—our valleys lovelier than those  
Which the old poets sang of,—should but figure  
On the apocryphal chart of speculation  
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privi-  
leges,



Rights, and appurtenances, which make up  
 A Yankee Paradise,—unsung, unknown,  
 To beautiful tradition; even their names,  
 Whose melody yet lingers like the last  
 Vibration of the red man's requiem,  
 Exchanged for syllables significant  
 Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look kindly  
 Upon this effort to call up the ghost  
 Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear  
 To the responses of the questioned Shade.

## I. THE MERRIMACK.

O CHILD of that white-crested mountain whose  
 springs  
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,  
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild  
 waters shine,  
 Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through  
 the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so  
 lone,  
 From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of  
 stone,  
 By hills hung with forests, through vales wide  
 and free,  
 Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to  
 the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the  
 trees  
 Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed  
 in the breeze:  
 No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy  
 shores,  
 The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall  
 Thy twin Uncanoonuc rose stately and tall,  
 Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
 And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with  
 corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,  
 And greener its grasses and taller its trees,  
 Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,  
 Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had  
 swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the  
 wood  
 The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook stood,  
 There glided the corn-dance, the council-fire  
 shone,  
 And against the red war-post the hatchet was  
 thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and  
 the young  
 To the pike and the white-perch their baited  
 lines flung;  
 There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the  
 shy maid  
 Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wam-  
 pum braid.

O Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine  
 Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,  
 Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks  
 a moan  
 Of sorrow would swell for the days which have  
 gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the  
 wheel,  
 The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;  
 But that old voice of waters, of bird and of  
 breeze,  
 The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

II. THE BASHABA.<sup>21</sup>

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the Past,  
 And, turning from familiar sight and sound,  
 Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
 A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,  
 Led by the few pale lights which, glimmering  
 round

That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;  
 And that which history gives not to the eye,  
 The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
 Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush, supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,  
 Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,  
 Tracing many a golden line

On the ample floor within;  
 Where, upon that earth-floor stark,  
 Lay the gaudy mats of bark,  
 With the bear's hide, rough and dark,  
 And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,  
 Woven of the willow white,  
 Lent a dimly checkered light,  
 And the night-stars glimmered down,  
 Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,  
 Slowly through an opening broke,  
 In the low roof, ribbed with oak,  
 Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,  
 By the solemn pine-wood made;  
 Through the rugged palisade,  
 In the open foreground planted,  
 Glimpses came of rowers rowing,  
 Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blowing,  
 Steel-like gleams of water flowing,  
 In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba  
 Held his long-unquestioned sway,  
 From the White Hills, far away,  
 To the great sea's sounding shore;  
 Chief of chiefs, his regal word  
 All the river Sachems heard,  
 At his call the war-dance stirred,  
 Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,  
 Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,  
 Panther's skin and eagle's claw,  
 Lay beside his axe and bow;  
 And, adown the roof-pole hung,  
 Loosely on a snake-skin strung,  
 In the smoke his scalp-locks swung  
 Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,  
 Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
 When he saw that lodge-fire glowing  
 O'er the waters still and red;  
 And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,  
 And she drew her blanket tighter,  
 As, with quicker step and lighter,  
 From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,  
 And a Panisee's dark will,  
 Over powers of good and ill,  
 Powers which bless and powers which ban,—  
 Wizard lord of Pennacook,  
 Chiefs upon their war-path shook,  
 When they met the steady look  
 Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,  
 When the winter night-wind cold  
 Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,

And her fire burned low and small,  
Till the very child abed,  
Drew its bear-skin over head,  
Shrinking from the pale lights shed  
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding  
Under earth or wave, abiding  
In the caverned rock, or riding  
Misty clouds or morning breeze;  
Every dark intelligence,  
Secret soul, and influence  
Of all things which outward sense  
Feels, or hears, or sees,

These the wizard's skill confessed,  
At his bidding banned or blessed,  
Stormful woke or lulled to rest  
Wind and cloud, and fire and flood;  
Burned for him the drifted snow,  
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,  
And the leaves of summer grow  
Over winter's wood!

Not untrue that tale of old!  
Now, as then, the wise and bold  
All the powers of Nature hold  
Subject to their kingly will;  
From the wondering crowds ashore,  
Treading life's wild waters o'er,  
As upon a marble floor,  
Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements  
With their sterner laws dispense,  
And the chain of consequence  
Broken in their pathway lies;  
Time and change their vassals making,  
Flowers from icy pillows waking,  
Tresses of the sunrise shaking  
Over midnight skies.

Still, to earnest souls, the sun  
Rests on towered Gibeon,  
And the moon of Ajalon  
Lights the battle-grounds of life;  
To his aid the strong reverses  
Hidden powers and giant forces,  
And the high stars, in their courses,  
Mingle in his strife!

### III. THE DAUGHTER.

THE soot-black brows of men,—the yell  
Of women thronging round the bed,—  
The tinkling charm of ring and shell,—  
The Powah whispering o'er the dead!—  
All these the Sachem's home had known,  
When, on her journey long and wild  
To the dim World of Souls, alone,  
In her young beauty passed the mother of his  
child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling  
They laid her in the walnut shade,  
Where a green hillock gently swelling  
Her fitting mound of burial made.  
There trailed the vine in summer hours,  
The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell,—  
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,  
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine  
fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold,—  
It closes darkly o'er its care,  
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,  
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.  
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,  
Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,

And, still in battle or in chase,  
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath His fore-  
most tread.

Yet when her name was heard no more,  
And when the robe her mother gave,  
And small, light moccasin she wore,  
Had slowly wasted on her grave,  
Unmarked of him the dark maids sped  
Their sunset dance and moonlit play;  
No other shared his lonely bed,  
No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes  
The tempest-smitten tree receives  
From one small root the sap which climbs  
Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,  
So from his child the Sachem drew  
A life of Love and Hope, and felt  
His cold and rugged nature through  
The softness and the warmth of her young being  
melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang  
Bemocking April's gladdest bird,—  
A light and graceful form which sprang  
To meet him when his step was heard,—  
Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,  
Small fingers stringing bead and shell  
Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—  
With these the household-god<sup>22</sup> had graced his  
wigwam well.

Child of the forest!—strong and free,  
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,  
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,  
Or struck the flying bird in air.  
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's moon  
Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way;  
And dazzling in the summer noon  
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of  
spray!

Unknown to her the rigid rule,  
The dull restraint, the chiding frown,  
The weary torture of the school,  
The taming of wild nature down.  
Her only lore, the legends told  
Around the hunter's fire at night;  
Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,  
Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell, unques-  
tioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill  
With which the artist-eye can trace  
In rock and tree and lake and hill  
The outlines of divinest grace;  
Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest,  
Which sees, admires, yet yearns away;  
Too closely on her mother's breast  
To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be  
Of common, natural things a part,  
To feel, with bird and stream and tree,  
The pulses of the same great heart;  
But we, from Nature long exiled  
In our cold homes of Art and Thought,  
Grieve like the stranger-tended child,  
Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels  
them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom  
In cultured soil and genial air  
To cloud the light of Fashion's room  
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,  
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew  
The sweetbrier on the hillside shows  
Its single leaf and fainter hue,  
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose!



Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo  
 Their mingling shades of joy and ill  
 The instincts of her nature threw,—  
 The savage was a woman still.  
 Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,  
 Heart-colored prophecies of life,  
 Rose on the ground of her young dreams  
 The light of a new home,—the lover and the wife.

## IV. THE WEDDING.

COOL and dark fell the autumn night,  
 But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with light,  
 For down from its roof by green withes hung  
 Flaring and smoking the pine knots swang.

And along the river great wood-fires  
 Shot into the night their long red spires,  
 Showing behind the tall, dark wood,  
 Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer and shade,  
 Now high, now low, that firelight played,  
 On tree-leaves wet with evening dew,  
 On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook,  
 And the weary fisher on Contoocook,  
 Saw over the marshes and through the pine,  
 And down on the river the dance-lights shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo  
 The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,  
 And laid at her father's feet that night  
 His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far southeast  
 The river Sagamores came to the feast;  
 And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds shook,  
 Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of rock,  
 From the snowy sources of Snooganock,  
 And from rough Coös whose thick woods shake  
 Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake.

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,  
 Wild as his home, came Chepewass;  
 And the Keenoms of the hills which throw  
 Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,  
 Glowing with paint came old and young,  
 In wampum and furs and feathers arrayed,  
 To the dance and feast the Bashaba made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,  
 All which the woods and waters yield,  
 On dishes of birch and hemlock piled,  
 Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
 From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;  
 Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
 And salmon speared in the Contoocook;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick  
 In the gravelly bed of the Otternic;  
 And small wild-hens in reed-snares caught  
 From the banks of Sondagardee brought;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
 Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken,  
 Cranberries picked in the Squamscot bog,  
 And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog:

And, drawn from that great stone vase which  
 stands  
 In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,<sup>23</sup>

Garnished with spoons of shell and horn,  
 Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the field,  
 All which the woods and the waters yield,  
 Furnished in that olden day  
 The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done  
 On the fire-lit green the dance begun,  
 With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper hum  
 Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks flowing,  
 And red arms tossing and black eyes glowing,  
 Now in the light and now in the shade  
 Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more shrill,  
 And the beat of the small drums louder still  
 Whenever within the circle drew  
 The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed  
 Their snow upon that chieftain's head,  
 And toil and care, and battle's chance  
 Had seamed his hard dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim,—  
 Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,  
 In whose cold look is naught beside  
 The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines  
 The rough oak with her arm of vines;  
 And why the gray rock's rugged cheek  
 The soft lips of the mosses seek:

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems  
 To harmonize her wide extremes,  
 Linking the stronger with the weak,  
 The haughty with the soft and meek!

## V. THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked with firs,  
 Roughening the bleak horizon's northern edge,  
 Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black hemlock  
 spurs

And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-swept  
 ledge

Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling rose,  
 Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down upon  
 the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,  
 Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,  
 O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day  
 Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea;  
 And faint with distance came the stifled roar,  
 The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling smokes,  
 No laugh of children wrestling in the snow,  
 No camp-fire blazing through the hillside oaks,  
 No fishers kneeling on the ice below;  
 Yet midst all desolate things of sound and view,  
 Through the long winter moons smiled dark-eyed  
 Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home; and freshly all  
 Its beautiful affections overgrew  
 Their rugged prop. As o'er some granite wall  
 Soft vine-leaves open to the moistening dew  
 And warm bright sun, the love of that young  
 wife  
 Found on a hard cold breast the dew and warmth  
 of life.



The steep bleak hills, the melancholy shore,  
The long dead level of the marsh between,  
A coloring of unreal beauty wore  
Through the soft golden mist of young love  
seen.  
For o'er those hills and from that dreary plain,  
Nightly she welcomed home her hunter chief  
again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst of feel-  
ing.

Repaid her welcoming smile and parting kiss,  
No fond and playful dalliance half concealing,  
Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness ;  
But, in their stead, the warrior's settled pride,  
And vanity's pleased smile with homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone  
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side ;  
That he whose fame to her young ear had flown  
Now looked upon her proudly as his bride ;  
That he whose name the Mohawk trembling heard  
Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look or  
word.

For she had learned the maxims of her race,  
Which teach the woman to become a slave  
And feel herself the pardonless disgrace  
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave,—  
The scandal and the shame which they incur,  
Who give to woman all which man requires of  
her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at last  
Broke link by link the frost chain of the rills,  
And the warm breathings of the southwest passed  
Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills,  
The gray and desolate marsh grew green once  
more,  
And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round  
the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,  
With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief ;  
Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,  
That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,  
The song of birds, the warm breeze and the rain,  
Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely sire  
again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,  
And a grave council in his wigwam met,  
Solemn and brief in words, considering whether  
The rigid rules of forest etiquette  
Permitted Weetamoo once more to look  
Upon her father's face and green-banked Penna-  
cook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong water,  
The forest sages pondered, and at length,  
Concluded in a body to escort her  
Up to her father's home of pride and strength,  
Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense  
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeetamit's<sup>24</sup> hand,  
A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,  
Over high breezy hills, and meadow land  
Yellow with flowers, the wild procession went,  
Till, rolling down its wooded banks between,  
A broad, clear, mountain stream, the Merrimack  
was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow undrawn,  
The fisher lounging on the pebbled shores,  
Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-corn,  
Young children peering through the wigwam  
doors,  
Saw with delight, surrounded by her train  
Of painted Saugus braves, their Weetamoo again.

## VI. AT PENNACOOK.

THE hills are dearest which our childish feet  
Have climbed the earliest ; and the streams most  
sweet  
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,  
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank :

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home's hearth-  
light  
Shines round the helmsman plunging through the  
night ;  
And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees  
In close, dark, stranger streets his native trees.

The homesick dreamer's brow is nightly fanned  
By breezes whispering of his native land,  
And on the stranger's dim and dying eye  
The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood lie.

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once more  
A child upon her father's wigwam floor !  
Once more with her old fondness to beguile  
From his cold eye the strange light of a smile.

The long bright days of summer swiftly passed,  
The dry leaves whirled in autumn's rising blast,  
And evening cloud and whitening sunrise rime,  
Told of the coming of the winter-time.

But vainly looked, the while, young Weetamoo,  
Down the dark river for her chief's canoe ;  
No dusky messenger from Saugus brought  
The grateful tidings which the young wife sought.

At length a runner from her father sent,  
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam went :  
"Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the dove  
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside  
In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride ;  
"I bore her as became a chieftain's daughter,  
Up to her home beside the gliding water.

"If now no more a mat for her is found  
Of all which line her father's wigwam round,  
Let Pennacook call out his warrior train,  
And send her back with wampum gifts again."

The baffled runner turned upon his track,  
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.  
"Dog of the Marsh," cried Pennacook, "no more  
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam floor.

"Go,—let him seek some meaner squaw to spread  
The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed :  
Son of a fish-hawk !—let him dig his claims  
For some vile daughter of the Agawams.

"Or eoward Nipmucks !—may his scalp dry black  
In Mohawk smoke, before I send her back."  
He shook his clenched hand towards the ocean  
wave,

While hoarse assent his listening council gave.

Alas poor bride !—can thy grim sire impart  
His iron hardness to thy woman's heart ?  
Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone  
For love denied and life's warm beauty flown ?

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave the snow  
Hung its white wreaths ; with stifled voice and  
low  
The river crept, by one vast bridge o'er-crossed,  
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a Moon in beauty newly born  
Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,

Or, from the east, across her azure field  
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not,—on the mat  
Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat ;  
And he, the while, in Western woods afar,  
Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief !  
Waste not on him the sacredness of grief ;  
Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,  
His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,  
The storm-worn watcher through long hunting  
nights,  
Cold, crafty, proud of woman's weak distress,  
Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness ?

#### VII. THE DEPARTURE.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast and long  
The snowy mountains of the North among,  
Making each vale a watercourse,—each hill  
Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,  
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's  
strain,  
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimack  
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat  
Guided by one weak hand was seen to float ;  
Evil the fate which loosed it from the shore,  
Too early voyager with too frail an oar !

Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,  
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,  
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,  
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat  
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,  
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled  
stream—  
Slept he, or waked he ?—was it truth or dream ?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,  
The small hand clenching on the useless oar,  
The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the  
water—  
He knew them all—woe for the Sachem's daughter !

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,  
Heedless of peril the still faithful wife

Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,  
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled,  
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices hurled,  
Empty and broken, circled the canoe  
In the vexed pool below—but, where was Weeta-  
moo ?

#### VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE Dark eye has left us,  
The Spring-bird has flown ;  
On the pathway of spirits  
She wanders alone.

The song of the wood-dove has died on our  
shore,—

*Mat wonck kunna-monee !* <sup>25</sup>—We hear it no more !

O dark water Spirit !  
We cast on thy wave  
These furs which may never  
Hang over her grave ;

Bear down to the lost one the robes that she  
wore,—

*Mat wonck kunna-monee !*—We see her no more !

Of the strange land she walks in  
No Powah has told :  
It may burn with the sunshine,  
Or freeze with the cold.

Let us give to our lost one the robes that she wore,  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee !*—We see her no more !

The path she is treading  
Shall soon be our own ;  
Each gliding in shadow  
Unseen and alone !—

In vain shall we call on the souls gone before,—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee !*—They hear us no  
more !

O mighty Sowanna ! <sup>26</sup>  
Thy gateways unfold,  
From thy wigwam of sunset  
Lift curtains of gold !

Take home the poor Spirit whose journey is o'er,—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee !*—We see her no more !

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
The broad, dark river's coldly flowing tide,  
Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause and  
swell,

On the high wind their voices rose and fell.  
Nature's wild music,—sounds of wind-swept trees,  
The scream of birds, the wailing of the breeze,  
The roar of waters, steady, deep, and strong,—  
Mingled and murmured in that farewell song.

## LEGENDARY.

1846.

#### THE MERRIMACK.

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the south, which they call Merrimack.”—SIEUR DE MONTS : 1604.]

STREAM of my fathers ! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill ;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.  
I see the winding Powow fold

The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.  
There's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark ;  
No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem  
Thy broad, smooth current ; not a sail



Bowed to the freshening ocean gale ;  
 No small boat with its busy oars,  
 Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores ;  
 Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
 Or rigid poplar colonnade,  
 But lies distinct and full in sight,  
 Beneath this gush of sunset light.  
 Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,  
 Stretching its length of foam afar,  
 And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,  
 And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,  
 Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,  
 Flit, stooping from the eastern gale ;<sup>27</sup>  
 And o'er these woods and waters broke  
 The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,  
 As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
 Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
 Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
 The Merrimack rolled down his flood ;  
 Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
 Which channels vast Agiochook  
 When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
 The frozen fountains of the rock,  
 And more abundant waters given  
 From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven,"<sup>28</sup>  
 Tributaries from vale and mountain-side,—  
 With ocean's dark, eternal tide !

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
 The stormy challenge of the waves,  
 Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,  
 The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
 Planting upon the topmost crag  
 The staff of England's battle-flag ;  
 And, while from out its heavy fold  
 Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,  
 Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
 And weapons brandishing in air,  
 He gave to that lone promontory  
 The sweetest name in all his story ;<sup>29</sup>  
 Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,  
 Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters,—  
 Who, when the chance of war had bound  
 The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
 Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
 Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,  
 And fondly to her youthful slave  
 A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look !—the yellow light no more  
 Streams down on wave and verdant shore ;  
 And clearly on the calm air swells  
 The twilight voice of distant bells.  
 From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,  
 The mists come slowly rolling in ;  
 Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
 Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,  
 While yonder lonely coast-light, set  
 Within its wave-washed minaret,  
 Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
 Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Home of my fathers !—I have stood  
 Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood :  
 Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
 Along his frowning Palisade ;  
 Looked down the Apalachian peak  
 On Juniata's silver streak ;  
 Have seen along his valley gleam  
 The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;  
 The level light of sunset shine  
 Through broad Potomac's hem of pine ;  
 And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
 Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;  
 Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,  
 Thy wandering child looked back to thee !  
 Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
 Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,  
 The unforgotten swell and roar  
 Of waves on thy familiar shore ;

And saw, amidst the curtained gloom  
 And quiet of his lonely room,  
 Thy sunset scenes before him pass ;  
 As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
 The loved and lost arose to view,  
 Remembered groves in greenness grew,  
 Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,  
 Along whose bowers of beauty swept  
 Whatever Memory's mourners wept,  
 Sweet faces, which the charnel kept  
 Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept ;  
 And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
 More near, some dear familiar face,  
 Hewed t to find the vision down,—  
 A phantom and a dream alone !

THE NORSEMEN.<sup>30</sup>

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !  
 A relic to the present cast ;  
 Left on the ever-changing strand  
 Of shifting and unstable sand,  
 Which wastes beneath the steady chime  
 And beating of the waves of Time !  
 Who from its bed of primal rock  
 First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block ?  
 Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
 Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream  
 Are glancing in the sun's warm beam :  
 From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
 The circles widen to its shore :  
 And cultured field and peopled town  
 Slope to its willowed margin down.  
 Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
 The home-life sound of school-bells ringing,  
 And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
 Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
 And voices from the wayside near  
 Come quick and blended on my ear,  
 A spell is in this old gray stone,—  
 My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change !—The steeped town no more  
 Stretches along the sail-thronged shore :  
 Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
 Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud :  
 Spectrally rising where they stood,  
 I see the old, primeval wood :  
 Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
 I see its solemn waste expand :  
 It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
 It arches o'er the valley's rill ;  
 And leans from cliff and crag, to throw  
 Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
 Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
 Flows on, as it will flow forever !  
 I listen, and I hear the low  
 Soft ripple where its waters go ;  
 I hear behind the panther's cry,  
 The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,  
 And shyly on the river's brink  
 The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark !—from wood and rock flung back,  
 What sound comes up the Merrimack ?  
 What sea-worn barks are those which throw  
 The light spray from each rushing prow ?  
 Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
 Bowed to the waves the straining mast ?  
 Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
 Of Thulé's night has shone upon ;  
 Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
 Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
 Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters  
 Have watched them fading o'er the waters,  
 Lessening through driving mist and spray,  
 Like white-winged sea-birds on their way !





“Cultured field and peopled town.”

Onward they glide,—and now I view  
 Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;  
 Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
 Turned to green earth and summer sky:  
 Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside  
 Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;  
 Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
 Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.  
 I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
 The sound of smitten shields I hear,  
 Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
 To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;  
 Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,  
 His gray and naked isles among;  
 Or muttered low at midnight hour  
 Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
 The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
 Has answered to that startling rune;  
 The Gael has heard its stormy swell,  
 The light Frank knows its summons well;  
 Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
 Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
 And swept, with hoary beard and hair,  
 His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'T is past,—the 'wilder vision dies  
 In darkness on my dreaming eyes!  
 The forest vanishes in air,—  
 Hill-slopes and vale lie starkly bare;  
 I hear the common tread of men,  
 And hum of work-day life again:  
 The mystic relic seems alone  
 A broken mass of common stone;  
 And if it be the chiselled limb  
 Of Berserker or idol grim,—  
 A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
 The stormy Viking's god of War,  
 Or Praga's god of the Runic lay,  
 Or love-awakening Siona,  
 I know not,—for no graven line,

Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
 Is left me here, by which to trace  
 Its name, or origin, or place.  
 Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
 This glance upon its darkness cast,  
 My spirit bows in gratitude  
 Before the Giver of all good,  
 Who fashioned so the human mind,  
 That, from the waste of Time behind  
 A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
 Can summon the departed forth;  
 Quickened the Past to life again,—  
 The Present lose in what hath been,  
 And in their primal freshness show  
 The buried forms of long ago.  
 As if a portion of that Thought  
 By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
 Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
 The frozen solitude of Death,  
 To mortal musings sometimes lent,  
 To mortal musings sometimes sent,  
 To whisper—even when it seems  
 But Memory's fantasy of dreams—  
 Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,  
 Of an immortal origin!

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

1658.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing  
 rise to-day,  
 From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked  
 the spoil away,—  
 Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faith-  
 ful three,  
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his hand-  
 maid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,  
 Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars;  
 In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night-time,  
 My grated casement whitened with autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;  
 Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;  
 No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be  
 The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow  
 The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,  
 Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,  
 Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

O, the weakness of the flesh was there,—the shrinking and the shame;  
 And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:  
 "Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked murmur said,  
 "Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?"

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,  
 Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?  
 Where be the youths whose glances, the summer Sabbath through,  
 Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?"

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth  
 Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;  
 How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,  
 On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,  
 Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,  
 No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,  
 For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"O, weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,  
 With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;  
 To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;  
 And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,  
 Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;  
 Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,  
 Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,  
 Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!  
 Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,  
 The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

O, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears  
 Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,  
 I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,  
 To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,  
 And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,  
 Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,  
 And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies!—for the peace and love I felt,  
 Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;  
 When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,  
 And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine fell,  
 Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;  
 The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street  
 Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,  
 And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;  
 I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,  
 How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,  
 Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak:  
 "O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out  
 The fear of man, which brings a snare,—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in morning's breeze,  
 And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:  
 "Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,  
 Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke  
 On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;  
 The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,  
 Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.



And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped  
and grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces  
bronzed and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at  
hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the  
land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's  
ready ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and  
scoff and jeer;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of  
silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit  
spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of  
the meek!  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of  
the weak!  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones,—go turn  
the prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf  
amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a  
deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of  
anger spread;  
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest,  
"heed not her words so wild,  
Her Master speaks within her,—the Devil owns  
his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the  
while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have  
made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priest-  
hood bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turn-  
ing, said,—  
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this  
Quaker maid?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's  
shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian  
girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when  
again he cried,  
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice, no  
sign replied;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind  
words met my ear,—  
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle  
girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pity-  
ing friend was nigh,  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his  
eye;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so  
kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring  
of the sea,—

"Pile my ship with bars of silver,—pack with  
coins of Spanish gold,  
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage  
of her hold,  
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner  
in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child  
away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their  
cruel laws!"  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the peo-  
ple's just applause.  
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for  
silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-  
way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter  
hate and scorn;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in  
silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode mur-  
muring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness  
of soul;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and  
crushed his parchment roll.  
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled,  
the ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not  
well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept  
round the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me  
go my way;  
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of  
the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned the  
hearts of men.

O, at that hour the very earth seemed changed  
beneath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of  
the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and  
woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of  
the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all  
praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his  
handmaid free;  
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty  
are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the  
poor is laid!

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight  
calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving,—pour forth the  
grateful psalm;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the  
saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter  
told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty  
men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay his hand  
upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in his avenging hour!  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven  
and devour!

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart  
be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes of  
praise be clad,  
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the  
stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to  
save!



## FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

1756.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,—  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide,—  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done: the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—  
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place  
Which knew them once, retains no trace;

O, long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head,—  
A green memorial of the dead!

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn undertone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers blow  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer!

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—  
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!  
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known,—  
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,  
The spirit of our brother man!

ST. JOHN.

1647.

"To the winds give our banner!  
Bear homeward again!"  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour had looked  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell,  
But the men of Monhegan,  
Of Papists abhorred,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemequid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
O, well sped La Tour!  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch,  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane-trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
"Now, why from yon battlements  
Speaks not my love!  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above?"

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about,  
On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun,  
There floated no banner,  
There thundered no gun!

But beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood  
A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood.  
With the bound of a lion,  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman  
Of scarlet and sin!  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within?"  
From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke,  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke:

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival,  
With fire, steel, and ball!  
On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle  
Yet spouted with flame.

"Pentagoet's dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey."  
"But what of my lady?"  
Cried Charles of Estienne:  
"On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen:

"Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon!  
But woe to the heretic,  
Evermore woe!  
When the son of the church  
And the cross is his foe!

"In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,  
Pentagoet swept over  
The breach of the wall!  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment,—and then  
Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men!

"Of its sturdy defenders,  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross-blazoned banner  
Float over St. John."  
"Let the dastard look to it!"  
Cried fiery Estienne,  
"Were D'Aulney King Louis,  
I'd free her again!"

"Alas for thy lady!  
No service from thee  
Is needed by her  
Whom the Lord hath set free:  
Nine days, in stern silence,  
Her thralldom she bore,  
But the tenth morning came,  
And Death opened her door!"

As if suddenly smitten  
La Tour staggered back;  
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
His forehead grew black.  
He sprang on the deck  
Of his shallop again.  
"We cruise now for vengeance!  
Give way!" cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear  
Of the Huguenot's wrong,  
And from island and creekside  
Her fishers shall throng!  
Pentagoet shall rue  
What his Papists have done,  
When his palisades echo  
The Puritan's gun!"

O, the loveliest of heavens  
Hung tenderly o'er him,  
There were waves in the sunshine,  
And green isles before him:  
But a pale hand was beckoning  
The Huguenot on;  
And in blackness and ashes  
Behind was St. John!

# PENTUCKET.

1708.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone!  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless west,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!



Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretched up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blackened stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravelled forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough,—  
The milkmaid carolled by her cow,—  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.  
At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay,—  
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate !

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimack along his bed.  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hushed grouping of a dream.  
Yet on the still air crept a sound,—  
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,  
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hillside beat ?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood ?—  
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb ?  
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,  
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress !

A yell the dead might wake to hear  
Swelled on the night air, far and clear,—  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock,—  
Then rang the rifle-shot,—and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men,—  
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain,—  
Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame ;  
And blended fire and moonlight glared  
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat filled the air,—  
No shout was heard,—nor gunshot there :  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;  
And on the greensward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled slain,  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,  
Pentucket, on thy fated head !

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak,  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare,—  
Whose hideous head, in death still feared,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard,—

And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

### THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

FATHER ! to thy suffering poor  
Strength and grace and faith impart,  
And with thy own love restore  
Comfort to the broken heart !  
O, the failing ones confirm  
With a holier strength of zeal !—  
Give thou not the feeble worm  
Helpless to the spoiler's heel !

Father ! for thy holy sake  
We are spoiled and hunted thus ;  
Joyful, for thy truth we take  
Bonds and burthens unto us :  
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,  
Weary with our daily task,  
That thy truth may never fall  
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes  
Flits the forest-bird unscared,  
And at noon the wild beast comes  
Where our frugal meal was shared ;  
For the song of praises there  
Shrieks the crow the livelong day ;  
For the sound of evening prayer  
Howls the evil beast of prey !

Sweet the songs we loved to sing  
Underneath thy holy sky,—  
Words and tones that used to bring  
Tears of joy in every eye,—  
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,  
When we gathered knee to knee,  
Blameless youth and hoary hair,  
Bowed, O God, alone to thee.

As thine early children, Lord,  
Shared their wealth and daily bread,  
Even so, with one accord,  
We, in love, each other fed.  
Not with us the miser's hoard,  
Not with us his grasping hand ;  
Equal round a common board,  
Drew our meek and brother band !

Safe our quiet Eden lay  
When the war-whoop stirred the land  
And the Indian turned away  
From our home his bloody hand.  
Well that forest-ranger saw,  
That the burthen and the curse  
Of the white man's cruel law  
Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth  
To our toiling hard and long,  
Father ! from the dust of earth  
Lift we still our grateful song !  
Grateful,—that in bonds we share  
In thy love which maketh free ;  
Joyful,—that the wrongs we bear,  
Draw us nearer, Lord, to thee !

Grateful !—that where'er we toil,—  
By Wachuset's wooded side,  
On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,  
Or by wild Neponset's tide,—  
Still, in spirit, we are near,  
And our evening hymns, which rise  
Separate and discordant here,  
Meet and mingle in the skies !

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,  
 Let the proud and evil priest  
 Rob the needy of his flock,  
 For his wine-cup and his feast,—  
 Redden not thy bolts in store  
 Through the blackness of thy skies ?  
 For the sighing of the poor  
 Wilt Thou not, at length, arise ?

Worn and wasted, oh ! how long  
 Shall thy trodden poor complain ?  
 In thy name they bear the wrong,  
 In thy cause the bonds of pain !  
 Melt oppression's heart of steel,  
 Let the haughty priesthood see,  
 And their blinded followers feel,  
 That in us they mock at Thee !

In thy time, O Lord of hosts,  
 Stretch abroad that hand to save  
 Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,  
 Smote apart the Red Sea's wave !  
 Lead us from this evil land,  
 From the spoiler set us free,  
 And once more our gathered band,  
 Heart to heart, shall worship thee !

### THE FOUNTAIN.

TRAVELLER ! on thy journey toiling  
 By the swift Powow,  
 With the summer sunshine falling  
 On thy heated brow,  
 Listen, while all else is still,  
 To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing  
 By that streamlet's side,  
 And a greener verdure showing  
 Where its waters glide,—  
 Down the hill-slope murmuring on,  
 Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth  
 O'er the sloping hill,  
 Beautiful and freshly springeth  
 That soft-flowing rill,  
 Through its dark roots wreathed and bare,  
 Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
 In that magic well,  
 Of whose gift of life forever  
 Ancient legends tell,—  
 In the lonely desert wasted,  
 And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian <sup>31</sup>  
 Sought with longing eyes,  
 Underneath the bright pavilion  
 Of the Indian skies ;  
 Where his forest pathway lay  
 Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
 With the dusky brow  
 Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
 Crossed the swift Powow ;  
 And betook him to the rill  
 And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
 For an instant shone  
 Something like a gleam of gladness,  
 As he stooped him down  
 To the fountain's grassy side,  
 And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
 O'er his mossy seat,  
 And the cool, sweet waters flowing  
 Softly at his feet,  
 Closely by the fountain's rim  
 That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
 To the woods below  
 Hues of beauty, such as heaven  
 Lendeth to its' bow ;  
 And the soft breeze from the west  
 Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving  
 With his chains of sand ;  
 Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
 'Twixt the swells of land,  
 Of its calm and silvery track,  
 Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood, and meadow  
 Gazed that stranger man,  
 Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
 Over all things ran,  
 Save where spire and westward pane  
 Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
 Of his warrior sires,  
 Where no lingering trace was telling  
 Of their wigwam fires,  
 Who the gloomy thoughts might know  
 Of that wandering child of woe ?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
 Hills that once had stood  
 Down their sides the shadows throwing  
 Of a mighty wood,  
 Where the deer his covert kept,  
 And the eagle's pinion swept !

Where the birch canoe had glided  
 Down the swift Powow,  
 Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
 Those clear waters now ;  
 And where once the beaver swam,  
 Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,  
 And the hunter's cheer,  
 Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
 Smote upon his ear ;  
 And the thick and sullen smoke  
 From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever  
 Loved to linger here ?  
 These bare hills, this conquered river,—  
 Could they hold them dear,  
 With their native loveliness  
 Tamed and tortured into this ?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
 Gathered o'er the hill,  
 While the western half of heaven  
 Blushed with sunset still,  
 From the fountain's mossy seat  
 Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,  
 But he came no more  
 To the hillside or the river  
 Where he came before.  
 But the villager can tell  
 Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
 With their fruits or flowers,—



Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
In their school-day hours,  
Love the simple tale to tell  
Of the Indian and his sell.

## THE EXILES.

1660.

THE goodman sat beside his door  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his side  
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air;  
The dark green woods were still;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud  
Above the wilderness,  
As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,  
A weary stranger came,  
And stood before the farmer's door,  
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope  
Was in his quiet glance,  
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed  
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore  
In Pilate's council-hall:  
It told of wrongs,—but of a love  
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"  
The stranger meekly said;  
And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
The goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted,—evil men  
Are following in my track;  
The traces of the torturer's whip  
Are on my aged back.

"And much, I fear, 't will peril thee  
Within thy doors to take  
A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
Oppressed for conscience' sake."

O, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,—  
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,—  
"We will not leave thee to the storm,  
Whoever thou mayst be."

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
And silent sat him down;  
While all within grew dark as night  
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze  
Filled every cottage nook,  
And with the jarring thunder-roll  
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet  
Came sounding up the lane,  
And half a score of horse, or more,  
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—  
We would not be house-breakers;  
A rueful deed thou 'st done this day,  
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,  
With much of fear and awe,  
For there, with broad wig drenched with  
rain,  
The parish priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,  
And let thy pastor in,  
And give God thanks, if forty stripes  
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman,—  
"The stranger is my guest:  
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,—  
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"  
And strong hands shook the door.  
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the priest,—  
"Thou 'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:  
"No priest who walks the earth,  
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest  
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught  
The matchlock, hotly tried  
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,  
By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier;  
With shout and psalm contended;  
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,  
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:  
"My spirit is not free  
To bring the wrath and violence  
Of evil men on thee:"

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—  
Bethink thee of thy Lord,  
Who healed again the smitten ear,  
And sheathed his follower's sword."

"I go, as to the slaughter led:  
Friends of the poor, farewell!"  
Beneath his hand the oaken door  
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old graybeard, yea and nay,"  
The reckless scoffers cried,  
As to a horseman's saddle-bow  
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
In Boston's crowded jail,  
Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,  
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell:  
Those scenes have passed away,—  
Let the dim shadows of the past  
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent priest,—  
"Take Goodman Macey too;  
The sin of this day's heresy  
His back or purse shall rue."

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macey cried,  
She caught his manly arm:—  
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or naught,—  
The river-course was near :—  
The plashing on its pebbled shore  
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,  
Above the waters hung,  
And at its base, with every wave,  
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there  
The Goodman wielded his oar :  
"Ill luck betide them all,"—he cried,—  
"The laggards upon the shore."

Down through the crashing underwood,  
The burly sheriff came :—  
"Stand, Goodman Macey,—yield thyself ;  
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face !"  
Bold Macey answered then,—  
"Whip *women*, on the village green,  
But meddle not with *men*."

The priest came panting to the shore,—  
His grave cocked hat was gone ;  
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung  
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back,—come back !" the parson cried,  
"The church's curse beware."  
"Curse, an' thou wilt," said Macey, "but  
Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer !" cried the baffled priest,—  
"Thou 'lt yet the gallows see."  
"Who's born to be hanged, will not be  
drowned,"  
Quoth Macey, merrily ;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good by !"  
He bent him to his oar,  
And the small boat glided quietly  
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of rain,  
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

O, beautiful ! that rainbow span,  
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended ;—  
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,  
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope  
The small boat glided fast,—  
The watchers of "the Block-house" saw  
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison  
Sat shaking in their shoes,—  
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—  
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,  
(The men were all away,)  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw  
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
And Newbury's spire and weathercock  
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,  
The marsh lay broad and green ;  
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs  
crowned,  
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
The harbor-bar was crossed ;—  
A plaything of the restless wave,  
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay,—  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
And Gloucester's harbor-bar ;  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts Bay !  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep,—  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape  
The vent'rous Macey passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-weather ;  
And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together :

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread ;

How pale Want alternated  
With Plenty's golden smile ;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle ?

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macey  
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
Her shrubless hills of sand,—  
Free as the waves that batter  
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,  
No loftier spirit stirs,—  
Nor falls o'er human suffering  
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island !—  
And grant forevermore,  
That charity and freedom dwell  
As now upon her shore !

## THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,—  
Gone the bridesmaids, gone the priest :  
All is over,—all is done,  
Twain of yesterday are one !



Blooming girl and manhood gray,  
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,  
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;  
Dies the bonfire on the hill;  
All is dark and all is still,  
Save the starlight, save the breeze  
Moaning through the graveyard trees;  
And the great sea-waves below,  
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride  
She hath wakened, at his side.  
With half-uttered shriek and start,—  
Feels she not his beating heart?  
And the pressure of his arm,  
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed  
Springs that fair dishevelled head,  
And a feeling, new, intense,  
Half of shame, half innocence,  
Maiden fear and wonder speaks  
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing  
Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
On the mirror's antique mould,  
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,  
And, through faded curtains stealing,  
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
Silver-streaked his careless hair;  
Lips of love have left no trace  
On that hard and haughty face;  
And that forehead's knitted thought  
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,  
More than these calm lips will tell.  
Stooping to my lowly state,  
He hath made me rich and great,  
And I bless him, though he be  
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light  
O'er her fingers small and white;  
Gold and gem, and costly ring  
Back the timid lustre fling,—  
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,  
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow  
From those tapering lines of snow;  
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending  
His black hair with golden blending,  
In her soft and light caress,  
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Why  
That wild stare and wilder cry,  
Full of terror, full of pain?  
Is there madness in her brain?  
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low,  
"Spare me,—spare me,—let me go!"

God have mercy!—Icy cold  
Spectral hands her own enfold,  
Drawing silently from them  
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,

"Waken! save me!" still as death  
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;  
But she hears a murmur low,  
Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
Half a sigh and half a moan:  
"Fear not! give the dead her own!"

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!  
That cold hand, whose pressure froze,  
Once in warmest life had borne  
Gem and band her own hath worn.  
"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes  
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,  
Closer to his breast he holds her;  
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,  
And he feels her heart's quick beating:  
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"  
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream,—an idle dream."  
But before the lamp's pale gleam  
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—  
There no more the diamond blazes,  
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—  
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
But his dark lip quivereth,  
And as o'er the past he thinketh,  
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;  
Can those soft arms round him lie,  
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest  
Soothed and childlike on his breast,  
And in trustful innocence  
Draw new strength and courage thence;  
He, the proud man, feels within  
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought  
Simple prayers her mother taught,  
And His blessed angels call,  
Whose great love is over all;  
He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
Meets the dark Past at her side!

One, who living shrank with dread  
From his look, or word, or tread,  
Unto whom her early grave  
Was as freedom to the slave,  
Moves him at this midnight hour,  
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforget!  
From their solemn homes of thought,  
Where the cypress shadows blend  
Darkly over foe and friend,  
Or in love or sad rebuke,  
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,  
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,  
Lifting from those dark, still places,  
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
O'er the guilty hearts behind  
An unwitting triumph find.

## VOICES OF FREEDOM.

FROM 1833 TO 1848.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.<sup>32</sup>

'T WAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile  
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down  
Its beauty on the Indian isle,—

On broad green field and white-walled town ;  
And inland waste of rock and wood,  
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,  
Soft as the landscape of a dream,  
All motionless and dewy wet,  
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met  
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,  
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom,—  
The white cecropia's silver rind  
Relieved by deeper green behind,—  
The orange with its fruit of gold,—  
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—  
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,  
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—  
The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,  
And proudly rising over all,  
The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
Crowned with its leafy diadem,  
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
The fiery-winged cucullo played !  
Yes,—lovely was thine aspect, then,  
Fair island of the Western Sea !  
Lavish of beauty, even when  
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,  
For they, at least, were free !  
Regardless of thy glorious clime,  
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
The toiling negro sighed, that Time  
No faster sped his hours.  
For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
He fed the weary-turning mill,  
Or bent him in the chill morass,  
To pluck the long and tangled grass,  
And hear above his scar-worn back  
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack :  
While in his heart one evil thought  
In solitary madness wrought,  
One baleful fire surviving still

The quenching of the immortal mind,  
One sterner passion of his kind,  
Which even fetters could not kill,—  
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry !—long, loud, and shrill,  
From field and forest, rock and hill,  
Thrilling and horrible it rang,

Around, beneath, above ;—  
The wild beast from his cavern sprang,  
The wild bird from her grove !

Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony  
Were mingled in that midnight cry ;  
But like the lion's growl of wrath,  
When falls that hunter in his path  
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,  
Is rankling in his bosom yet,  
It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,  
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;  
It was as if the crimes of years—  
The unrequited toil, the tears,  
The shame and hate, which liken well  
Earth's garden to the nether hell—  
Had found in nature's self a tongue,  
On which the gathered horror hung ;  
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen  
Burst on the startled ears of men  
That voice which rises unto God,

Solemn and stern,—the cry of blood !  
It ceased,—and all was still once more,  
Save ocean chafing on his shore,  
The sighing of the wind between  
The broad banana's leaves of green,  
Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again  
Pealed to the skies that frantic yell,  
Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,  
And flashes rose and fell ;  
And painted on the blood-red sky,  
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high ;  
And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made ;*  
And those who crept along the wall,  
And answered to his lightest call  
With more than spaniel dread,—  
The creatures of his lawless beck,—  
Were trampling on his very neck !  
And on the night-air, wild and clear,  
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear ;  
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
And dark cheeks pressed against her own !

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame  
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,  
And to thy hapless children gave  
One choice,—pollution or the grave !  
Where then was he whose fiery zeal  
Had taught the trampled slave to feel,  
Until despair itself grew strong,  
And vengeance fed its torch from wrong ?  
Now, when the thunderbolt is speeding ;  
Now, when oppression's heart is bleeding ;  
Now, when the latent curse of Time  
Is raining down in fire and blood,—  
That curse which, through long years of crime,  
Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood,—  
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,  
Where murder's sternest deeds are done ?

He stood the aged palms beneath,  
That shadowed o'er his humble door,  
Listening, with half-suspended breath,  
To the wild sounds of fear and death,  
Toussaint l'Ouverture !

What marvel that his heart beat high !  
The blow for freedom had been given,  
And blood had answered to the cry

Which Earth sent up to Heaven !  
What marvel that a fierce delight  
Smiled grinly o'er his brow of night,—  
As groan and shout and bursting flame  
Told where the midnight tempest came,  
With blood and fire along its van,  
And death behind !—he was a Man !

Yes, dark-souled chieftain!—if the light  
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
Unveiled not to thy mental sight  
The lowlier and the purer way,  
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—  
That calm reliance upon God

For justice in his own good time,—  
That gentleness to which belongs  
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,  
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—



Let not the favored white man name  
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.  
Has *he* not, with the light of heaven

Broadly around him, made the same?  
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,  
And gloried in his ghastly shame?—  
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,  
To offer mockery unto God,  
As if the High and Holy One  
Could smile on deeds of murder done!—  
As if a human sacrifice  
Were purer in his Holy eyes,  
Though offered up by Christian hands,  
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

\* \* \* \* \*

Sternly, amidst his household band,  
His carbine grasped within his hand,  
The white man stood, prepared and still,  
Waiting the shock of maddened men,  
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when  
The horn winds through their caverned hill.  
And one was weeping in his sight,—  
The sweetest flower of all the isle,—  
The bride who seemed but yesternight  
Love's fair embodied smile.  
And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
Looked up the form of infancy,  
With tearful glance in either face  
The secret of its fear to trace.

"Ha! stand or die!" The white man's eye  
His steady musket gleamed along,  
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,  
With fearless step and strong.  
"What, ho, Toussaint!" A moment more,  
His shadow crossed the lighted floor.  
"Away!" he shouted; "fly with me,—  
The white man's bark is on the sea;—  
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,  
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
Our brethren from their graves have spoken,  
The yoke is spurned,—the chain is broken;  
On all the hills our fires are glowing,—  
Through all the vales red blood is flowing!  
No more the mocking White shall rest  
His foot upon the Negro's breast;  
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
The warm blood from the driver's whip:  
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn  
For all the wrongs his race have borne,—  
Though for each drop of Negro blood  
The white man's veins shall pour a flood;  
Not all alone the sense of ill  
Around his heart is lingering still,  
Nor deeper can the white man feel  
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
Friends of the Negro! fly with me,—  
The path is open to the sea:  
Away, for life!"—He spoke, and pressed  
The young child to his manly breast,  
As, headlong, through the cracking cane,  
Down swept the dark insurgent train,—  
Drunk and grim, with shout and yell  
Howled through the dark, like sounds from  
hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
Slayed free before the sunrise gale.  
Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
Along the bright horizon's verge,  
O'er which the curse of servile war  
Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge;  
And he—the Negro champion—where  
In the fierce tumult struggled he?  
Go trace him by the fiery glare  
Of dwellings in the midnight air,—  
The yells of triumph and despair,—  
The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
Beneath Besançon's alien sky,  
Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,  
Yea, even now is nigh,—  
When, everywhere, thy name shall be  
Redeemed from *color's infamy*;  
And men shall learn to speak of thee,  
As one of earth's great spirits, born  
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
Casting aside the weary weight  
And fetters of its low estate,  
In that strong majesty of soul  
Which knows no color, tongue, or clime,—  
Which still hath spurned the base control  
Of tyrants through all time!  
Far other hands than mine may wreath  
The laurel round thy brow of death,  
And speak thy praise, as one whose word  
A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—  
Who crushed his foeman as a worm,—  
Whose step on human hearts felt firm:—<sup>33</sup>  
Be mine the better task to find  
A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
Some milder virtues all thine own,—  
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—  
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
Some nobleness amidst its chains,—  
That kindness to the wronged is never  
Without its excellent reward,—  
Holy to human-kind, and ever  
Acceptable to God.

#### THE SLAVE-SHIPS.<sup>34</sup>

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,"  
*Milton's Lycidas.*

"ALL ready?" cried the captain;  
"Ay, ay!" the seamen said;  
"Heave up the worthless lubbers,—  
The dying and the dead."  
Up from the slave-ship's prison  
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust:  
"Now let the sharks look to it,—  
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—  
Death had been busy there;  
Where every blow is mercy,  
Why should the spoiler spare?  
Corpse after corpse they cast  
Sullenly from the ship,  
Yet bloody with the traces  
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,  
With his arms upon his breast,  
With his cold brow sternly knotted,  
And his iron lip compressed.  
"Are all the dead dogs over?"  
Growled through that matted lip,—  
"The blind ones are no better,  
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,  
The very sounds of hell!  
The ringing clank of iron,—  
The maniac's short sharp, yell!—  
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled,—  
The starving infant's moan,—  
The horror of a breaking heart  
Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison  
The stricken blind ones came;  
Below, had all been darkness,—  
Above, was still the same.

Yet the holy breath of heaven  
Was sweetly breathing there,  
And the heated brow of fever  
Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"  
Cutlass and dirk were plied;  
Fettered and blind, one after one,  
Plunged down the vessel's side.  
The sabre smote above,—  
Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries  
Rang upward unto thee?  
Voices of agony and blood,  
From ship-deck and from sea.  
The last dull plunge was heard,—  
The last wave caught its stain,—  
And the unsated shark looked up  
For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Red glowed the western waters,—  
The setting sun was there,  
Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
His fiery mesh of hair.  
Amidst a group in blindness,  
A solitary eye  
Gazed, from the burdened slaver's deck,  
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,  
"Is gathering and at hand,—  
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye  
For one firm rood of land."  
And then he laughed,—but only  
His echoed laugh replied,—  
For the blinded and the suffering  
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
And on a stormy heaven,  
While fiercely on that lone ship's track  
The thunder-gust was driven.  
"A sail!—thank God, a sail!"  
And as the helmsman spoke,  
Up through the stormy murmur  
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,  
Unheeding on her way,  
So near that on the slaver's deck  
Fell off her driven spray.  
"Ho! for the love of mercy,—  
We're perishing and blind!"  
A wail of utter agony  
Came back upon the wind:

"Help us! for we are stricken  
With blindness every one;  
Ten days we've floated fearfully,  
Unnoting star or sun.  
Our ship 's the slaver Leon,—  
We've but a score on board,—  
Our slaves are all gone over,—  
Help,—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony  
The broad red lightning shone,—  
But the roar of wind and thunder  
Stifled the answering groan;  
Wailed from the broken waters  
A last despairing cry,  
As, kindling in the stormy light,  
The stranger ship went by.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the sunny Guadalupe  
A dark-hulled vessel lay,

With a crew who noted never  
The nightfall or the day.  
The blossom of the orange  
Was white by every stream,  
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird  
Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,  
And the moonlight slept as well,  
On the palm-trees by the hillside,  
And the streamlet of the dell:  
And the glances of the Creole  
Were still as archly deep,  
And her smiles as full as ever  
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,  
The green earth and the sky,  
And the smile of human faces,  
To the slaver's darkened eye;  
At the breaking of the morning,  
At the star-lit evening time,  
O'er a world of light and beauty  
Fell the blackness of his crime.

### STANZAS.

["The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning,—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?"—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*]

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!  
Slaves—in a land of light and law!  
Slaves—crouching on the very plains  
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!  
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,—  
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,—  
By every shrine of patriot blood,  
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,  
By mossy wood and marshy glen,  
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!  
The groan of breaking hearts is there,—  
The falling lash,—the fetter's clank!  
Slaves,—SLAVES are breathing in that air,  
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!  
The whip on WOMAN's shrinking flesh!  
Our soil yet reddening with the stains  
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!  
What! mothers from their children riven!  
What! God's own image bought and sold!  
AMERICANS to market driven,  
And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer  
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?  
To us whose fathers scorned to bear  
The paltry menace of a chain;  
To us, whose boast is loud and long  
Of holy Liberty and Light,—  
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong  
Plead vainly for their plundered Right?





“Our fellow-countrymen in chains!”

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
Our sympathies across the wave,  
Where Manhood, on the field of death,  
Strikes for his freedom or a grave?  
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung  
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
And millions hail with pen and tongue  
*Our* light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrunn's wall,  
And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
The impulse of our cheering call?  
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,  
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?  
And toss his fettered arms on high,  
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

O, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
A refuge for the stricken slave?  
And shall the Russian serf go free  
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?  
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
Relax the iron hand of pride,  
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,  
From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
Proclaim that all around are free,  
From “farthest Ind” to each blue crag  
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?  
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
And round our country's altar clings  
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine  
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;  
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
To spare the struggling Sulio, —  
Will not the scorching answer come  
From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:  
“Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,  
Then turn, and ask the like of us!”

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,  
The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—  
Content to live the lingering jest  
And by-word of a mocking Earth?  
Shall our own glorious land retain  
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?  
Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
From graybeard eld to fiery youth,  
And on the nation's naked heart  
Scatter the living coals of Truth!  
Up,—while ye slumber, deeper yet  
The shadow of our fame is growing!  
Up,—while ye pause, our sun may set  
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,—  
The gathered wrath of God and man,—  
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
When hail and fire above it ran.  
Hear ye no warnings in the air?  
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?  
Up,—up! why will ye slumber where  
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom!—not in strife  
Like that your sterner fathers saw,—  
The awful waste of human life,—  
The glory and the guilt of war:  
But break the chain,—the yoke remove,  
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood;  
Nor longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood;  
But rear another altar there,  
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

## THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel at that low cottage-door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching be-  
fore,

With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our  
dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the  
sky!

And lightly and freely her dark tresses play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-  
door,—

The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?

'T is the great Southern planter,—the master  
who waves

His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen,—for shame! Let those Yankee  
fools spin,

Who would pass for our slaves with a change of  
their skin;

Let them toil as they will at the loom or the  
wheel,

Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by  
them,—

For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy bondage  
aside,

And away to the South, as my blessing and  
pride.

"O, come where no winter thy footsteps can  
wrong,

But where flowers are blossoming all the year  
long,

Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my  
home,

And the lemon and orange are white in their  
bloom!

"O, come to my home, where my servants shall  
all

Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling  
and awe,

And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a  
law."

O, could ye have seen her—that pride of our  
girl's—

Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could  
feel,

And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on  
steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of  
gold

Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast  
sold;

Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than  
ours,

And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy  
flowers;

But dearer the blast round our mountains which  
raves,

Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes  
over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In fetters with them, than in freedom with  
thee!"

## TO W. L. G.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
Oppression's iron hand:

In view of penury, hate, and death,

I see thee fearless stand,

Still bearing up thy lofty brow,

In the steadfast strength of truth,

In manhood sealing well the vow

And promise of thy youth.

Go on,—for thou hast chosen well;

On in the strength of God!

Long as one human heart shall swell

Beneath the tyrant's rod.

Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,

As thou hast ever spoken,

Until the dead in sin shall hear,—

The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,

I feel my pulses thrill,

To mark thy spirit soar above

The cloud of human ill.

My heart hath leaped to answer thine,

And echo back thy words,

As leaps the warrior's at the shine

And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain,—

A searcher after fame;

That thou art striving but to gain

A long-enduring name;

That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand

And steel'd the Afric's heart,

To shake aloft his vengeful brand,

And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read

Thy mighty purpose long?

And watched the trials which have made

Thy human spirit strong?

And shall the slanderer's demon breath

Avail with one like me,

To dim the sunshine of my faith

And earnest trust in thee?

Go on,—the dagger's point may glare

Amid thy pathway's gloom,—

The fate which sternly threatens there

Is glorious martyrdom!

Then onward with a martyr's zeal;

And wait thy sure reward

When man to man no more shall kneel,

And God alone be Lord!

1833.

## SONG OF THE FREE.

PRIDE of New England!

Soul of our fathers!

Shrink we all craven-like,

When the storm gathers?

What though the tempest be

Over us lowering,

Where's the New-Englander

Stamefully cowering?

Graves green and holy

Around us are lying,—

Free were the sleepers all,

Living and dying!



Back with the Southerner's  
 Padlocks and scourges !  
 Go,—let him fetter down  
 Ocean's free surges !  
 Go,—let him silence  
 Winds, clouds, and waters,  
 Never New England's own  
 Free sons and daughters !  
 Free as our rivers are  
 Ocean-ward going,—  
 Free as the breezes are  
 Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
 Haste we, and summon  
 Courage and loveliness,  
 Manhood and woman !  
 Deep let our pledges be :  
 Freedom forever !  
 Truce with oppression,  
 Never, O, never !  
 By our own birthright-gift,  
 Granted of Heaven,—  
 Freedom for heart and lip,  
 Be the pledge given !

If we have whispered truth,  
 Whisper no longer ;  
 Speak as the tempest does,  
 Stern and stronger ;  
 Still be the tones of truth—  
 Louder and firmer,  
 Startling the haughty South  
 With the deep murmur ;  
 God and our charter's right,  
 Freedom forever !  
 Truce with oppression,  
 Never, O, never !  
 1836.

### THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain  
 and glen,  
 Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of  
 men ?  
 The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
 As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn ;  
 Hark !—the cheer and the hallo !—the crack of  
 the whip,  
 And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip !  
 All blithe are our hunters, and noble their  
 match,—  
 Though hundreds are caught, there are millions  
 to catch.  
 So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and  
 glen,  
 Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of  
 men !

Gay luck to our hunters !—how nobly they ride  
 In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of  
 their pride !—  
 The priest with his cassock flung back on the  
 wind,  
 Just screening the politic statesman behind,—  
 The saint and the sinner, with cursing and  
 prayer,  
 The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.  
 And woman,—kind woman,—wife, widow, and  
 maid,  
 For the good of the hunted, is lending her aid :  
 Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on the rein,  
 How blithely she rides to the hunting of men !

O, goodly and grand is our hunting to see,  
 In this "land of the brave and this home of the  
 free."

Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to  
 Maine,  
 All mounting the saddle,—all grasping the rein,—  
 Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin  
 Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin !  
 Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay !  
 Will our hunters be turned from their purpose  
 and prey ?  
 Will their hearts fail within them ?—their nerves  
 tremble, when  
 All roughly they ride to the hunting of men ?

Ho !—ALMS for our hunters ! all weary and  
 faint,  
 Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the  
 saint.  
 The horn is wound faintly,—the echoes are still,  
 Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.  
 Haste,—alms for our hunters ! the hunted once  
 more  
 Have turned from their flight with their backs to  
 the shore :  
 What right have *they* here in the home of the  
 white,  
 Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and  
 Right ?  
 Ho ! alms for the hunters ! or never again  
 Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of  
 men !

ALMS,—ALMS for our hunters ! why *will* ye de-  
 lay,  
 When their pride and their glory are melting  
 away ?  
 The parson has turned ; for, on charge of his  
 own,  
 Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone ?  
 The politic statesman looks back with a sigh,—  
 There is doubt in his heart,—there is fear in his  
 eye.  
 O, haste, lest that doubting and fear shall pre-  
 vail,  
 And the head of his steed take the place of the  
 tail.  
 O, haste, ere he leave us ! for who will ride then,  
 For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men ?  
 1835.

### CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the report of the celebrated proslavery meeting in  
 Charlestown, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835,  
 published in the Courier of that city, it is stated : "*The  
 CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body,  
 LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and  
 adding by their presence to the impressive character of  
 the scene !*" ]

JUST God !—and these are they  
 Who minister at thine altar, God of Right !  
 Men who their hands with prayer and blessing  
 lay  
 On Israel's Ark of light !

What ! preach and kidnap men ?  
 Give thanks,—and rob thy own afflicted poor ?  
 Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then  
 Bolt hard the captive's door ?

What ! servants of thy own  
 Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
 The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down  
 The tasked and plundered slave !

Pilate and Herod, friends !  
 Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine !  
 Just God and holy ! is that church, which lends  
 Strength to the spoiler, thine ?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth which search and  
burn  
In warning and rebuke ;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !  
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord  
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,  
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long  
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,  
And in thy name, for robbery and wrong  
At thy own altars pray ?

Is not thy hand stretched forth  
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite ?  
Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a common Father down !  
To all who plunder from the immortal mind  
Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price of blood,—  
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,  
The searching truths of God

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish ; and their very names shall be  
Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of a world's liberty.

O, speed the moment on  
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and Love  
And Truth and Right throughout the earth be  
known  
As in their home above.

### THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

[In a late publication of L. T. Tasistro—"Random Shots and Southern Breezes"—is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN !"]

A CHRISTIAN ! going, gone !  
Who bids for God's own image ?—for his grace,  
Which that poor victim of the market-place  
Hath in her suffering won ?

My God ! can such things be ?  
Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done  
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one  
Is even done to thee ?

In that sad victim, then,  
Child of thy pitying love, I see thee stand,—  
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,  
Bound, sold, and scourged again !

A Christian up for sale !  
Wet with her blood your whips, o'er-task her  
frame,  
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and  
shame,  
Her patience shall not fail !

A heathen hand might deal  
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years :  
But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears,  
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
Thou prudent teacher,—tell the toiling slave

No dangerous tale of Him who came to save  
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray  
Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,  
And to her darkened mind alone impart  
One stern command,—OBEY !

So shalt thou deftly raise  
The market price of human flesh ; and while  
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters  
smile,  
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,  
While in that vile South Sodom first and best,  
Thy poor disciples sell.

O, shame ! the Moslem thrall,  
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,  
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis ! he hath torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne  
Their inmates into day :

But our poor slave in vain  
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes,—  
Its rites will only swell his market price,  
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right ! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,  
Lifting in prayer to thee, the bloody hand  
And haughty brow of wrong ?

O, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's  
cell,—  
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome  
hell,  
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
HOW LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG ?

### STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
The freedom which they toiled to win ?  
Is this the soil whereon they moved ?  
Are these the graves they slumber in ?  
Are we the sons by whom are borne  
The mantles which the dead have worn ?

And shall we crouch above these graves,  
With craven soul and fettered lip ?  
Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,  
And tremble at the driver's whip ?  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak—but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel ?  
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow ?  
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,—  
The dungeon's gloom,—the assassin's blow,  
Turn back the spirit roused to save  
The Truth, our Country, and the Slave ?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
Round which the priests of Mexico  
Before their loathsome idol prayed ;—  
Is Freedom's altar fashioned so ?



And must we yield to Freedom's God,  
As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought  
Which well might shame extremest hell?  
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?  
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?  
Shall Honor bleed?—shall Truth succumb?  
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No;—by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall,—  
By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound,—  
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,—  
By Warren's ghost,—by Langdon's shade,—  
By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
The bands and fetters round them set,—  
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed  
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—  
By all above, around, below,  
Be ours the indignant answer,—NO!

No;—guided by our country's laws,  
For truth, and right, and suffering man,  
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
As Christians *may*,—as freemen *can*!  
Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,  
While woman shrieks beneath his rod,  
And while he tramples down at will  
The image of a common God!  
Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him  
The danger and the growing shame?  
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
Which should have filled the world with flame?  
And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,  
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is 't not enough that this is borne?  
And asks our haughty neighbor more?  
Must fetters which his slaves have worn  
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?  
Must he be told, beside his plough,  
What he must speak, and when, and how?

Must he be told his freedom stands  
On Slavery's dark foundations strong,—  
On breaking hearts and fettered hands,  
On robbery, and crime, and wrong?  
That all his fathers taught is vain,—  
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn?  
False, foul, profane! Go,—teach a well  
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!  
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell!  
Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!  
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South,"—  
Ye shall not hear the truth the less;—  
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,  
No fetter on the Yankee's press!  
From our Green Mountains to the sea,  
One voice shall thunder,—WE ARE FREE!

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING THE MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR  
RITNER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1836.

THANK God for the token!—one lip is still free,—  
One spirit untrammelled,—unbending one knee!

Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and  
firm,  
Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;  
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,  
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood;  
When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,  
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—  
Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has  
broken!  
Thank God, that one man as a *freeman* has  
spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!  
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has  
gone!

To the land of the South,—of the charter and  
chain,—

Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain;  
Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips  
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips!  
Where "chivalric" honor means really no more  
Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor!  
Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,  
And the words which he utters, are—WORSHIP,  
OR DIE!

Right onward, O speed it! Wherever the blood  
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to  
God;

Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining;  
Wherever the lash of the driver is twining;  
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart;  
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
In silence and darkness, the God-given mind;  
There, God speed it onward!—its truth will be  
felt,—

The bonds shall be loosened,—the iron shall melt!

And O, will the land where the free soul of PENN  
Still lingers and breathes over mountain and  
glen,—

Will the land where a BENEZET's spirit went  
forth

To the peeled and the meted, and outcast of  
Earth,—

Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first  
From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst,—  
Where first for the wronged and the weak of their  
kind,

The Christian and statesman their efforts com-  
bined,—

Will that land of the free and the good wear a  
chain?

Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, RITNER!—her "Friends" at thy warning  
shall stand

Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band;  
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite  
Once again for the poor in defence of the Right;  
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of  
Wrong,

Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along;  
Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the  
pain,

And counting each trial for Truth as their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and  
true,

Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due;  
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,  
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine,—  
The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to  
brave

The scorn of the proud in the cause of the  
slave:—

Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South  
 One brow for the brand,—for the padlock one mouth?  
 They cater to tyrants?—They rivet the chain,  
 Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?  
 No, never!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud,  
 When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,  
 Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed  
 From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,  
 On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow  
 Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!  
 The voice of a PEOPLE,—uprisen,—awake,—  
 Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,  
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,  
 "OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!"

### THE PASTORAL LETTER.

So, this is all,—the utmost reach  
 Of priestly power the mind to fetter!  
 When laymen think—when women preach—  
 A war of words—a "Pastoral Letter!"  
 Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes!  
 Was it thus with those, your predecessors,  
 Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes  
 Their loving-kindness to transgressors?  
 A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—  
 Alas! in hoof and horns and features,  
 How different is your Brookfield bull,  
 From him who bellows from St. Peter's!  
 Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,  
 Think ye, can words alone preserve them?  
 Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
 And sword of temporal power to serve them.  
 O, glorious days,—when Church and State  
 Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!  
 And on submissive shoulders sat  
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.  
 No vile "itinerant" then could mar  
 The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
 But at his peril of the sear  
 Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.  
 Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church  
 Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
 And priest and bailiff-joined in search,  
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker!  
 The stocks were at each church's door,  
 The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
 A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—  
 The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!  
 Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
 With "non-professing" frantic teachers;  
 They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
 And flayed the backs of "female preachers."  
 Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,  
 And Salem's streets could tell their story,  
 Of fainting woman dragged along,  
 Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!  
 And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
 Of memories sacred from the scorners?  
 And why with reckless hand I plant  
 A nettle on the graves ye honor?  
 Not to reproach New England's dead  
 This record from the past I summon,

Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
 And suffering and heroic woman.

No,—for yourselves alone, I turn  
 The pages of intolerance over,  
 That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
 Ye haply may your own discover!  
 For, if ye claim the "pastoral right,"  
 To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
 And from your precincts shut the light  
 Of Freedom's day around ye dawning;

If when an earthquake voice of power,  
 And signs in earth and heaven, are showing  
 That forth, in its appointed hour,  
 The Spirit of the Lord is going!  
 And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
 On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
 Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
 In glory and in strength are waking!

When for the sighing of the poor,  
 And for the needy, God hath risen,  
 And chains are breaking, and a door  
 Is opening for the souls in prison!  
 If then ye would, with puny hands,  
 Arrest the very work of Heaven,  
 And bind anew the evil bands  
 Which God's right arm of power hath riven,—

What marvel that, in many a mind,  
 Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
 Are closely with your own combined,  
 Yet "less in anger than in sadness"?  
 What marvel, if the people learn  
 To claim the right of free opinion?  
 What marvel, if at times they spurn  
 The ancient yoke of your dominion?

A glorious remnant linger yet,  
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,  
 The coming of whose welcome feet  
 Is beautiful upon our mountains!  
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
 Of Liberty and Love forever,  
 Whose joy is an abiding spring,  
 Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,  
 Which echoes here the mournful wail  
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
 Close while ye may the public ear,—  
 With malice vex, with slander wound them,—  
 The pure and good shall throng to hear,  
 And tried and manly hearts surround them.

O, ever may the power which led  
 Their way to such a fiery trial,  
 And strengthened womanhood to tread  
 The wine-press of such self-denial,  
 Be round them in an evil land,  
 With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,  
 With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
 And Deborah's song, for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God  
 Against the ark of his salvation,  
 Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
 With blessings for a dying nation?  
 What, but the stubble and the hay  
 To perish, even as flax consuming,  
 With all that bars his glorious way,  
 Before the brightness of his coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long  
 Hast waited for the glorious token,  
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
 To liberty and light has broken,—



Angel of Freedom! soon to thee  
The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
And over Earth's full jubilee  
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

## LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE MEETING OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT CHATHAM STREET CHAP-EL, N. Y., HELD ON THE 4TH OF THE 7TH MONTH, 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before  
Our fathers in their weary way,  
As with thy chosen moved of yore  
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,  
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
Most Holy Father! unto thee  
May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all,—though hue and form  
Are varied in thine own good will,—  
With thy own holy breathings warm,  
And fashioned in thine image still.

We thank thee, Father!—hail and plain  
Around us wave their fruits once more,  
And clustered vine, and blossomed grain,  
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love  
Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
And unto Thee, supreme above,  
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But O, for those this day can bring,  
As unto us, no joyful thrill,—  
For those who, under Freedom's wing,  
Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom thy living word  
Of light and love is never given,—  
For those whose ears have never heard  
The promise and the hope of Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
Whereon no human mercies fall,—  
O, be thy gracious love inclined,  
Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time  
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
When every land and tongue and clime  
The message of thy love shall hear,—

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
And to his fettered soul be given  
The glorious freedom of the just!

## LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF BRITISH EMANCIPATION AT THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, N. Y., "FIRST OF AUGUST," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER!—just and true  
Are all thy works and words and ways,  
And unto thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!  
As children of thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to thee.

For thou hast heard, O God of Right,  
The sighing of the island slave;  
And stretched for him the arm of might,  
Not shortened that it could not save.  
The laborer sits beneath his vine,  
The shackled soul and hand are free,—  
Thanksgiving!—for the work is thine!  
Praise!—for the blessing is of thee!

And O, we feel thy presence here,—  
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!  
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear,—  
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer.  
Praise!—for the pride of man is low,  
The counsels of the wise are naught,  
The fountains of repentance flow;  
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on thy work, Lord God of Hosts!  
And when the bondman's chain is riven,  
And swells from all our guilty coasts  
The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
O, not to those whom thou hast led,  
As with thy cloud and fire before,  
But unto thee, in fear and dread,  
Be praise and glory evermore.

## LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST, AT MILTON, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away  
Since Britain drove her million slaves  
Beneath the tropic's fiery ray:  
God willed their freedom; and to-day  
Life blooms above those island graves!

He spoke! across the Carib Sea,  
We heard the clash of breaking chains,  
And felt the heart-throb of the free,  
The first, strong pulse of liberty  
Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,  
The Briton's triumph shall be ours:  
Wears slavery here a prouder brow  
Than that which twelve short years ago  
Scowled darkly from her island bowers?

Mighty alike for good or ill  
With mother-land, we fully share  
The Saxon strength,—the nerve of steel,—  
The tireless energy of will,—  
The power to do, the pride to dare.

What she has done can we not do?  
Our hour and men are both at hand;  
The blast which Freedom's angel blew  
O'er her green islands, echoes through  
Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe! we have sworn  
The death of slavery.—When it falls,  
Look to your vassals in their turn,  
Your poor dumb millions, crushed and worn,  
Your prisons and your palace walls!

O kingly mockers!—scoffing show  
What deeds in Freedom's name we do;  
Yet know that every taunt ye throw  
Across the waters, goads our slow  
Progression towards the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,  
Appalled by democratic crime,



"Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone."

Grind as their fathers ground before,—  
The hour which sees our prison door  
Swing wide shall be *their* triumph time.

On then, my brothers! every blow  
Ye deal is felt the wide earth through—  
Whatever here uplifts the low  
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,  
Blesses the Old World through the New.

Take heart! The promised hour draws  
near,—

I hear the downward beat of wings,  
And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear:  
"Joy to the people; woe and fear  
To new-world tyrants, old-world kings!"

### THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS  
SOLD INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the fever demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air,—  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear can hear them;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
O, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again,  
There no brother's voice shall greet them,—  
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play,—  
From the cool spring where they drank,—  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there,—  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!



Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,—  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.  
O that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetter galls no more!  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth,—  
By the bruised reed He spareth,—  
O, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

### THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptized her infant brow in blood;  
And, through the storm which round her swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;  
Their strife is past,—their triumph won;  
But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rises in their honored place,—

A moral warfare with the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

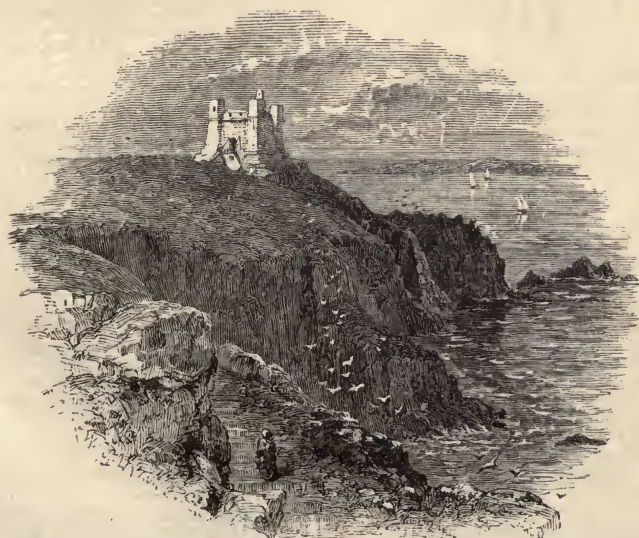
So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight,  
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

### THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, HELD IN  
LONDON IN 1840.

Yes, let them gather!—Summon forth  
The pledged philanthropy of Earth,  
From every land, whose hills have heard  
The bugle blast of Freedom waking;  
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird  
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking:  
Where Justice hath one worshipper,  
Or truth one altar built to her;  
Where'er a human eye is weeping  
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know,—  
Where'er a single heart is keeping  
Its prayerful watch with human woe:  
Thence let them come, and greet each other,  
And know in each a friend and brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green vale  
Where England's old baronial halls  
Still bear upon their storied walls  
The grim crusader's rusted mail,  
Battered by Paynim spear and brand  
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!  
And mouldering pennon-staves once set  
Within the soil of Palestine,  
By Jordan and Genesaret;  
Or, borne with England's battle line,  
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,  
Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,  
With dews from hallowed Hermon wet,  
A holier summons now is given  
Than that gray hermit's voice of old,



"On Malta's rock."

Which unto all the winds of heaven  
 The banners of the Cross unrolled !  
 Not for the long-deserted shrine,—  
 Not for the dull unconscious sod,  
 Which tells not by one lingering sign  
 That there the hope of Israel trod ;—  
 But for that TRUTH, for which alone  
 In pilgrim eyes are sanctified  
 The garden moss, the mountain stone,  
 Whereon his holy sandals pressed,—  
 The fountain which his lip hath blessed,—  
 Whate'er hath touched his garment's hem  
 At Bethany or Bethlehem,  
 Or Jordan's river-side.  
 For FREEDOM, in the name of Him  
 Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,  
 To break the chain from every limb,  
 The bolt from every prison door !  
 For these, o'er all the earth hath passed  
 An ever-deepening trumpet blast,  
 As if an angel's breath had lent  
 Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowden's mountain wall,  
 Shall startle at that thrilling call,  
 As if she heard her bard's again ;  
 And Erin's " harp on Tara's wall "  
 Give out its ancient strain,  
 Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—  
 The melody which Erin loves,  
 When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of gladness  
 And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,  
 The hand of her O'Connell moves !  
 Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,  
 And mountain hold, and heathery hill,  
 Shall catch and echo back the note,  
 As if she heard upon her air  
 Once more her Cameronian's prayer  
 And song of Freedom float.  
 And cheering echoes shall reply  
 From each remote dependency,  
 Where Britain's mighty sway is known,  
 In tropic sea or frozen zone ;  
 Where'er her sunset flag is furling,  
 Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling ;  
 From Indian Bengal's groves of palm  
 And rosy fields and gales of balm,  
 Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled  
 Through regal Ava's gates of gold ;  
 And from the lakes and ancient woods  
 And dim Canadian solitudes,  
 Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,  
 Queen of the North, Quebec looks down ;  
 And from those bright and ransomed Isles  
 Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,  
 And the dark laborer still retains  
 The scar of slavery's broken chains !

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel  
 The gateways of the land of Tell,  
 Where morning's keen and earliest glance  
 On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,  
 And from the olive bowers of France  
 And vine groves garlanding the Rhone,—  
 " Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried  
 As those who stood by Oge's side,  
 And heard the Haytien's tale of wrong,  
 Shall gather at that summons strong,—  
 Broglie, Passy, and him whose song  
 Breathed over Syria's holy sod,  
 And in the paths which Jesus trod,  
 And murmured midst the hills which hem  
 Crownless and sad Jerusalem,  
 Hath echoes whereso'er the tone  
 Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come,—from Quito's walls,  
 And from the Orinoco's tide,  
 From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,

From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—  
 Men who by swart Guerrero's side  
 Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS of MAN,  
 Broke every bond and fetter off,  
 And hailed in every sable serf  
 A free and brother Mexican !  
 Chiefs who across the Andes' chain  
 Have followed Freedom's flowing pennon,  
 And seen on Junin's fearful plain,  
 Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain  
 The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon !  
 And Hayti, from her mountain land,  
 Shall send the sons of those who hurled  
 Defiance from her blazing strand,—  
 The war-gage from her Petion's hand,  
 Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,  
 Land of the dark and mystic Nile !—  
 Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame  
 All tyrants of a Christian name,  
 When in the shade of Gizeh's pile,  
 Or, where from Abyssinian hills  
 El Gerek's upper fountain fills,  
 Or where from Mountains of the Moon  
 El Abiad bears his watery boon,  
 Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim  
 Within their ancient hallowed waters,—  
 Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,  
 Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—  
 The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,  
 Thy bequest from remotest time,  
 At thy dark Mehemet's decree  
 Forevermore shall pass from thee ;  
 And chains forsake each captive's limb  
 Of all those tribes, whose hills around  
 Have echoed back the cymbal sound  
 And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime  
 To earth's remotest bound and clime,  
 In mingled tones of awe and scorn,  
 The echoes of a world have borne,  
 My country ! glorious at thy birth,  
 A day-star flashing brightly forth,—  
 The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn !  
 O, who could dream that saw thee then,  
 And watched thy rising from afar,  
 That vapors from oppression's fen  
 Would cloud the upward tending star ?  
 Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which heard,  
 Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawn-  
 ing,  
 Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and king,  
 To mock thee with their welcoming,  
 Like Hades when her thrones were stirred  
 To greet the down-cast Star of Morning !  
 " Aha ! and art thou fallen thus ?  
 Art THOU become as one of us ? "

Land of my fathers !—there will stand,  
 Amidst that world-assembled band,  
 Those owning thy maternal claim  
 Unweakened by thy crime and shame,—  
 The sad reprovers of thy wrong,—  
 The children thou hast spurned so long.  
 Still with affection's fondest yearning  
 To their unnatural mother turning  
 No traitors they !—but tried and leal,  
 Whose own is but thy general weal,  
 Still blending with the patriot's zeal  
 The Christian's love for human kind,  
 To caste and climate unconfin'd.

A holy gathering !—peaceful all :  
 No threat of war,—no savage call  
 For vengeance on an erring brother !  
 But in their stead the godlike plan  
 To teach the brotherhood of man  
 To love and reverence one another,



As sharers of a common blood,  
The children of a common God !—  
Yet, even at its lightest word,  
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred :  
Spain, watching from her Moro's keep  
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,  
And Rio, in her strength and pride,  
Lifting, along her mountain-side,  
Her snowy battlements and towers,—  
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,  
With bitter hate and sullen fear  
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear ;  
And where my country's flag is flowing,  
On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing

Above the Nation's council-halls,  
Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,  
While close beneath the outward walls  
The driver plies his reeking thong,—

The hammer of the man-thief falls,  
O'er hypocritic cheek and brow  
The crimson flush of shame shall glow :  
And all who for their native land  
Are pledging life and heart and hand,—  
Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,  
Who for her tarnished honor feel,—  
Through cottage door and council-hall  
Shall thunder an awakening call.  
The pen along its page shall burn  
With all intolerable scorn,—  
An eloquent rebuke shall go  
On all the winds that Southward blow,—  
From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,  
Warning and dread appeal shall come,  
Like those which Israel heard from him,  
The Prophet of the Cherubim,—  
Or those which sad Esaias hurled  
Against a sin-accursed world !  
Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling  
Unceasing from its iron wing,  
With characters inscribed thereon,  
As fearful in the despot's hall  
As to the pomp of Babylon

The fire-sign on the palace wall !  
And, from her dark iniquities,  
Methinks I see my country rise :  
Not challenging the nations round  
To note her tardy justice done,—  
Her captives from their chains unbound,  
Her prisons opening to the sun :—  
But tearfully her arms extending  
Over the poor and unoffending ;

Her regal emblem now no longer  
A bird of prey, with talons reeking,  
Above the dying captive shrieking,  
But, spreading out her ample wing,—  
A broad, impartial covering,—

The weaker sheltered by the stronger !—  
O, then to Faith's anointed eyes

The promised token shall be given ;  
And on a nation's sacrifice,  
Atoning for the sin of years,  
And wet with penitential tears,—  
The fire shall fall from Heaven !  
1839.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1845.

God bless New Hampshire !—from her granite peaks

Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.  
The long-bound vassal of the exulting South

For very shame her self-forged chain has broken,—

Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,  
And in the clear tones of her old time spoken !

O, all undreamed-of, all un hoped-for changes !—  
The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe ;

To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,  
New Hampshire thunders an indignant No !

Who is it now despairs ? O, faint of heart,  
Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,  
Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,  
And gather strength to bear a manlier part !  
All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing  
Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight ;  
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,  
Unlooked-for allies, striking for the right !  
Courage, then, Northern hearts.—Be firm, be true :  
What one brave State hath done, can ye not also do ?

## THE NEW YEAR:

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

The wave is breaking on the shore,—  
The echo fading from the chime,—  
Again the shadow moveth o'er  
The dial-plate of time !

O, seer-seen Angel ! waiting now  
With weary feet on sea and shore,  
Impatient for the last dread vow  
That time shall be no more !

Once more across thy sleepless eye  
The semblance of a smile has passed :  
The year departing leaves more high  
Time's fearfullest and last.

O, in that dying year hath been  
The sum of all since time began,—  
The birth and death, the joy and pain,  
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,  
And streams released from Winter's chain,  
And bursting bud, and opening flower,  
And greenly growing grain ;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,  
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,  
And voices in her rising storm,—  
God speaking from his cloud !—

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,  
And soft, warm days of golden light,  
The glory of her forest leaves,  
And harvest-moon at night ;

And Winter with her leafless grove,  
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,  
The brilliance of her heaven above  
And of her earth below :—

And man,—in whom an angel's mind  
With earth's low instincts finds abode,—  
The highest of the links which bind  
Brute nature to her God ;

His infant eye hath seen the light,  
His childhood's merriest laughter rung,  
And active sports to manlier might  
The nerves of boyhood strung !

And quiet love, and passion's fires,  
Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast,  
And lofty aims and low desires  
By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born  
Has mingled with the funeral knell ;  
And o'er the dying's ear has gone  
The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,  
While Want, in many a humble shed,  
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,  
The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all,—the human slave,—  
The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn!  
Plucked off the crown his Maker gave,—  
His regal manhood gone!

O, still, my country! o'er thy plains,  
Blackened with slavery's blight and ban,  
That human chattel drags his chains,—  
An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,  
My country, is thy flag unrolled,  
With scorn, the gazing stranger sees  
A stain on every fold.

O, tear the gorgeous emblem down!  
It gathers scorn from every eye,  
And despots smile and good men frown  
Where'er it passes by.

Shame! shame! its starry splendors glow  
Above the slaver's loathsome jail,—  
Its folds are ruffling even now  
His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall  
The trade in human flesh is driven,  
And at each careless hammer-fall  
A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men  
Vested with power to shield the right,  
And throw each vile and robber den  
Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them!—there they sit,  
Men of the North, subdued and still;  
Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit  
To work a master's will.

Sold,—bargained off for Southern votes,—  
A passive herd of Northern mules,  
Just braying through their purchased throats  
Whate'er their owner rules.

And he,<sup>35</sup>—the basest of the base,  
The vilest of the vile,—whose name,  
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,  
Is deathless in its shame!—

A tool,—to bolt the people's door  
Against the people clamoring there,  
An ass,—to trample on their floor  
A people's right of prayer!

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,  
Self-pilloried to the public view,—  
A mark for every passing blast  
Of scorn to whistle through;

There let him hang, and hear the boast  
Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool,—  
A new Stylites on his post,  
"Sacred to ridicule!"

Look we at home!—our noble hall,  
To Freedom's holy purpose given,  
Now rears its black and ruined wall,  
Beneath the wintry heaven,—

Telling the story of its doom,—  
The fiendish mob,—the prostrate law,—  
The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,  
Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State,—the poor man's right  
Torn from him:—and the sons of those  
Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight  
Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,  
That Slavery's guilty fears might cease,  
And those whom God created men  
Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm  
A bow of promise bends on high,  
And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,  
Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard,  
Of freemen rising for the right:  
Each valley hath its rallying word,—  
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,  
The strengthening light of freedom shines,  
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,—  
And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades  
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,  
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,  
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell  
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,  
And through the blackness of that hell,  
Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake  
Before that light poured full and strong,  
So shall the Southern heart awake  
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land  
The song of grateful millions rise,  
Like that of Israel's ransomed band  
Beneath Arabia's skies:

And all who now are bound beneath  
Our banner's shade, our eagle's wing,  
From Slavery's night of moral death  
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and gone  
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,  
And unto both alike shall dawn  
A New and Happy Year.  
1839.

#### MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon  
its Southern way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts  
Bay:—

No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's  
peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of  
horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our high-  
ways go,—  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the  
snow;



And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,  
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high,  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky;  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labor here,  
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank,—  
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;  
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man  
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,  
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with the storms;  
Free as the winds they drive, before, rough as the waves they roam,  
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day  
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?  
How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, inanswer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath  
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved  
False to their fathers' memory,—false to the faith they loved,  
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter spurn,  
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell,—  
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the blood-hound's yell,—  
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;  
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;  
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a sister State should do, all that a free State may,  
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;

But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air  
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;  
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plans  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,  
By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold,—  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginia name;  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame;  
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe,—  
We wash our hands forever of your sin and shame and curse.

A voice from shrines whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,  
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men:  
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still  
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey  
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,  
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke;  
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,—  
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;  
Through the thronged towns of Essex the starting summons rang,  
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex,—of thousands as of one,—  
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington,—  
From Norfolk's ancient villages, from Plymouth's rocky bound  
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose  
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,  
To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,  
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray,—  
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay!

Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,  
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters,—  
Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the sound of many waters!  
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?  
*No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!*

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;  
You've spurned our kindest counsels,—you've hunted for our lives,—  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyles!

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—we fling no torch within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;  
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given  
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;  
*No slave-hunt in our borders,—no pirate on our strand!*  
*No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave upon our land!*

### THE RELIC.

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
From one whose fiery heart of youth  
With mine has beaten, side by side,  
For Liberty and Truth;  
With honest pride the gift I take,  
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
Of generous hand and heart sincere;  
Around that gift of friendship dwells  
A memory doubly dear,—  
Earth's noblest aim,—man's holiest thought,  
With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold,  
And precious memories round it cling,  
Even as the Prophet's rod of old  
In beauty blossoming:  
And buds of feeling pure and good  
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine!—a brand  
Plucked from its burning!—let it be  
Dear as a jewel from the hand  
Of a lost friend to me!—  
Flower of a perished garland left,  
Of life and beauty unbereft!

O, if the young enthusiast bears,  
O'er weary waste and sea, the stone  
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,  
Or round the Parthenon;

Or olive-bough from some wild tree  
Hung over old Thermopylae:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary,—  
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
On fields renowned in story,—  
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,  
Or the gray rock by Druids blessed;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing  
Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,  
Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing  
On Bruce's Bannockburn,—  
Or Runnymede's wild English rose,  
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows!—

If it be true that things like these  
To heart and eye bright visions bring,  
Shall not far holier memories  
To this memorial cling?  
Which needs no mellowing mist of time  
To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned,—  
Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,  
Lifting on high, with hands unstained,  
Thanksgiving unto God;  
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading  
For human hearts in bondage bleeding!—

Where, midst the sound of rushing feet  
And curses on the night-air flung,  
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet  
From woman's earnest tongue;  
And Riot turned his scowling glance,  
Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That temple now in ruin lies!—  
The fire-stain on its shattered wall,  
And open to the changing skies  
Its black and roofless hall,  
It stands before a nation's sight,  
A gravestone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,  
The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,  
And from their ashes white and cold  
Its timbers are replying!  
A voice which slavery cannot kill  
Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,  
O holy Freedom! hath to me  
A potent power, a voice and sign  
To testify of thee;  
And, grasping it, methinks I feel  
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,  
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave,  
Which opened, in the strength of God,  
A pathway for the slave,  
It yet may point the bondman's way,  
And turn the spoiler from his prey.

### THE BRANDED HAND.

1846.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman! with thy  
thoughtful brow and gray,  
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better  
day,—  
With that front of calm endurance, on whose  
steady nerve in vain  
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery  
shafts of pain!



Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal  
cravens aim  
To make God's truth thy falsehood, his holiest  
work thy shame?  
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the  
iron was withdrawn,  
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to  
scorn!

*They* change to wrong the duty which God hath  
written out  
On the great heart of humanity, too legible for  
doubt!  
*They*, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from  
footsole up to crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor  
and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its  
traces never yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder bla-  
zon set;  
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our  
rocky strand,  
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's  
BRANDED HAND!

As the Templar home was welcome, bearing back  
from Syrian wars  
The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim scymi-  
tars,  
The pallor of the prison, and the shackle's crim-  
son span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend  
of God and man.

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's  
grave,  
Thou for his living presence in the bound and  
bleeding slave;  
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,  
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home  
of God!

For, while the jurist, sitting with the slave-whip  
o'er him swung,  
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of  
slavery wrung,  
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-  
deserted shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the  
bondman's blood for wine,—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Sav-  
iour knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple where a pres-  
ent Saviour dwelt;  
Thou beheld'st him in the task-field, in the pris-  
on shadows dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy  
unto him!

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky above  
and wave below,  
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the bab-  
bling schoolmen know;  
God's stars and silence taught thee, as his angels  
only can,  
That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope  
of heaven is Man!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law  
and creed,  
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mer-  
cy in his need;  
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain  
and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the awful form of  
God!

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold ploughman  
of the wave!  
Its branded palm shall prophesy, "SALVATION TO  
THE SLAVE!"  
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whose  
reads may feel  
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews  
change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our  
Northern air,—  
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God,  
look there!  
Take it henceforth for your standard, like the  
Bruce's heart of yore,  
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand  
be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at  
that sign,  
When it points its finger Southward along the Pu-  
ritan line:  
Woe to the State-gorged leeches and the Church's  
locust band,  
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the  
coming of that hand!

## TEXAS.

## VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

Up the hillside, down the glen,  
Rouse the sleeping citizen;  
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low,—  
Like a night-storm rising slow,—  
Like the tread of unseen foe,—

It is coming,—it is nigh!  
Stand your homes and altars by;  
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires;  
On the gray hills of your sires  
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,  
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,  
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

O, for God and duty stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race,—  
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party,—perish clan;  
Strike together while ye can,  
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime  
Heard above a world of crime,  
Crying of the end of time,—

With one heart and with one mouth,  
Let the North unto the South  
Speak the word befitting both:

"What though Issachar be strong!  
Ye may load his back with wrong  
Overmuch and over long:

"Patience with her cup o'errun,  
With her weary thread outspun,  
Murmurs that her work is done.

"Make our Union-bond a chain,  
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain  
Link by link shall snap in twain.

"Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope  
Bind the starry cluster up,  
Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

"Give us bright though broken rays,  
Rather than eternal haze,  
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

"Take your land of sun and bloom ;  
Only leave to Freedom room  
For her plough, and forge, and loom ;

"Take your slavery-blackened vales ;  
Leave us but our own free gales,  
Blowing on our thousand sails.

"Boldly, or with treacherous art,  
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;  
Break the Union's mighty heart ;

"Work the ruin, if ye will ;  
Pluck upon your heads an ill  
Which shall grow and deepen still.

"With your bondman's right arm bare,  
With his heart of black despair,  
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

"Onward with your fell design ;  
Dig the gulf and draw the line :  
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

"Deeply, when the wide abyss  
Yawns between your land and this,  
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

"By the hearth, and in the bed,  
Shaken by a look or tread,  
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

"And the curse of unpaid toil,  
Downward through your generous soil  
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

"Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,  
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
Plenty in our valleys flow ;—

"And when vengeance clouds your skies,  
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
As the lost on Paradise !

"We but ask our rocky strand,  
Freedom's true and brother band,  
Freedom's strong and honest hand,—

"Valleys by the slave untrod,  
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,  
Blessed of our fathers' God !"

#### TO FANEUIL HALL.

1844.

MEN!—if manhood still ye claim,  
If the Northern pulse can thrill,  
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,  
Freely, strongly still,—  
Let the sounds of traffic die :  
Shut the mill-gate,—leave the stall,—

Fling the axe and hammer by,—  
Throng to Faneuil Hall !

Wrongs which freemen never brooked,—  
Dangers grim and fierce as they,  
Which, like couching lions, looked  
On your fathers' way,—  
These your instant zeal demand,  
Shaking with their earthquake-call  
Every rood of Pilgrim land,  
Ho, to Faneuil Hall !

From your capes and sandy bars,—  
From your mountain-ridges cold,  
Through whose pines the westering stars  
Stoop their crowns of gold,—  
Come, and with your footsteps wake  
Echoes from that holy wall ;  
Once again, for Freedom's sake,  
Rock your fathers' hall !

Up, and tread beneath your feet  
Every cord by party spun :  
Let your hearts together beat  
As the heart of one.  
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,  
Let them rise or let them fall :  
Freedom asks your common aid,—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

Up, and let each voice that speaks  
Ring from thence to Southern plains,  
Sharply as the blow which breaks  
Prison-bolts and chains !  
Speak as well becomes the free :  
Dreaded more than steel or ball,  
Shall your calmest utterance be,  
Heard from Faneuil Hall !

Have they wronged us ? Let us then  
Render back nor threats nor prayers ;  
Have they chained our free-born men ?  
LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS !  
Up, your banner leads the van,  
Blazoned, "Liberty for all !"  
Finish what your sires began !  
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

#### TO MASSACHUSETTS.

1844.

WHAT though around thee blazes  
No fiery rallying sign ?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give heaven the light of thine !  
What though unthrilled, unmoving,  
The statesman stand apart,  
And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon's crowded mart ?

Still, let the land be shaken  
By a summons of thine own !  
By all save truth forsaken,  
Why, stand with that alone !  
Shrink not from strife unequal !  
With the best is always hope ;  
And ever in the sequel  
God holds the right side up !

But when, with thine uniting,  
Come voices long and loud,  
And far-off hills are writing  
Thy fire-words on the cloud ;  
When from Penobscot's fountains  
A deep reponse is heard,  
And across the Western mountains  
Rolls back thy rallying word ;



Shall thy line of battle falter,  
 With its allies just in view?  
 O, by hearth and holy altar,  
 My fatherland, be true!  
 Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom!  
 Speed them onward far and fast!  
 Over hill and valley speed them,  
 Like the sibyl's on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking  
 The shackles from her hand;  
 With the rugged North is waking  
 The level sunset land!  
 On they come,—the free battalions!  
 East and West and North they come,  
 And the heart-beat of the millions  
 Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“To the tyrant's plot no favor!  
 No heed to place-fed knaves!  
 Bar and bolt the door forever  
 Against the land of slaves!”  
 Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,  
 The Heavens above us spread!  
 The land is roused,—its spirit  
 Was sleeping, but not dead!

## THE PINE-TREE.

1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay State's  
 rusted shield,  
 Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on our ban-  
 ner's tattered field.  
 Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles  
 round the board,  
 Answering England's royal missive with a firm,  
 “THUS SAITH THE LORD!”  
 Rise again for home and freedom!—set the  
 battle in array!—  
 What the fathers did of old time we their sons  
 must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs,—cease your pal-  
 try pedler cries,—  
 Shall the good State sink her honor that your  
 gambling stocks may rise?  
 Would ye barter man for cotton?—That your  
 gains may sum up higher,  
 Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our chil-  
 dren through the fire?  
 Is the dollar only real?—God and truth and right  
 a dream?  
 Weighed against your lying ledgers must our  
 manhood kick the beam?

O my God!—for that free spirit, which of old in  
 Boston town  
 Smote the Province House with terror, struck the  
 crest of Andros down!—  
 For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's  
 streets to cry,  
 “Up for God and Massachusetts!—Set your feet  
 on Mammon's lie!  
 Perish banks and perish traffic,—spin your cot-  
 ton's latest pound,—  
 But in Heaven's name keep your honor,—keep  
 the heart o' the Bay State sound!”

Where's the MAN for Massachusetts?—Where's  
 the voice to speak her free?—  
 Where's the hand to light up bonfires from her  
 mountains to the sea?  
 Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer?—Sits she  
 dumb in her despair?—  
 Has she none to break the silence?—Has she none  
 to do and dare?

O my God! for one-right worthy to lift up her  
 rusted shield,  
 And to plant again the Pine-Tree in her banner's  
 tattered field!

## LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CITY OF WASH-  
 TON, IN THE 12TH MONTH OF 1845.

With a cold and wintry noon-light,  
 On its roofs and steeples shed,  
 Shadows weaving with the sunlight  
 From the gray sky overhead,  
 Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the half-  
 built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,  
 Ebbs and flows a human tide,  
 Wave on wave a living river;  
 Wealth and fashion side by side;  
 Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same quick  
 current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping  
 Springs above them, vast and tall,  
 Grave men in the dust are groping  
 For the largess, base and small,  
 Which the hand of Power is scattering, crumbs  
 which from its table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter  
 Honor's wealth for party's place:  
 Step by step on Freedom's charter  
 Leaving footprints of disgrace;  
 For to-day's poor pittance turning from the great  
 hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing  
 Glory round the dancer's hair,  
 Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing  
 Backward on the sunset air;  
 And the low quick pulse of music beats its meas-  
 ure sweet and rare:

There to-night shall woman's glances,  
 Star-like, welcome give to them,  
 Fawning fools with shy advances  
 Seek to touch their garments' hem,  
 With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds which  
 God and Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision  
 Takes a broader, sadder range,  
 Full before me have arisen  
 Other pictures dark and strange;  
 From the parlor to the prison must the scene and  
 witness change.

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging  
 On its hinges, harsh and slow;  
 One pale prison lamp is flinging  
 On a fearful group below  
 Such a light as leaves to terror whatso'er it does  
 not show.

Pitying God!—Is that a WOMAN  
 On whose wrist the shackles clash?  
 Is that shriek she utters human,  
 Underneath the stinging lash?  
 Are they MEN whose eyes of madness from that  
 sad procession flash?

Still the dance goes gayly onward!  
 What is it to Wealth and Pride  
 That without the stars are looking  
 On a scene which earth should hide?  
 That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting, rocking on  
 Potomac's tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition  
Which, upon a rival's fall,  
Winds above its old condition,  
With a reptile's slimy crawl,  
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the slave  
in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,  
Giving to ideal woe  
Graceful luxury of compassion,  
Shall the stricken mourner go ;  
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful the  
hollow show !

Nay, my words are all too sweeping :  
In this crowded human mart,  
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping ;  
Man's strong will and woman's heart,  
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall bear  
their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,  
Southward in the distance lost,  
Freedom yet shall summon allies  
Worthier than the North can boast,  
With the Evil by their hearth-stones grappling at  
severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing :  
Faint the heart and weak the knee ;  
And as yet no lip is thrilling  
With the mighty words, " BE FREE ! "  
Tarryeth long the land's Good Angel, but his ad-  
vent is to be !

Meanwhile, turning from the revel  
To the prison-cell my sight,  
For intenser hate of evil,  
For a keener sense of right,  
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of the  
Slaves, to-night !

" To thy duty now and ever !  
Dream no more of rest or stay ;  
Give to Freedom's great endeavor  
All thou art and hast to-day " :—  
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a Voice, or  
seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted  
To discern and love the right,  
Whose worn faces have been lifted  
To the slowly growing light,  
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted slowly back  
the murk of night !—

Ye who through long years of trial  
Still have held your purpose fast,  
While a lengthening shade the dial  
From the westering sunshine cast,  
And of hope each hour's denial seemed an echo of  
the last !—

O my brothers ! O my sisters !  
Would to God that ye were near,  
Gazing with me down the vistas  
Of a sorrow strange and drear ;  
Would to God that ye were listeners to the Voice  
I seem to hear !

With the storm above us driving,  
With the false earth mined below,—  
Who shall marvel if thus striving  
We have counted friend as foe ;  
Unto one another giving in the darkness blow for  
blow.

Well it may be that our natures  
Have grown sterner and more hard,

And the freshness of their features  
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,  
And their harmonies of feeling overtasked and  
rudely jarred

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
From a purpose true and brave ;  
Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
Than the pastime of the slave ;  
Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the  
grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury  
All our idle feuds in dust,  
And to future conflicts carry  
Mutual faith and common trust ;  
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is  
most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding  
All our sun and starlight here,  
Voices of our lost ones sounding  
Bids us be of heart and cheer,  
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on  
the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking  
Downward with a sad surprise,  
All our strife of words rebuking  
With their mild and loving eyes ?  
Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall we cloud  
their blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us  
Which have fallen in our way ;  
Let us do the work before us,  
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,  
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it  
is not day !

### LINES,

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot tire,—  
A faith which doubt can never dim,—  
A heart of love, a lip of fire,—  
O Freedom's God ! be thou to him !

Speak through him words of power and fear,  
As through thy prophet bards of old,  
And let a scornful people hear  
Once more thy Sinai-thunders rolled.

For lying lips thy blessing seek,  
And hands of blood are raised to Thee,  
And on thy children, crushed and weak,  
The oppressor plants his kneeling knee.

Let then, O God ! thy servant dare  
Thy truth in all its power to tell,  
Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear  
The Bible from the grasp of hell !

From hollow rite and narrow span  
Of law and sect by Thee released,  
O, teach him that the Christian man  
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, gray and old,  
Of the dead ages, from his way,  
And let his hopeful eyes behold  
The dawn of thy millennial day ;—

That day when fettered limb and mind  
Shall know the truth which maketh free,  
And he alone who loves his kind  
Shall, childlike, claim the love of Thee !



YORKTOWN.<sup>30</sup>

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,  
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:  
Who curbs his steed at head of one?  
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!  
Who bends his keen, approving glance  
Where down the gorgeous line of France  
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?  
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array  
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,  
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,  
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;  
October's clear and noonday sun  
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,  
And down night's double blackness fell,  
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines  
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;  
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,  
The conquered hosts of England go:  
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,  
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:  
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,  
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice  
Let all thy sister States rejoice;  
Let Freedom, in whatever clime  
She waits with sleepless eye her time,  
Shouting from cave and mountain wood  
Make glad her desert solitude,  
While they who hunt her quail with fear;  
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait  
Within the shattered fortress gate?  
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,  
Classed with the battle's common spoil,  
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,  
With Indian weed and planters' wine,  
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn,—  
Are they not men, Virginian born?

O, veil your faces, young and brave!  
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!  
Sons of the Northland, ye who set  
Stout hearts against the bayonet,  
And pressed with steady footfall near  
The moated battery's blazing tier,  
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,  
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! threescore years have passed; and where  
The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,  
With Northern drum-roll, and the clear,  
Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,  
While Britain grounded on that plain  
The arms she might not lift again,  
As abject as in that old day  
The slave still toils his life away.

O, fields still green and fresh in story,  
Old days of pride, old names of glory,  
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,  
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,  
Ye spared the wrong; and over all  
Behold the avenging shadow fall!  
Your world-wide honor stained with shame,—  
Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where 's now the flag of that old war?  
Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?  
Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,  
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,  
Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,  
Fleashes the Northern eagle's beak;

Symbol of terror and despair,  
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!  
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!  
Brave sport to see the fledgling born  
Of Freedom by its parent torn!  
Safe now is Spielberg's dungeon cell,  
Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:  
With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,  
What of the New World fears the Old?

## LINES,

## WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace  
The cold and heartless commonplace,—  
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines I penned,  
Still with the thought of thee will blend  
That of some loved and common friend,—

Who in life's desert track has made  
His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed  
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
In freedom which the heart approves,—  
The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less  
For simple air and rustic dress,  
And sign of haste and carelessness?—

O, more than specious counterfeit  
Of sentiment or studied wit,  
A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from fashion's sphere,  
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
Forbid, disowned,—what do they here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain  
Came the sad captive's clanking chain,—  
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
Which only wounded spirits know  
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
But from the "temples of the Lord"  
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,  
In words which Prudence smothered long,  
My soul spoke out against the wrong;

Not mine alone the task to speak  
Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek,

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From ermined robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling revered Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the greensward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy-land,  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned;

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain  
Their picture on the heart and brain,  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

In vain!—nor dream, nor rest, nor pause  
Remain for him who round him draws  
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes,—from each green spot  
Of young Romance, and gentle Thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not,—

From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed throng,—

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,  
I turned to Freedom's struggling band,—  
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn  
Her notes of praise to those of scorn,—  
Her gifts reclaimed,—her smiles withdrawn

What matters it!—a few years more,  
Life's surge so restless heretofore  
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear  
The shadows which we follow here,—  
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,  
Of human will or strength expand  
The peril gates of the Better Land;

Alone in that great love which gave  
Life to the sleeper of the grave,  
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through  
The vista of the past can view  
One deed to Heaven and virtue true,—

If through the wreck of wasted powers,  
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,  
Of idle aims and misspent hours,—

The eye can note one sacred spot  
By Pride and Self profaned not,—  
A green place in the waste of thought,—

Where deed or word hath rendered less  
"The sum of human wretchedness,"  
And Gratitude looks forth to bless,—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling  
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,  
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be  
That green and blessed spot to me,  
A palm-shade in Eternity!—

Something of Time which may invite  
The purified and spiritual sight  
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep  
With their light wings my place of sleep,  
And mosses round my headstone creep,—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young heart's altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine,—

If words my lips once uttered still,  
In the calm faith and steadfast will  
Of other hearts, their work fulfil,—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
These tokens, and its eye discern  
The fires which on those altars burn,—

A marvellous joy that even then,  
The spirit hath its life again,  
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,  
No gay and graceful offering,—  
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,  
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,  
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind  
A sense of suffering human-kind,—  
The outcast and the spirit-blind:

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,  
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,  
Life's common courtesies denied;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,  
Children by want and misery nursed,  
Tasting life's bitter cup at first;

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,  
And the close alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee  
In mute beseeching agony,  
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy,—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,  
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine  
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

# PÆAN.

1848.

Now, joy and thanks forevermore!  
The dreary night has wellnigh passed,  
The slumbers of the North are o'er,  
The Giant stands erect at last!

More than we hoped in that dark time  
When, faint with watching, few and worn,  
We saw no welcome day-star climb  
The cold gray pathway of the morn!

O weary hours! O night of years!  
What storms our darkling pathway swept,  
Where, beating back our thronging fears,  
By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,  
How mocked before the tyrant train,  
As, one by one, the true and kind  
Fell fainting in our path of pain!

They died,—their brave hearts breaking slow,—  
But, self-forgotten to the last,  
In words of cheer and bugle blow  
Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host, on either hand,  
Stood waiting for the dawn of day



To crush like reeds our feeble band ;  
The morn has come,—and where are they ?

Troop after troop their line forsakes ;  
With peace-white banners waving free,  
And from our own the glad shout breaks,  
Of Freedom and Fraternity !

Like mist before the growing light,  
The hostile cohorts melt away ;  
Our frowning foemen of the night  
Are brothers at the dawn of day !

As unto these repentant ones  
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,  
Along our line a murmur runs  
Of song, and praise, and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset !—Blast on blast !  
Till Slavery's minions cower and quail ;  
One charge of fire shall drive them fast  
Like chaff before our Northern gale !

O prisoners in your house of pain,  
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold,  
Look ! stretched o'er Southern vale and plain,  
The Lord's delivering hand behold !

Above the tyrant's pride of power,  
His iron gates and guarded wall,  
The bolts which shattered Shinar's tower  
Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake ! awake ! my Fatherland !  
It is thy Northern light that shines ;  
This stirring march of Freedom's band  
The storm-song of thy mountain pines.

Wake, dwellers where the day expires !  
And hear, in winds that sweep your lakes  
And fan your prairies' roaring fires,  
The signal-call that Freedom makes !

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

GONE to thy heavenly Father's rest !  
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing,  
And on thine ear the murmurs blest  
Of Siloa's waters softly flowing !  
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives  
To all the earth its healing leaves  
In the white robe of angels clad,  
And wandering by that sacred river,  
Whose streams of holiness make glad  
The city of our God forever !

Gentlest of spirits !—not for thee  
Our tears are shed, our sighs are given ;  
Why mourn to know thou art a free  
Partaker of the joys of Heaven ?  
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith  
In Christian firmness unto death ;  
And beautiful as sky and earth,  
When autumn's sun is downward going,  
The blessed memory of thy worth  
Around thy place of slumber glowing !

But woe for us ! who linger still  
With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,  
And minds less steadfast to the will  
Of Him whose every work is holy.  
For not like thine, is crucified  
The spirit of our human pride :  
And at the bondman's tale of woe,  
And for the outcast and forsaken,  
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,  
Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way  
The storm of human hate is sweeping ;  
Hunted and branded, and a prey,  
Our watch amidst the darkness keeping,  
O for that hidden strength which can  
Nerve unto death the inner man !  
O for thy spirit, tried and true,  
And constant in the hour of trial,  
Prepared to suffer, or to do,  
In meekness and in self-denial.

O for that spirit, meek and mild,  
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining,—  
By man deserted and reviled,  
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
Still prompt and resolute to save  
From scourge and chain the hunted slave ;  
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,  
Even where the fires of Hate were burning,  
The unquailing eye of innocence  
Alone upon the oppressor turning !

O loved of thousands ! to thy grave,  
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee ;  
The poor man and the rescued slave  
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee ;  
And grateful tears, like summer rain,  
Quickened its dying grass again !  
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,  
Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
Recalling memories sweet and holy !

O for the death the righteous die !  
An end, like autumn's day declining,  
On human hearts, as on the sky,  
With holier, tenderer beauty shining ;  
As to the parting soul were given  
The radiance of an opening Heaven !  
As if that pure and blessed light,  
From off the Eternal altar flowing,  
Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
The spirit to its worship going !

TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

1846.

Is this thy voice, whose treble notes of fear  
Wail in the wind ? And dost thou shake to hear,  
Actæon-like, the bay of thine own hounds,  
Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er their bounds ?  
Sore-baffled statesman ! when thy eager hand,  
With game afoot, unslipped the hungry pack,  
To hunt down Freedom in her chosen land,  
Hadst thou no fear, that, erelong, doubling back,  
These dogs of thine might snuff on Slavery's  
track ?  
Where's now the boast, which even thy guarded  
tongue,  
Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth o' the Senate  
flung,  
O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,  
Like Satan's triumph at the fall of man ?  
How stood'st thou then, thy feet on Freedom  
planting,  
And pointing to the lurid heaven afar,  
Whence all could see, through the south windows  
slanting,  
Crimson as blood, the beams of that Lone Star !  
The Fates are just ; they give us but our own ;  
Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.  
There is an Eastern story, not unknown,  
Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic skill  
Called demons up his water-jars to fill ;  
Deftly and silently, they did his will,  
But, when the task was done, kept pouring still.  
In vain with spell and charm the wizard wrought,  
Faster and faster were the buckets brought,

Higher and higher rose the flood around,  
Till the fiends clapped their hands above their  
master drowned!

So, Carolinian, it may prove with thee,  
For God still overrules man's schemes, and takes  
Craftiness in its self-set snare, and makes  
The wrath of man to praise Him. It may be,  
That the roused spirits of Democracy  
May leave to freer States the same wide door  
Through which thy slave-cursed Texas entered  
in,

From out the blood and fire, the wrong and sin,  
Of the stormed city and the ghastly plain,  
Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody rain,  
A myriad-handed Aztec host may pour,  
And swarthy South with pallid North combine  
Back on thyself to turn thy dark design.

### LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ADOPTION OF PINCKNEY'S  
RESOLUTIONS, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
AND THE PASSAGE OF CALHOUN'S  
"BILL FOR EXCLUDING PAPERS WRITTEN OR  
PRINTED, TOUCHING THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY,  
FROM THE U. S. POST-OFFICE," IN THE  
SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEN of the North-land! where's the manly spirit  
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?  
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us,  
Stoops the strong manhood of our souls so low,  
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us  
To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,  
In God's name, let us speak while there is  
time!  
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,  
Silence is crime!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors  
Rights all our own? In madness shall we bar-  
ter,  
For treacherous peace, the freedom Nature gave  
us,  
God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman forge his human fetters,  
Here the false jurist human rights deny,  
And, in the church, their proud and skilled abet-  
tors

Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,  
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?  
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,  
But stoop in chains upon her downward way  
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger  
Day after day?

O no; methinks from all her wild, green moun-  
tains,—  
From valleys where her slumbering fathers  
lie,—  
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,  
And clear, cold sky,—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry  
Ocean  
Gnaws with his surges,—from the fisher's skiff,  
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion  
Round rock and cliff,—

From the free fireside of her unbought farmer,—  
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel,—  
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the  
hammer,

Rings the red steel,—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken  
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken  
A People's voice.

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall  
bear it  
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;  
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within her grave.

O, let that voice go forth! The bondman sigh-  
ing  
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,  
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing  
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,  
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
Bless us the while.

O for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,  
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed, and  
lowly,

Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter  
With all they left ye perilled and at stake?  
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,  
Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
And, with the blessing of your Heavenly Father,  
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

### THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER-BREAKERS.<sup>37</sup>

In Westminster's royal halls,  
Robed in their pontificals,  
England's ancient prelates stood  
For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,  
Dark and still, like winter's cloud;  
King and council, lord and knight,  
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight,—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,  
In God's name, the Church's curse,  
By the tapers round them lit,  
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

"Right of voice in framing laws,  
Right of peers to try each cause;  
Peasant homestead, mean and small,  
Sacred as the monarch's hall,—

"Whoso lays his hand on these,  
England's ancient liberties,—  
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,  
England's vow at Runnymede,—

"Be he Prince or belted knight,  
Whatsoever his rank or might,  
If the highest, then the worst,  
Let them live and die accursed.



"Thou, who to thy Church hast given  
Keys alike, of hell and heaven,  
Make our word and witness sure,  
Let the curse we speak endure!"

Silent, while that curse was said,  
Every bare and listening head  
Bowed in reverent awe, and then  
All the people said, Amen!

Seven times the bells have tolled,  
For the centuries gray and old,  
Since that stoled and mitred band  
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,  
Stood between the poor and power;  
And the wronged and trodden down  
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,  
Lost, their keys of heaven and hell;  
Yet I sigh for men as bold  
As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait  
At the threshold of the state,—  
Waiting for the beck and nod  
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words  
Sanctify his stolen hoards;  
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips  
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,  
Not to them looks liberty,  
Who with fawning falsehood cower  
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

O, to see them meanly cling,  
Round the master, round the king,  
Sported with, and sold and bought,—  
Pitiful sight is not!

Tell me not that this must be:  
God's true priest is always free;  
Free, the needed truth to speak,  
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,  
Leaving Lazarus at the gate,—  
Not to peddle creeds like wares,—  
Not to mutter hireling prayers,—

Nor to paint the new life's bliss  
On the sable ground of this,—  
Golden streets for idle knave,  
Sabbath rest for weary slave!

Not for words and works like these,  
Priest of God, thy mission is;  
But to make earth's desert glad,  
In its Eden greenness clad;

And to level manhood bring  
Lord and peasant, serf and king;  
And the Christ of God to find  
In the humblest of thy kind!

Thine to work as well as pray,  
Clearing thorny wrongs away;  
Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in,—

Watching on the hills of Faith;  
Listening what the spirit saith,  
Of the dim-seen light afar,  
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,  
To the waiting ones below;  
Twixt them and its light midway  
Heralding the better day,—

Catching gleams of temple spires,  
Hearing notes of angel choirs,  
Where, as yet unseen of them,  
Comes the New Jerusalem!

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,  
On the glory downward blazing;  
Till upon Earth's grateful sod  
Rests the City of our God!

## THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE.

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE FROM A  
FRENCH ENGRAVING.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through the  
tree-tops flash and glisten,  
As she stands before her lover, with raised face  
to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the ancient  
Jewish song:  
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her grace-  
ful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the vas-  
sal's garb and hue,  
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his higher  
nature true;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of a free-  
man in his heart,  
As the gregree holds his Fetich from the white  
man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the driver's  
morning horn  
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the fields of  
cane and corn:

Fall the keen and burning lashes never on his back  
or limb;  
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns the  
driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful, and his eye  
is hard and stern;  
Slavery's last and humblest lesson he has never  
deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance before  
their master's door,  
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he  
silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which rebels  
against a lot  
Where the brute survives the human, and man's  
upright form is not!

As the serpent-like bejuco winds his spiral fold on  
fold  
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in  
his hold;—

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the  
fell embrace,  
Till the tree is seen no longer, and the vine is in  
its place,—

So a base and bestial nature round the vassal's  
manhood twines,  
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba  
choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel; and our world  
of woe and sin  
Is made light and happy only when a Love is  
shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, finding,  
wheresoe'er ye roam,  
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, making all  
the world like home;

In the veins of whose affections kindred blood is  
but a part,  
Of one kindly current throbbing from the univer-  
sal heart;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in  
Slavery nursed,  
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil  
accursed?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman!—dear to all,  
but doubly dear  
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only  
hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath a brazen  
sky,  
Only one green spot remaining where the dew is  
never dry!

From the horror of that desert, from its atmos-  
phere of hell,  
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver  
seeks his bell.

'T is the fervid tropic noontime; faint and low  
the sea-waves beat;  
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glim-  
mer of the heat,—

Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms,  
arrowy sunbeams flash and glisten,  
Speaks her lover to the slave-girl, and she lifts  
her head to listen:—

"We shall live as slaves no longer! Freedom's  
hour is close at hand!  
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat  
upon the strand!

"I have seen the Haytien Captain; I have seen  
his swarthy crew,  
Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and color  
true.

"They have sworn to wait our coming till the  
night has passed its noon,  
And the gray and darkening waters roll above  
the sunken moon!"

O the blessed hope of freedom! how with joy and  
glad surprise,  
For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant  
beam her eyes!

But she looks across the valley, where her moth-  
er's hut is seen,  
Through the snowy bloom of coffee, and the  
lemon-leaves so green.

And she answers, sad and earnest: "It were  
wrong for thee to stay;  
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and his  
finger points the way.

"Well I know with what endurance, for the sake  
of me and mine,  
Thou hast borne too long a burden never meant  
for souls like thine.

"Go; and at the hour of midnight, when our last  
farewell is o'er,  
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee  
from the shore.

"But for me, my mother, lying on her sick-bed  
all the day,  
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through  
the twilight gray.

"Should I leave her sick and helpless, even free-  
dom, shared with thee,  
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil,  
and stripes to me.

"For my heart would die within me, and my  
brain would soon be wild;  
I should hear my mother calling through the twi-  
light for her child!"

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of  
morning-time,  
Through the coffee-trees in blossom, and green  
hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang, toil the lover  
and the maid;  
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning for-  
ward on his spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 't is the Haytien's  
sail he sees,  
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven sea-  
ward by the breeze!

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a  
low voice call:  
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is  
mightier than all.

### THE CRISIS.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS OF THE  
TREATY WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's  
drouth and sand,  
The circles of our empire touch the Western  
Ocean's strand;  
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila, wild and  
free,  
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to California's  
sea;  
And from the mountains of the East, to Santa  
Rosa's shore,  
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children  
weep;  
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of  
Pecos keep;  
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,  
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and  
vines;  
For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager  
eyes of gain,  
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad  
Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the  
winds bring down  
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold  
Nevada's crown!  
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of  
travel slack,  
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise  
at his back;



By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir and pine,  
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly camp-fires  
shine.

O countrymen and brothers! that land of lake  
and plain,  
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with  
grain;  
Of mountains white with winter, looking down-  
ward, cold, serene,  
On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped  
in softest green;  
Swift through whose black volcanic gates, o'er  
many a sunny vale,  
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty  
trail!

Great spaces yet untravell'd, great lakes whose  
mystic shores  
The Saxon rife never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;  
Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild  
steeds that none have tamed,  
Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the  
Saxon never named;  
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Na-  
ture's chemic powers  
Work out the Great Designer's will;—all these  
ye say are ours!

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the burden  
lies;  
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across  
the skies.  
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised  
and trembling scale?  
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong  
prevail?  
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry  
splendor waves,  
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread  
of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East of which the  
prophets told,  
And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian  
Age of Gold;  
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to  
clerkly pen,  
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs  
stand up as men;  
The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,  
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stam-  
boul's Golden Horn!

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow  
The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's  
seeds of woe?

To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's  
cast-off crime,  
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from  
the tired lap of Time?  
To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,  
And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong  
of man?

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this  
the prayers and tears,  
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger,  
better years?  
Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in  
shadow turn,  
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer  
darkness borne?  
Where the far nations looked for light, a black-  
ness in the air?  
Where for words of hope they listened, the long  
wail of despair?

The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it  
stands,  
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in  
Egypt's sands!  
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we  
spin;  
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or  
sin;  
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy  
crown,  
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of curs-  
ing down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and  
shame;  
By all the warping words of truth with which  
the prophets came;  
By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes  
which cast  
Their faint and trembling beams across the black-  
ness of the Past;  
And by the blessed thought of Him who for  
Earth's freedom died,  
O my people! O my brothers! let us choose the  
righteous side.

So shall the Northern Pioneer go joyful on his  
way;  
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;  
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the  
vales with grain;  
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his  
train:  
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea  
shall answer sea,  
And mountain unto mountain call, PRAISE GOD,  
FOR WE ARE FREE!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
The sun shall sink again,  
Farewell to life and all its ills,  
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,—  
But, darker far than they,  
The shadow of a sorrow old  
Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworth wood  
Closed o'er my steed and I,  
An alien from my name and blood,  
A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,  
I saw her turret gleam,  
And from its casement, far and white,  
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,  
Doth home's green isles desery,

And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
The waste of wave and sky ;

So from the desert of my fate  
I gaze across the past ;  
Forever on life's dial-plate  
The shade is backward cast !

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,  
I've knelt at many a shrine ;  
And bowed me to the rocky floor  
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine ;

And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword  
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,  
The Mother of our Lord.

O, vain the vow, and vain the strife !  
How vain do all things seem !  
My soul is in the past, and life  
To-day is but a dream !

In vain the penance strange and long,  
And hard for flesh to bear ;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong  
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—  
Its ears are open still ;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old  
Do evermore uprise ;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes !

Ah me ! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline ;  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine.

"O faithless priest ! O perjured knight !"  
I hear the Master cry ;  
"Shut out the vision from thy sight,  
Let Earth and Nature die.

"The Church of God is now thy spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art ;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart !"

In vain ! This heart its grief must know,  
Till life itself hath ceased,  
And falls beneath the self-same blow  
The lover and the priest !

O pitying Mother ! souls of light,  
And saints, and martyrs old !  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain,  
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.

### THE HOLY LAND.

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,  
The rocking of the desert bark ;  
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,  
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark ;  
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,  
On dust where Job of old has lain,

Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wa  
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread,  
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,  
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,  
How beats the heart with God so nigh !—  
How round gray arch and column lone  
The spirit of the old time broods,  
And sighs in all the winds that moan  
Along the sandy solitudes !

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,  
I have not heard the nations' cries,  
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down  
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.  
The Christian's prayer I have not said  
In Tadmor's temples of decay,  
Nor startled, with my dreary tread,  
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,  
O Jordan ! heard the low lament,  
Like that sad wail along thy side  
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent !  
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone  
Where, deep in night, the Bard of Kings  
Felt hands of fire direct his own,  
And sweep for God the conscious strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,  
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,  
And left his trace of tears as yet  
By angel eyes unwept away ;  
Nor watched, at midnight's solemn time,  
The garden where his prayer and groan,  
Wrung by his sorrow and our crime,  
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot  
Where in his Mother's arms he lay,  
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot  
Where last his footsteps pressed the clay ;  
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,  
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide  
His arms to fold the world he spread,  
And bowed his head to bless—and died !

### PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judæa ! thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like  
throng ;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy  
sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered be-  
fore ;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear ;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat  
down,  
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was  
thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene ;  
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where, swollen and  
strong,  
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along ;



Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in  
vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the  
slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon  
came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which  
rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys be-  
tween;

There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;  
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF  
God,—

Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were  
taught,

Where the blind were restored and the healing was  
wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,—  
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same,—  
The founts where he drank by the wayside still  
flow,

And the same airs are blowing which breathed on  
his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her  
feet;

For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath  
gone,

And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
Were my spirit but turned from the outward  
and dim,

It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves  
of the sea

In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He  
stood,

Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to  
bear,

Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of  
prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near,  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;  
And the voice of thy love is the same even now  
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and  
power,

THE SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

## EZEKIEL.

CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33.

THEY hear thee not, O God! nor see;  
Beneath thy rod they mock at thee;  
The princes of our ancient line  
Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;  
The priests around thy altar speak  
The false words which their hearers seek;  
And hymns which Chaldea's wanton maids  
Have sung in Dura's idol-shades  
Are with the Levites' chant ascending,  
With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,  
The heathen heel is crushing yet;  
The towers upon our holy hill  
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.  
Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for them?  
Who mourneth for Jerusalem?  
Who turneth from his gains away?  
Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray?  
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,  
Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went  
With Israel's early banishment;  
And where the sullen Chebar crept,  
The ritual of my fathers kept.  
The water for the trench I drew,  
The firstling of the flock I slew,  
And, standing at the altar's side,  
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,  
That still, amidst her mocking foes,  
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,  
The Spirit of the Highest came!  
Before mine eyes a vision passed,  
A glory terrible and vast;  
With dreadful eyes of living things,  
And sounding sweep of angel wings,  
With circling light and sapphire throne,  
And flame-like form of One thereon,  
And voice of that dread Likeness sent  
Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a prophet's power  
Fell on me in that fearful hour;  
From off unutterable woes  
The curtain of the future rose;  
I saw far down the coming time  
The fiery chastisement of crime;  
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar  
Of falling towers and shouts of war,  
I saw the nations rise and fall,  
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain  
Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain.  
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre  
Swept over by the spoiler's fire;  
And heard the low, expiring moan  
Of Edom on his rocky throne;  
And, woe is me! the wild lament  
From Zion's desolation sent;  
And felt within my heart each blow  
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,  
Before the pictured tile I lay;  
And there, as in a mirror, saw  
The coming of Assyria's war,—  
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass  
Like locusts through Bethoron's grass;  
I saw them draw their stormy hem  
Of battle round Jerusalem;  
And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail  
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word?  
 Who owned the prophet of the Lord?  
 How mocked the rude,—how scoffed the vile,—  
 How stung the Levites' scornful smile,  
 As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,  
 The shadow crept of Israel's woe  
 As if the angel's mournful roll  
 Had left its record on my soul,  
 And traced in lines of darkness there  
 The picture of its great despair!

Yet ever at the hour I feel  
 My lips in prophecy unseal.  
 Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,  
 And Salem's daughters haste to hear,  
 On Chebar's waste and alien shore,  
 The harp of Judah swept once more.  
 They listen, as in Babel's throng  
 The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,  
 Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,  
 As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, O Prophet-bard of old,  
 Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!  
 The same which earth's unwelcome seers  
 Have felt in all succeeding years.  
 Sport of the changeful multitude,  
 Nor calmly heard nor understood,  
 Their song has seemed a trick of art,  
 Their warnings but the actor's part,  
 With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,  
 The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One  
 The garments of the flesh put on!  
 Men followed where the Highest led  
 For common gifts of daily bread,  
 And gross of ear, of vision dim,  
 Owned not the godlike power of him.  
 Vain as a dreamer's words to them  
 His wail above Jerusalem,  
 And meaningless the watch he kept  
 Through which his weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,  
 For God's great purpose set apart,  
 Before whose far-discerning eyes,  
 The Future as the Present lies!  
 Beyond a narrow-bounded age  
 Stretches thy prophet-heritage,  
 Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,  
 Through arches round the throne of God!  
 Thy audience, worlds!—all Time to be  
 The witness of the Truth in thee!

#### THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall  
 The city towers rise black and tall,  
 Where Zorah, on its rocky height,  
 Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain  
 Falls like a cloud the night amain,  
 And up the hillsides climbing slow  
 The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest! how our fair child's head  
 The sunset light hath hallowed,  
 Where at this olive's foot he lies,  
 Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

O, while beneath the fervent heat  
 Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,  
 I've watched, with mingled joy and dread,  
 Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone  
 Whose morning hope like mine had flown,  
 When to her bosom, over-blessed,  
 A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,  
 Which shapes our dear one to its will;  
 Forever in his large calm eyes,  
 I read a tale of sacrifice.—

The same foreboding awe I felt  
 When at the altar's side we knelt,  
 And he, who as a pilgrim came,  
 Rose, winged and glorious, through the flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made  
 A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,  
 And on me the warm-fingered hours  
 Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose  
 The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—  
 Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,  
 Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,  
 Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,  
 I saw their hands his ark assail,  
 Their feet profane his holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,  
 No thunder from the still sky broke;  
 But in their midst, in power and awe,  
 Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD I saw!

A child no more!—harsh-browed and strong,  
 He towered a giant in the throng,  
 And down his shoulders, broad and bare,  
 Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm; he smote amain;  
 As round the reaper falls the grain,  
 So the dark host around him fell,  
 So sank the foes of Israel!

Again I looked. In sunlight shone  
 The towers and domes of Askelon.  
 Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd,  
 Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and blind,  
 His arms the massive pillars twined,—  
 An eyeless captive, strong with hate,  
 He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked,—the trumpets pealed:  
 He stooped,—the giant columns reeled,—  
 Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and wall,  
 And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan  
 Of the fallen pride of Askelon,  
 I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,  
 A voice as of an angel cry,—

The voice of him, who at our side  
 Sat through the golden eventide,—  
 Of him who, on thy altar's blaze,  
 Rose fire-winged, with his song of praise.

“Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,  
 Gray mother of the mighty slain!  
 Rejoice!” it cried, “he vanquisheth!  
 The strong in life is strong in death!”

“To him shall Zorah's daughters raise  
 Through coming years their hymns of praise,  
 And gray old men at evening tell  
 Of all he wrought for Israel.



"And they who sing and they who hear  
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,  
And pour their blessings on thy head,  
O mother of the mighty dead!"

It ceased; and though a sound I heard  
As if great wings the still air stirred,  
I only saw the barley sheaves  
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,  
On the dear child who slumbered near.  
"With me, as with my only son,  
O God," I said, "THY WILL BE DONE!"

### THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

"GET ye up from the wrath of God's terrible  
day!  
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away!  
'T is the vintage of blood, 't is the fulness of time,  
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of  
crime!"

The warning was spoken; the righteous had gone,  
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;  
All gay was the banquet; the revel was long,  
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of  
song.

'T was an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,  
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all  
bloom;  
And softly the delicate viol was heard,  
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,  
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;  
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses  
fell free  
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on  
high,  
And wantonness tempted the lust of the eye;  
Midst rites of obscenity, strange, loathsome,  
abhorred,  
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder,—the quaking  
of earth!

Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!  
The black sky has opened,—there's flame in  
the air,—

The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the  
song  
And the low tone of love had been whispered  
along;  
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace  
and bower,  
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and de-  
vour!

Down,—down on the fallen the red ruin rained,  
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup un-  
drained;

The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,  
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly  
still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;  
The last eye glared forth in its madness on  
Heaven!

The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,  
And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judaea's hills!  
And on the waves of Galilee,—  
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
That feed the dead and sleeping sea!  
Most freshly from the green wood springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings;  
And gayly quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours,—a change hath come!  
The sky is dark without a cloud!  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.  
A change is on the hill of Death,  
The helmed watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with wild and maniac eyes  
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him,—  
The High and ever Holy One!  
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,  
And blacken the beholding Sun.  
The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And earthquake from his caverned bed  
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!  
Their prison door is rent away!  
And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
They wander in the eye of day!  
The temple of the Cherubim,  
The House of God is cold and dim;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;  
Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
To gaze upon a suffering God!  
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,  
When Nature trembles on her throne,  
And Death resigns his iron power?  
O, shall the heart—whose sinfulness  
Gave keenness to his sore distress,  
And added to his tears of blood—  
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHERE Time the measure of his hours  
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,  
And, like a young bride crowned with flowers,  
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,  
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,  
Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown  
In the warm soil of Persian hearts:

There sat the stranger, where the shade  
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,  
While in the hot clear heaven delayed  
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,  
Strange odors filled the sultry air,  
Strange birds upon the branches swung,  
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,  
Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,  
As if the Gheber's soul had found  
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,  
Awakened feelings new and sad,—  
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,  
Nor church with Sabbath-bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,  
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,  
And graybeard Mollahs in low tones  
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,  
Like tempting fiends, were such as they  
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,  
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal  
The servant of his Conqueror knew,  
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,  
The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,  
"The hope which led my footsteps on,  
And light from heaven around them shed,  
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!"

"Where are the harvest fields all white,  
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?  
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,  
From the dark hiding-place of sin?"

"A silent horror broods o'er all,—  
The burden of a hateful spell,—  
The very flowers around recall  
The hoary magi's rites of hell!"

"And what am I, o'er such a land  
The banner of the Cross to bear?  
Dear Lord, uphold me with thy hand,  
Thy strength with human weakness share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet  
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled,—  
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet  
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew  
Its life from alien air and earth,  
And told to Paynim sun and dew  
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,  
The Persian plants its beauty screened,  
And on its pagan sisterhood,  
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt  
The darkness of his long despair  
Before that hallowed symbol melt,  
Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower  
The lines of sin and sadness swept;  
And Magian pile and Paynim bower  
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,  
Looked holy through the sunset air;  
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told  
From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn  
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;  
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born  
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

## HYMNS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!  
Praise to the God above,  
Of joy and life and love,  
Sweeping its strings of fire!

O, who the speed of bird and wind  
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,  
That, soaring upward, I may find  
My resting-place and home in Thee?—  
Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,  
Adoreth with a fervent flame,—  
Mysterious spirit! unto whom  
Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,  
Up from the cold and joyless earth,  
Back to the God who bade them flow,  
Whose moving spirit sent them forth.  
But as for me, O God! for me,  
The lowly creature of thy will,  
Lingering and sad, I sigh to thee,  
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine  
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?  
To breathe with them the light divine  
From God's own holy altar flowing?  
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
In dreams hath thirsted for so long,—  
A portion of Heaven's glorious whole  
Of loveliness and song?

O, watchers of the stars at night,  
Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—  
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
O, say, is He, the Eternal, there?  
Bend there around his awful throne  
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?  
Or are thy inmost depths his own,  
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!  
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
To the far aim of your desire!  
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love  
Come back again no more to me?—  
Returning like the Patriarch's dove  
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,  
To bear within my longing arms  
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving spirit!—freely forth  
At thy command the strong wind goes:  
Its errand to the passive earth,  
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
Until it folds its weary wing  
Once more within the hand divine;  
So, weary from its wandering,  
My spirit turns to thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,  
By evening's star and noontide's sun,  
Until at last it sinks to rest,  
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,  
And moans upon its mother's breast,—  
So turns my soul to Thee!



O Thou who bidd'st the torrent flow,  
 Who lendest wings unto the wind,—  
 Mover of all things ! where art thou ?  
 O, whither shall I go to find  
 The secret of thy resting-place ?  
 Is there no holy wing for me,  
 That, soaring, I may search the space  
 Of highest heaven for Thee ?

O, would I were as free to rise  
 As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,—  
 The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
 Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
 Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
 Or aught which soars unchecked and free  
 Through Earth and Heaven ; that I might lose  
 Myself in finding Thee !

WHEN the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,  
 Zephyr-like o'er all things going,  
 And, as the touch of vewless fingers,  
 Softly on my soul it lingers,  
 Open to a breath the lightest,  
 Conscious of a touch the slightest,—  
 As some calm, still lake, whereon  
 Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,  
 And the glistening water-rings  
 Circle round her moving wings :  
 When my upward gaze is turning  
 Where the stars of heaven are burning  
 Through the deep and dark abyss,—  
 Flowers of midnight's wilderness,  
 Blowing with the evening's breath  
 Sweetly in their Maker's path :

When the breaking day is flushing  
 All the east, and light is gushing  
 Upward through the horizon's haze,  
 Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays,  
 Spreading, until all above  
 Overflows with joy and love,  
 And below, on earth's green bosom,  
 All is changed to light and blossom :

When my waking fancies over  
 Forms of brightness flit and hover,  
 Holy as the seraphs are,  
 Who by Zion's fountains wear  
 On their foreheads, white and broad,  
 " HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD ! "  
 When, inspired with rapture high,  
 It would seem a single sigh  
 Could a world of love create,—  
 That my life could know no date,  
 And my eager thoughts could fill  
 Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still !—

Then, O Father ! thou alone,  
 From the shadow of thy throne,  
 To the sighing of my breast  
 And its rapture answerest.  
 All my thoughts, which, upward winging,  
 Bathe where thy own light is springing,—  
 All my yearnings to be free  
 Are as echoes answering thee !

Seldom upon lips of mine,  
 Father ! rests that name of thine,—  
 Deep within my inmost breast,  
 In the secret place of mind,  
 Like an awful presence shined,  
 Doth the dread idea rest !  
 Hushed and holy dwells it there,—  
 Prompter of the silent prayer,  
 Lifting up my spirit's eye  
 And its faint, but earnest cry,  
 From its dark and cold abode,  
 Unto thee, my Guide and God !

## THE FEMALE MARTYR.

[MARY G—, aged 18, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead ! " The midnight street  
 Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call ;  
 Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,—  
 Glanced through the dark the coarse white  
 sheet,—

Her coffin and her pall.  
 " What—only one ! " the brutal hackman said,  
 As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
 As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
 With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall !  
 The dying turned him to the wall,  
 To hear it and to die !—  
 Onward it rolled ; while oft its driver stayed,  
 And hoarsely clamored, " Ho !—bring out your  
 dead."

It paused beside the burial-place ;  
 " Toss in your load ! "—and it was done.—  
 With quick hand and averted face,  
 Hastily to the grave's embrace  
 They cast them, one by one,—  
 Stranger and friend,—the evil and the just,  
 Together trodden in the churchyard dust !

And thou, young martyr !—thou wast there,—  
 No white-robed sisters round thee trod,—  
 Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer  
 Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
 Giving thee to thy God ;  
 Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave  
 Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave !

Yet, gentle sufferer ! there shall be,  
 In every heart of kindly feeling,  
 A rite as holy paid to thee  
 As if beneath the convent-tree  
 Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
 At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping  
 Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
 Of Heaven's own love was kindled well.  
 Enduring with a martyr's might,  
 Through weary day and wakeful night,  
 Far more than words may tell :  
 Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,—  
 Thy mercies measured by thy God alone !

Where manly hearts were failing,—where  
 The throngful street grew foul with death,  
 O high-souled martyr !—thou wast there,  
 Inhaling, from the loathsome air,  
 Poison with every breath.  
 Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
 For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed  
 Its light through vapors, damp, confined,  
 Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,—  
 A new Electra by the bed—  
 Of suffering human-kind !  
 Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,  
 To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high  
 And holy mysteries of Heaven !  
 How turned to thee each glazing eye,  
 In mute and awful sympathy,  
 As thy low prayers were given ;  
 And the o'er-hoivering Spoiler wore, the while,  
 An angel's features,—a deliverer's smile !

A blessed task !—and worthy one  
 Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
 Before life's pathway had begun  
 To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
 Had sealed her early vow ;  
 Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
 Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here  
 Could be for thee a meet reward ;  
 Thine is a treasure far more dear,—  
 Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
 Of living mortal heard,—  
 The joys prepared,—the promised bliss above,—  
 The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
 A nobler name than thine shall be.  
 The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
 The lofty energies of thought,  
 The fire of poesy,—  
 These have but frail and fading honors ;—thine  
 Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,  
 And human pride and grandeur fall,—  
 The herald's line of long renown,—  
 The mitre and the kingly crown,—  
 Perishing glories all !  
 The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
 Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.

### THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !  
 You may trace his footsteps now  
 On the naked woods and the blasted fields and  
 the brown hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees  
 where their pleasant green came forth,  
 And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,  
 have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !  
 —from the frozen Labrador,—  
 From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which  
 the white bear wanders o'er,—  
 Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and  
 the luckless forms below  
 In the sunless cold of the lingering night into  
 marble statues grow !

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !—  
 on the rushing Northern blast,  
 And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his  
 fearful breath went past.  
 With an unscorched wing he has hurried on,  
 where the fires of Hecla glow  
 On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient  
 ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !—  
 and the quiet lake shall feel  
 The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring  
 to the skater's heel ;  
 And the streams which danced on the broken  
 rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,  
 Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in  
 mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes !—  
 let us meet him as we may,  
 And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil  
 power away ;  
 And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-  
 light dances high,  
 And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as  
 his sounding wing goes by !



"The rushing Northern blast."



THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.<sup>35</sup>

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful  
and rare,—  
The richest web of the Indian loom, which  
beauty's queen might wear;  
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck,  
with whose radiant light they vie;  
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will  
my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through  
the dark and clustering curls  
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his  
silks and glittering pearls;  
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,  
and lightly turned away,  
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—  
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer  
lustre flings,  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on  
the lofty brow of kings,—  
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose vir-  
tue shall not decay,  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a  
blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her  
form of grace was seen,  
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks  
waved their clasping pearls between;  
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou  
traveller gray and old,—  
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my  
page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a  
small and meagre book,  
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his  
folding robe he took!  
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it  
prove as such to thee!  
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of  
God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he  
left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-  
born maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the  
lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God in its beauti-  
ful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an  
evil faith had power,  
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the  
maidens of her bower;  
And she hath gone to the Vandois vales by lordly  
feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the  
perfect love of God!

## THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush  
On Horeb's mount of fear,  
Not always as the burning bush  
To Midian's shepherd seer,  
Nor as the awful voice which came  
To Israel's prophet bards,  
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign  
Of fire or voice from Heaven,  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God is given!  
Awaking in the human heart  
Love for the true and right,—  
Zeal for the Christian's better part,  
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
The holy influence steals:  
Warm with a rapture not its own,  
The heart of woman feels!  
As she who by Samaria's wall  
The Saviour's errand sought,—  
As those who with the fervent Paul  
And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
Rome's gathered grandeur saw:  
Or those who in their Alpine home  
Braved the Crusader's war,  
When the green Vandois, trembling, heard,  
Through all its vales of death,  
The martyr's song of triumph poured  
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things  
Which o'er our spirits pass,  
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
Or vapors o'er a glass,  
Leaving their token strange and new  
Of music or of shade,  
The summons to the right and true  
And merciful is made.

O, then, if gleams of truth and light  
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
Unfolding to thy mental sight  
The wants of human-kind;  
If, brooding over human grief,  
The earnest wish is known  
To soothe and gladden with relief  
An anguish not thine own;

Though heralded with naught of fear,  
Or outward sign or show;  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whispers soft and low;  
Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—  
Thy Father's call of love!

## MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark  
I would question thee,  
Alone in the shadow drear and stark  
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?  
Was it mirth or ease,  
Or heaping up dust from year to year?  
"Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight  
Whose eye looks still  
And steadily on thee through the night:  
"To do his will!"

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,  
That thou tremblest so?—  
Hast thou wrought his task, and kept the line  
He bade thee go?

What, silent all!—art sad of cheer?  
Art fearful now?

When God seemed far and men were near,  
How brave wert thou !

Aha ! thou tremblest !—well I see  
Thou 'rt craven grown.  
Is it so hard with God and me  
To stand alone ?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,  
O wretched sprite !  
Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black  
Abyssal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,  
For God and Man,  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth  
To life's mid span ?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,  
But weak and low,  
Like far sad murmurs on my ear  
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,  
And borne the Right  
beneath the footfall of the throng  
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,  
God speed, quoth I ;  
To Error amidst her shouting train  
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine ! ah, soul of mine !  
Thy deeds are well :  
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for  
thine ?  
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought  
Beneath the sky,  
Save a place in kindly human thought,  
No gain have I."

Go to, go to !—for thy very self  
Thy deeds were done :  
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,  
Your end is one !

And where art thou going, soul of mine ?  
Canst see the end ?  
And whither this troubled life of thine  
Evermore doth tend ?

What daunts thee now ?—what shakes thee so ?  
My sad soul say.  
"I see a cloud like a curtain low  
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell :  
That cloud hangs black,  
High as the heaven and deep as hell  
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap  
The souls before.  
Sadly they enter it, step by step,  
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear God ! they  
kneel  
To thee in prayer.  
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel  
That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread Before  
To the Known and Gone ;  
For while gazing behind them evermore  
Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces  
A light begin  
To tremble, as if from holy places  
And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold lips move  
With hymn and prayer,  
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love  
And hope were there.

"I call on the souls who have left the light  
To reveal their lot ;  
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,  
And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain  
And the cry of fear,  
And a sound like the slow sad dropping of rain,  
Each drop a tear !

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day  
I am moving thither :  
I must pass beneath it on my way—  
God pity me !—WHITHER ?"

Ah, soul of mine ! so brave and wise  
In the life-storm loud,  
Fronting so calmly all human eyes  
In the sunlit crowd !

Now standing apart with God and me  
Thou art weakness all,  
Gazing vainly after the things to be  
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this  
Was thy being lent ;  
For the craven's fear is but selfishness.  
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain :  
One closing her eyes,  
The other peopling the dark inane  
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest ;  
Round him in calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to him is day,  
And the end he knoweth,  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future,—a phantom show  
Is alone before him :  
Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,  
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind ;  
The steps of Faith  
Fall on the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast  
For thy sure possessing ;  
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast  
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night ? why shrink from Death,  
That phantom woe ?  
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath  
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him  
And from one another ;  
All is spectral and vague and dim  
Save God and our brother !





"Rhine-stream, by castle old."

Like warp and woof all destinies  
Are woven fast,  
Linked in sympathy like the keys  
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain  
Beyond thy sphere?  
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,  
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well  
All thou hast given;  
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,  
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,  
All are in God's care:  
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,  
And he is there!

All which is real now remaineth,  
And fadeth never:  
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth  
The soul forever.

Leaning on him, make with reverent meekness  
His own thy will,  
And with strength from Him shall thy utter  
weakness  
Life's task fulfil;

And that cloud itself, which now before thee  
Lies dark in view,  
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory  
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's dawn  
Uprolling thin,  
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn  
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done,  
Why queriest thou?—  
The past and the time to be are one,  
And both are now!

## TO A FRIEND,

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France  
Under thy blue eye's glance,  
Light-hearted rover!  
Old walls of chateaux gray,  
Towers of an early day,  
Which the Three Colors play  
Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
Thronging the banks of Seine:  
Now midst the splendor  
Of the wild Alpine range,  
Waking with change on change  
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,  
Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,  
Like those in the vision  
Of Mirza, when, dreaming,  
He saw the long hollow dell,  
Touched by the prophet's spell,  
Into an ocean swell  
With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,  
Splintering with icy spears  
Autumn's blue heaven:  
Loose rock and frozen slide,  
Hung on the mountain-side,  
Waiting their hour to glide  
Downward, storm-driven!

Rhine-stream, by castle old,  
Baron's and robber's hold,  
Peacefully flowing;  
Sweeping through vineyards green,  
Or where the cliffs are seen  
O'er the broad wave between  
Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome  
Swells o'er eternal Rome,  
Vast, dim, and solemn,—  
Hymns ever chanting low,—  
Censers swung to and fro,—  
Sable stoles sweeping slow  
Cornice and column!

O, as from each and all  
Will there not voices call  
Evermore back again ?  
In the mind's gallery  
Wilt thou not always see  
Dim phantoms beckon thee  
O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt,—  
New voices softly chant,—  
New faces greet thee !—  
Pilgrims from many a shrine  
Hallowed by poet's line,  
At memory's magic sign,  
Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come  
Unto thy olden home,  
Will they not waken  
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand  
Led thee o'er sea and land  
Back to the household band  
Whence thou wast taken ?

While, at the sunset time,  
Swells the cathedral's chime,  
Yet, in thy dreaming,  
While to thy spirit's eye  
Yet the vast mountains lie  
Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer,  
Be the wild picture there,  
In the mind's chamber,  
And, through each coming day  
Him who, as staff and stay,  
Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
Soon or late unto thee,  
As to all given,  
Still may that picture live,  
All its fair forms survive,  
And to thy spirit give  
Gladness in Heaven !

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes :  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet in tenderest love, our dear  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance !  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day ;  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, " Be resigned :  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! "

### FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE " FUTURE STATE."

FRIEND of my soul !—as with moist eye  
I look up from this page of thine,  
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
Thy mild face gazing into mine ?

That presence seems before me now,  
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,  
When, dew-like, on the earth below  
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care  
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me !—at times that last dread scene  
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,  
Will cast its shade of doubt between  
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,  
Where through the twilight air of earth,  
Alike enthusiast and sage,  
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth ;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil ;  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land ;

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
In words which reach my inward ear,  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
Unwasted, through each change, attest  
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will they wrought ?  
Their gross unconsciousness survive  
Thy godlike energy of thought ?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN !—not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

O, while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
Around us like a dungeon's wall,—  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all !

While day by day our loved ones glide  
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
The living from the dread Unknown ;

While even on the closing eye,  
And on the lip which moves in vain,  
The seals of that stern mystery  
Their undiscovered trust retain ;—

And only midst the gloom of death,  
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,  
Smile dimly on us through their tears ;

'T is something to a heart like mine  
To think of thee as living yet ;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way  
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,



And beams of mournful beauty play  
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky  
Is glorious with its evening light,  
And fair broad fields of summer lie  
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm-boughs wet with rain  
The sunset's golden walls are seen,  
With clover-bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes;  
If earth's familiar loveliness  
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
The ideal of the Pure and True  
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine;  
And simple draughts from childhood's well  
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb,—  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us still glides on,  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze erelong shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee;—  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,  
While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love!

## TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight  
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,  
For better is your sense of right  
Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,  
More mighty is your simplest word;  
The free heart of an honest man  
Than crosier or the sword.

Go,—let your bloated Church rehearse  
The lesson it has learned so well;  
It moves not with its prayer or curse  
The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again,—  
Did Freedom die when Russell died?

Forget ye how the blood of Vane  
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you, full and strong  
All holy memories and sublime  
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Rynnmede  
Are with ye still in times like these;  
The shades of England's mighty dead,  
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and every tide;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battle-ground  
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks  
The simple beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes  
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts  
And bounds beneath your words of power,  
The beating of her million hearts  
Is with you at this hour!

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,  
Through present cloud and gathering storm,  
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,  
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain  
Your generous trust in human-kind;  
The good which bloodshed could not gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won  
Of common rights and equal laws,  
The glorious dream of Harrington,  
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,  
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;  
And, plucking not the highest down,  
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share  
The toil or glory of your fight  
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the right!

## THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The Quaker of the olden time!—  
How calm and firm and true,  
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
He walked the dark earth through.  
The lust of power, the love of gain,  
The thousand lures of sin  
Around him, had no power to stain  
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
All great things in the small,  
And knows how each man's life affects  
The spiritual life of all,  
He walked by faith and not by sight,  
By love and not by law;  
The presence of the wrong or right  
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
That nothing stands alone,  
That whoso gives the motive, makes  
His brother's sin his own.  
And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
Of evils great or small,  
He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way  
Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer!

### THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in:  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare";  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—  
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,  
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,—  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Up springing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad,—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plain,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

O, backward-looking son of time!  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;  
So, in his time, thy child grown gray  
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go:  
Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again,—  
A charmed life old Goodness hath;  
The tares may perish,—but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night:  
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray  
With morning light!

### THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him!—through his dungeon grate  
Feebly and cold, the morning light  
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,  
As if it loathed the sight.  
Reclining on his strawy bed,  
His hand upholds his drooping head,—



His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,  
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;  
And o'er his bony fingers flow  
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,  
And yet the winter's breath is chill;  
And o'er his half-clad person goes  
The frequent ague thrill!  
Silent, save ever and anon,  
A sound, half murmur and half groan,  
Forces apart the painful grip  
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;  
O sad and crushing is the fate  
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?  
A murderer shares his prison bed,  
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,  
Gleam on him, fierce and red;  
And the rude oath and heartless jeer  
Fall ever on his loathing ear,  
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep  
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,  
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?  
Has murder stained his hands with gore?  
Not so; his crime 's a fouler one;  
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!  
For this he shares a felon's cell,—  
The fittest earthly type of hell!  
For this, the boon for which he poured  
His young blood on the invader's sword,  
And counted light the fearful cost,—  
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,  
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain  
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,  
And Saratoga's plain?  
Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;  
It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
Yon monument upreared to thee,—  
Piled granite and a prison cell,—  
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out;  
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones  
Give back their cradle-shout;  
Let boastful eloquence declare  
Of honor, liberty, and fame;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With glory for each second word,  
And everything with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patron cannon jars  
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes and stars  
Rise on the wind, and fall,—  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus!  
Unworthy freemen, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of God and human kind!  
Open the prison's living tomb,  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victims of your savage code  
To the free sun and air of God;  
No longer dare as crime to brand  
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED  
BY CLERGYMEN AGAINST THE ABOLITION OF  
THE GALLOWES.

## I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone  
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and  
made  
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,  
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head;  
And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,  
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,  
And drank, with blessings in his Father's  
name,  
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,  
Hath now his temples upon every shore,  
Altar and shrine and priest,—and incense dim  
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,  
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,  
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He  
bore.

## II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"  
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,  
And even the poor companions of his lot  
With their dim earthly vision knew him not,  
How ill are his high teachings understood!  
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest  
At his own altar binds the chain anew;  
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,  
The starving many wait upon the few;  
Where He hath spoken Peace, his name hath been  
The loudest war-cry of contending men;  
Priests, pale with vigils, in his name have blessed  
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,  
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,  
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign;  
Yea, in his name who bade the erring live,  
And daily taught his lesson,—to forgive!—  
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel;  
And, with his words of mercy on their lips,  
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,  
And the grim horror of the straining wheel;  
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's  
limb,  
Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim  
The image of *their* Christ in cruel zeal,  
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly  
to him!

## III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand  
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew  
The vines and olives of the Holy Land,—  
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew,—  
The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er  
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear,—  
Goa's dark dungeons,—Malta's sea-washed cell,  
Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers  
sung  
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,  
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of  
hell!  
The midnight of Bartholomew,—the stake  
Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame  
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake,—  
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer  
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,  
When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—  
Bear witness, O thou wronged and merciful One!  
That Earth's most hateful crimes have in thy  
name been done!

## IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time  
 When the great truth begins at last to find  
 An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
 Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!  
 That man is holier than a creed,—that all  
 Restraint upon him must consult his good,  
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
 And Love look in upon his solitude.  
 The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught  
 Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought  
 Into the common mind and popular thought;  
 And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore  
 The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,  
 Have found an echo in the general heart,  
 And of the public faith become a living part.

## V.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—Bring back  
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?  
 Harden the softening human heart again  
 To cold indifference to a brother's pain?  
 Ye most unhappy men!—who, turned away  
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,  
 Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,  
 What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood,  
 O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,  
 Permitted in another age and clime?  
 Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew  
 Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew  
 No evil in the Just One?—Wherefore turn  
 To the dark cruel past?—Can ye not learn  
 From the pure Teacher's life, show mildly free  
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity?  
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more  
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,  
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke  
 Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;  
 And ye of milder faith, with your high claim  
 Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,  
 Will ye become the Druids of *our* time!  
 Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,  
 And, consecrators of Law's darkest crime,  
 Urge to its loathsome work the hangman's hand?  
 Beware,—lest human nature, roused at last,  
 From its peeled shoulder your encumbrance cast,  
 And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,  
 Rank ye with those who led their victims round  
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,  
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven,—a pagan  
 brotherhood!

## THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

## I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,  
 By grassy lane and sunny stream,  
 Blown clover field and strawberry dell,  
 And green and meadow freshness, fell  
 The footsteps of his dream.  
 Again from careless feet the dew  
 Of summer's misty morn he shook;  
 Again with merry heart he threw  
 His light line in the rippling brook.  
 Back crowded all his school-day joys,—  
 He urged the ball and quoit again,  
 And heard the shout of laughing boys  
 Come ringing down the walnut glen.  
 Again he felt the western breeze,  
 With scent of flowers and crisping hay;  
 And down again through wind-stirred trees  
 He saw the quivering sunlight play.

An angel in home's vine-hung door,  
 He saw his sister smile once more;  
 Once more the truant's brown-locked head  
 Upon his mother's knees was laid,  
 And sweetly lulled to slumber there,  
 With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

## II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain  
 The present Terror rushed again,—  
 Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!  
 He woke, to hear the church-tower tell  
 Time's footfall on the conscious bell,  
 And, shuddering, feel that clanging din  
 His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in;  
 To see within his prison-yard,  
 Through the small window, iron barred,  
 The gallows shadow rising dim  
 Between the sunrise heaven and him,—  
 A horror in God's blessed air,—  
 A blackness in his morning light,—  
 Like some foul devil-altar there  
 Built up by demon hands at night.  
 And, maddened by that evil sight,  
 Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,  
 A chaos of wild, weltering change,  
 All power of check and guidance gone,  
 Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.  
 In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,  
 In vain he turned the Holy Book,  
 He only heard the gallows-stair  
 Creak as the wind its timbers shook.  
 No dream for him of sin forgiven,  
 While still that baleful spectre stood,  
 With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for Blood!*"  
 Between him and the pitying Heaven!

## III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,  
 And smote his breast, and on his chain,  
 Whose iron clasp he always felt,  
 His hot tears fell like rain;  
 And near him, with the cold, calm look  
 And tone of one whose formal part,  
 Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,  
 Is measured out by rule and book,  
 With placid lip and tranquil blood,  
 The hangman's ghostly ally stood,  
 Blessing with solemn text and word  
 The gallows-drop and strangling cord;  
 Lending the sacred Gospel's awe  
 And sanction to the crime of Law.

## IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow,—  
 The sweat of anguish starting there,—  
 The record of a nameless woe  
 In the dim eye's imploring stare,  
 Seen hideous through the long, damp hair,—  
 Fingers of ghastly skin and bone  
 Working and writhing on the stone!—  
 And heard, by mortal terror wrung  
 From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,  
 The choking sob and low hoarse prayer;  
 As o'er his half-crazed fancy came  
 A vision of the eternal flame,—  
 Its smoking cloud of agonies,—  
 Its demon worm that never dies,—  
 The everlasting rise and fall  
 Of fire-waves round the infernal wall;  
 While high above that dark red flood,  
 Black, giant-like, the gallows stood;  
 Two busy fiends attending there:  
 One with cold mocking rite and prayer,  
 The other with impatient grasp,  
 Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp.



V.

The unfelt rite at length was done,—  
 The prayer unheard at length was said,—  
 An hour had passed :—the noonday sun  
 Smote on the features of the dead !  
 And he who stood the doomed beside,  
 Calm gauger of the swelling tide  
 Of mortal agony and fear,  
 Heeding with curious eye and ear  
 Whate'er revealed the keen excess  
 Of man's extremest wretchedness :  
 And who in that dark anguish saw  
 An earnest of the victim's fate,  
 The vengeful terrors of God's law,  
 The kindlings of Eternal hate,—  
 The first drops of that fiery rain  
 Which beats the dark red realm of pain,  
 Did he uplift his earnest cries  
 Against the crime of Law, which gave  
 His brother to that fearful grave,  
 Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,  
 And Faith's white blossoms never wave  
 To the soft breath of Memory's sighs ;—  
 Which sent a spirit marred and stained,  
 By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,  
 In madness and in blindness stark,  
 Into the silent, unknown dark ?  
 No,—from the wild and shrinking dread  
 With which he saw the victim led  
 Beneath the dark veil which divides  
 Ever the living from the dead,  
 And Nature's solemn secret hides,  
 The man of prayer can only draw  
 New reasons for his bloody law ;  
 New faith in staying Murder's hand  
 By murder at that Law's command ;  
 New reverence for the gallows-rope,  
 As human nature's latest hope ;  
 Last relic of the good old time,  
 When Power found license for its crime,  
 And held a writhing world in check  
 By that fell cord about its neck ;  
 Stifled Sedition's rising shout,  
 Choked the young breath of Freedom out,  
 And timely checked the words which sprung  
 From Heresy's forbidden tongue ;  
 While in its noose of terror bound,  
 The Church its cherished union found,  
 Conforming, on the Moslem plan,  
 The motley-colored mind of man,  
 Not by the Koran and the Sword,  
 But by the Bible and the Cord !

VII.

O Thou ! at whose rebuke the grave  
 Back to warm life its sleeper gave,  
 Beneath whose sad and tearful glance  
 The cold and changed countenance  
 Broke the still horror of its trance,  
 And, waking, saw with joy above,  
 A brother's face of tenderest love ;  
 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
 The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,  
 And from thy very garment's hem  
 Drew life and healing unto them,  
 The burden of thy holy faith  
 Was love and life, not hate and death,  
 Man's demon ministers of pain,  
 The fiends of his revenge were sent  
 From thy pure Gospel's element  
 To their dark home again.  
 Thy name is Love ! What, then, is he,  
 Who in that name the gallows rears,  
 An awful altar built to thee,  
 With sacrifice of blood and tears ?  
 O, once again thy healing lay  
 On the blind eyes which knew thee not,

And let the light of thy pure day  
 Melt in upon his darkened thought.  
 Soften his hard, cold heart, and show  
 The power which in forbearance lies,  
 And let him feel that mercy now  
 Is better than old sacrifice !

VII.

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,  
 The Parsee sees his holy hill  
 With dunest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,  
 Yet knows beneath them, evermore,  
 The low, pale fire is quivering still ;  
 So, underneath its clouds of sin,  
 The heart of man retaineth yet  
 Gleanings of its holy origin ;  
 And half-quenched stars that never set,  
 Dim colors of its faded bow,  
 And early beauty, linger there,  
 And o'er its wasted desert blow  
 Faint breathings of its morning air,  
 O, never yet upon the scroll  
 Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,  
 Hath Heaven inscribed " DESPAIR ! "  
 Cast not the clouded gem away,  
 Quench not the dim but living ray,—  
 My brother man, Beware !  
 With that deep voice which from the skies  
 Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
 God's angel cries, FORBEAR !

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

O MOTHER EARTH ! upon thy lap  
 Thy weary ones receiving,  
 And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
 Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
 Fold softly in thy long embrace  
 That heart so worn and broken,  
 And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
 Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
 And serpent hiss of scorning ;  
 Nor let the storms of yesterday  
 Disturb his quiet morning.  
 Breathe over him forgetfulness  
 Of all save deeds of kindness,  
 And, save to smiles of gratefulness,  
 Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye  
 He heard Potomac's flowing,  
 And, through his tall ancestral trees,  
 Saw autumn's sunset glowing,  
 He sleeps,—still looking to the west,  
 Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
 As if he still would see the sun  
 Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune !—in himself  
 All moods of mind contrasting,—  
 The tenderest wail of human woe,  
 The scorn-like lightning blasting ;  
 The pathos which from rival eyes  
 Unwilling tears could summon,  
 The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
 Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,  
 From lips of life-long sadness ;  
 Clear picturings of majestic thought  
 Upon a ground of madness ;  
 And over all Romance and Song  
 A classic beauty throwing,

And laurelled Clio at his side  
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn  
Beheld its schemes disjointed,  
As right or left his fatal glance  
And spectral finger pointed.  
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down  
With trenchant wit unsparring,  
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand  
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
A love he never cherished,  
Beyond Virginia's border line  
His patriotism perished.  
While others hailed in distant skies  
Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
He only saw the mountain bird  
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion !

Still through each change of fortune strange,  
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,  
His loving faith in Mother-land  
Knew never shade of turning ;  
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave  
Whatever sky was o'er him,  
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
No false and vain pretences,  
Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
For Scriptural defences.  
His harshest words of proud rebuke,  
His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves ; yet kept the while  
His reverence for the Human ;  
In the dark vassals of his will  
He saw but Man and Woman !  
No hunter of God's outraged poor  
His Roanoke valley entered ;  
No trader in the souls of men  
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man  
Lay down for his last sleeping,  
And at his side, a slave no more,  
His brother-man stood weeping,  
His latest thought, his latest breath,  
To Freedom's duty giving,  
With failing tongue and trembling hand  
The dying blest the living.

O, never bore his ancient State  
A truer son or braver !  
None trampling with a calmer scorn  
On foreign hate or favor.  
He knew her faults, yet never stooped  
His proud and manly feeling  
To poor excuses of the wrong  
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye  
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,  
None heard more sure the steps of Doom  
Along her future treading.  
For her as for himself he spake,  
When, his gaunt frame upracing,  
He traced with dying hand " REMORSE !"  
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,  
From Vernon's weeping willow,  
And from the grassy pall which hides  
The Sage of Monticello,

So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,  
Virginia ! o'er thy land of slaves  
A warning voice is swelling !

And hark ! from thy deserted fields  
Are sadder warnings spoken,  
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons  
Their household gods have broken.  
The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,  
And briers for corn-sheaves giving !  
O, more than all thy dead renown  
Were now one hero living !

## DEMOCRACY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Matthew vii, 12.*

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,  
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,  
The foe of all which pains the sight,  
Or wounds the generous ear of God !

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are thrown ;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred,—though thy name be breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth deride ;  
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time !  
The faith in which my father stood,  
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime  
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood !

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
For through the mists which darken there,  
I see the flame of Freedom burn,—  
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer !

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of *all* divine,—  
The pitying heart,—the helping arm,—  
The prompt self-sacrifice,—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth !  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN  
In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,  
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on the man within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set,—  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;  
For that frail form which mortals wear  
The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
And veiled his perfect brightness there.



Not from the shallow babbling fount  
Of vain philosophy thou art;  
He who of old on Syria's mount  
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's  
heart,

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Proclaimed thy message from on high,—  
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
And round a thousand altars stand  
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
At party's call, my gift I bring;  
But on thy olden shrine I lay  
A freeman's dearest offering:

The voiceless utterance of his will,—  
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
That manhood's heart remembers still  
The homage of his generous youth.  
*Election Day, 1843.*

#### TO RONGE.

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man! Down to the  
root

Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.  
Thy work is to hew down. In God's name then  
Put nerve into thy task. Let other men  
Plant, as they may, that better tree whose fruit  
The wounded bosom of the Church shall heal.  
Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy blows  
Fall heavy as the Suabina's iron hand,  
On crown or crosier, which shall interpose  
Between thee and the weal of Fatherland.  
Leave creeds to closet idlers. First of all,  
Shake thou all German dream-land with the fall  
Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk  
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart monk.  
Fight not with ghosts and shadows. Let us hear  
The snap of chain-links. Let our gladdened ear  
Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as the light  
Follows thy axe-stroke, through his cell of night.  
Be faithful to both worlds; nor think to feed  
Earth's starving millions with the husks of creed.  
Servant of Him whose mission high and holy  
Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and the lowly,  
Trust not his Eden promise from our sphere,  
Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's span;  
Like him of Patmos, see it, now and here,—  
The New Jerusalem comes down to man!  
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor like him,  
When the roused Teuton dashes from his limb  
The rusted chain of ages, help to bind  
His hands for whom thou claim'st the freedom of  
the mind!

#### CHALKLEY HALL.<sup>39</sup>

How bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze  
To him who flies  
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,  
Till far behind him like a hideous dream  
The close dark city lies!

Here, while the market murmurs, while men  
throng  
The marble floor  
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din  
Of the world's madness let me gather in  
My better thoughts once more.

O, once again revive, while on my ear  
The cry of Gain  
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die away,  
Ye blessed memories of my early day  
Like sere grass wet with rain!—

Once more let God's green earth and sunset air  
Old feelings waken;  
Through weary years of toil and strife and ill,  
O, let me feel that my good angel still  
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood:  
Beneath the arms  
Of this embracing wood, a good man made  
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade  
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years,  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain  
And summer sunshine throve the fruits and grain  
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,  
Weary and worn,  
He came to meet his children and to bless  
The Giver of all good in thankfulness  
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet  
Their friend again,  
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,  
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,  
And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,  
Sown in an hour  
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,  
From the parched bosom of a barren soil,  
Raised up in life and power:

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,  
A tendering love  
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from heaven,  
And words of fitness to his lips were given,  
And strength as from above:

How the sad captive listened to the Word,  
Until his chain  
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt  
The healing balm of consolation melt  
Upon its life-long pain:

How the armed warrior sat him down to hear  
Of Peace and Truth,  
And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,  
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,  
And fair and bright-eyed youth.

O, far away beneath New England's sky,  
Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimack's green shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm,—  
Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade,—  
To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius keeps  
His vigils still;  
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,  
Of Vaulse hallowed by its Petrarch's shade,  
Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,  
To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love  
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm  
To all is given;  
And blessed memories of the faithful dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed  
The holy hues of Heaven!

### TO J. P.

Not as a poor requital of the joy  
With which my childhood heard that lay of  
thine,

Which, like an echo of the song divine  
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy Boy,  
Bore to my ear the Airs of Palestine,—  
Not to the poet, but the man I bring  
In friendship's fearless trust my offering:  
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,  
Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me  
Life all too earnest, and its time too short  
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport;  
And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,  
Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought  
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song  
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought!

### THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

[IBN BATUTA, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable JOGEES, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
The sacred cypress-tree about,  
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,  
Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there  
Through weary night and lingering day,—  
Grim as the idols at their side,  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;  
Unseen of them the island flowers  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and hill;  
The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,  
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?  
The Moslem's sunset-call,—the dance  
Of Ceylon's maids,—the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf  
Of which the wandering Jogees sing:  
Which lends once more to wintry age  
The greenness of its spring.

O, if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,  
In answer to the breath of prayer,  
Upon the waiting head;

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
But on the fainting SOUL to shed  
A light and life divine;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And his appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong,—  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer.  
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save;  
And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee!

### A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June  
The southwest breezes play;  
And, through its haze, the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer's day.  
The snow-plumed Angel of the North  
Has dropped his icy spear;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,  
The muskrat leaves his nook,  
The bluebird in the meadow brakes  
Is singing with the brook.



"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;  
"Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,  
By bitter blasts and drear  
O'swept from Memory's frozen pole,  
Will sunny days appear.  
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show  
The soul its living powers,  
And how beneath the winter's snow  
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all his works,  
Has left his Hope with all!

4th 1st month, 1847.

TO ———,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."—*Essays of Elia*.

MAIDEN! with the fair brown tresses  
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,  
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead  
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,  
Joy with them should still abide,—  
Instinct take the place of Duty,  
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,  
Kindly beckoning back the Old,  
Turning, with the gift of Midas,  
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness  
Wearing even a welcome guise,  
As, when some bright lake lies open  
To the sunny skies,

Every wing of bird above it,  
Every light cloud floating on,  
Glitters like that flashing mirror  
In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead  
Something like a shadow lies;  
And a serious soul is looking  
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,  
Through the forms of outward things,  
Seeking for the subtle essence,  
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface  
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,  
Farther than the narrow present  
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being  
Hath upon thy spirit pressed,—  
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,  
Find no place of rest:

That which mystic Plato pondered,  
That which Zeno heard with awe,  
And the star-rapt Zoroaster  
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing  
Of the dim, uncertain Past,  
Moving to the dark still shadows  
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question  
'Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
With a deep and strong beseeching:  
WHAT and WHERE is TRUTH?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,  
Whence the ancient life hath fled,  
Idle faith unknown to action,  
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings  
Only wake a quiet scorn,—  
Not from these thy seeking spirit  
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,  
On thy mother Nature's breast,  
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking  
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features  
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,  
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,  
Beautiful and frail!

O'er the rough chart of Existence,  
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,  
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble,  
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh  
From the earth and from the sky,  
And to thee the hills and waters  
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer  
Hath no outward origin;  
More than Nature's many voices  
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine  
Questioned earth and sea and sky,<sup>40</sup>  
And the dusty tomes of learning  
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed  
More than outward Nature taught,—  
More than blest the poet's vision  
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end,—

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of WOOLMAN'S feet!  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet!

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,—  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught:—

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry brightness  
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real,  
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather  
Round that meek and suffering one,—  
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun!

Take the good man's book and ponder  
What its pages say to thee,—  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen  
Yearnings for a higher good,

For the fount of living waters  
And diviner food;

If the pride of human reason  
Feels its meek and still rebuke,  
Quailing like the eye of Peter  
From the Just One's look!—

If with readier ear thou heedest  
What the Inward Teacher saith,  
Listening with a willing spirit  
And a childlike faith,—

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,  
Who, himself but frail and weak,  
Would at least the highest welfare  
Of another seek;

And his gift, though poor and lowly  
It may seem to other eyes,  
Yet may prove an angel holy  
In a pilgrim's guise.

### LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets."—*Holy Writ.*

YES,—pile the marble o'er him! It is well  
That ye who mocked him in his long stern  
strife,

And planted in the pathway of his life  
The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,  
Who clamored down the bold reformer when  
He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,  
Who spurned him in the market-place, and  
sought

Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
In party chains the free and honest thought,

The angel utterance of an upright mind,  
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders'  
shame!

## SONGS OF LABOR,

### AND OTHER POEMS.

1850.

#### DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
Might grace from thy favor take,  
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,  
On softened lines and coloring, wear  
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain:  
But what I have I give to thee,—  
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,  
And paler flowers, the latter rain  
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal  
lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,  
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,  
Dry root and mosséd trunk between,  
A sober after-growth is seen,  
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leaved  
maple wood!

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play  
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree;  
And through the bleak and wintry day  
It keeps its steady green away,—  
So, even my after-thoughts may have a charm  
for thee.



Art's perfect forms no moral need,  
 And beauty is its own excuse; <sup>41</sup>  
 But for the dull and flowerless weed  
 Some healing virtue still must plead,  
 And the rough ore must find its honors in its  
 use.

So haply these, my simple lays  
 Of homely toil, may serve to show  
 The orchard bloom and tasselled maize  
 That skirt and gladden duty's ways,  
 The unsung beauty hid life's common things  
 below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent  
 Above his forge or plough, may gain,  
 A manlier spirit of content,  
 And feel that life is wisest spent  
 Where the strong working hand makes strong the  
 working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair  
 Without the walls of Eden came,  
 Transforming sinless ease to care  
 And rugged toil, no more shall bear  
 The burden of old crime, or mark of primal  
 shame.

A blessing now,—a curse no more;  
 Since He, whose name we breathe with  
 awe,  
 The coarse mechanic vesture wore,—  
 A poor man toiling with the poor,  
 In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

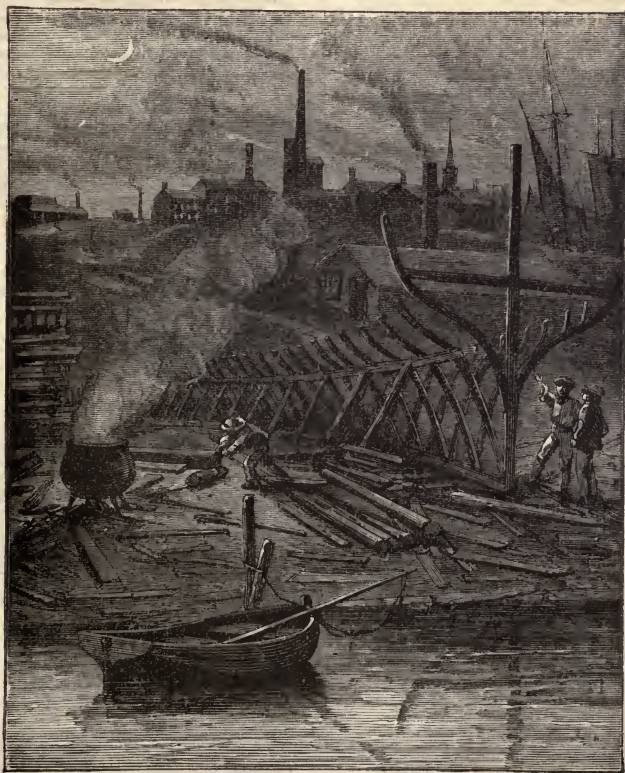
## THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

The sky is ruddy in the east,  
 The earth is gray below,  
 And, spectral in the river-mist,  
 The ship's white timbers show.  
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke  
 And grating saw begin;  
 The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,  
 The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
 The sooty smithy jars,  
 And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
 Are fading with the stars.  
 All day for us the smith shall stand  
 Beside that flashing forge;  
 All day for us his heavy hand  
 The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team  
 For us is toiling near;  
 For us the raftsmen down the stream  
 Their island barges steer.  
 Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
 In forests old and still,—  
 For us the century-circled oak  
 Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours  
 No craftsmen bear a part:  
 We make of Nature's giant powers  
 The slaves of human Art.



"The ship's white timbers show."

Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
And drive the treenails free;  
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
The sea's rough field shall plough,—  
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
With salt-spray caught below,—  
That ship must heed her master's beak,  
Her helm obey his hand,  
And seamen tread her reeling deck  
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
Of Northern ice may peel;  
The sunken rock and coral peak  
May grate along her keel;  
And know we well the painted shell  
We give to wind and wave,  
Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,  
And set the good ship free!  
Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
The young bride of the sea?  
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,  
In graceful beauty now!  
How lowly on the breast she loves  
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze  
Her snowy wing shall fan,  
Aside the frozen Hebrides,  
Or sultry Hindostan!  
Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
With peaceful flag unfurled,  
She helps to wind the silken chain  
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear  
No merchandise of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair  
Her roomy hold within;  
No Lethæan drug for Eastern lands,  
Nor poison-draught for ours;  
But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land!  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea!

### THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho! workers of the old time styled  
The Gentle Craft of Leather!  
Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
Stand forth once more together!  
Call out again your long array,  
In the olden merry manner!  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone  
How falls the polished hammer!  
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown  
A quick and merry clamor.

Now shape the sole! now deftly curl  
The glossy vamp around it,  
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl  
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main  
A hundred keels are ploughing;  
For you, the Indian on the plain  
His lasso-coil is throwing;  
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark  
The woodman's fire is lighting;  
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,  
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine  
The rosin-gum is stealing;  
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine  
Her silken skein is reeling;  
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams  
His rugged Alpine ledges;  
For you, round all her shepherd homes,  
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,  
On moated mound or heather,  
Where'er the need of trampled right  
Brought toiling men together;  
Where the free burghers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master,  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,  
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,—  
Ye heed no idle scorn;  
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
And duty done, your honor.  
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,  
The jury Time empanels,  
And leave to truth each noble name  
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,  
In strong and hearty German;  
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,  
And patriot fame of Sherman;  
Still from his book, a mystic seer,  
The soul of Behmen teaches,  
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,  
It treads your well-wrought leather,  
On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
On carpet, or on heather.  
Still there the sweetest charm is found  
Of matron grace or vestal's,  
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,  
With footsteps slow and weary,  
May wander where the sky's blue span  
Shuts down upon the prairie.  
On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,  
By Saratoga's fountains,  
Or twinkle down the summer dance  
Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
The brown earth to the tiller's,  
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,  
Like fairy Cinderella's!  
As they who shunned the household maid  
Beheld the crown upon her,  
So all shall see your toil repaid  
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,  
In water cool and brimming,—



"All honor to the good old Craft,  
Its merry men and women!"  
Call out again your long array,  
In the old time's pleasant manner:  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out his blazoned banner!

## THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun,  
Still onward cheerily driving!  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.  
But see! the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us;  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
The landlord beckons from his door,  
His beechen fire is glowing;  
These ample barns, with feed in store,  
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across  
By brows of rugged mountains;  
From hillsides where, through spongy moss,  
Gush out the river fountains;  
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,  
And bright with blooming clover;  
From vales of corn the wandering crow  
No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been,  
O'er many a hill and hollow;  
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,  
Our stately drove we follow.  
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,  
As smoke of battle o'er us,  
Their white horns glisten in the sun,  
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,  
As slow behind it sinking;  
Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,  
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.  
Now crowding in the narrow road,  
In thick and struggling masses,  
They glare upon the teamster's load,  
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,  
And paw of hoof, and bellow,  
They leap some farmer's broken pale,  
O'er meadow-close or fallow.  
Forth comes the startled goodman; forth  
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,  
Till once more on their dusty path  
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,  
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,  
Like those who grind their noses down  
On pastures bare and stony,—  
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,  
And cows too lean for shadows,  
Disputing feebly with the frogs  
The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,  
No bones of leanness rattle;  
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,  
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.

Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining;  
The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,  
The freshest feed is growing,  
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks  
Through honeysuckle flowing;  
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,  
Are bright with early grasses,  
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,  
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us,  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.  
The cricket to the frog's bassoon  
His shrillest time is keeping;  
The sickle of yon setting moon  
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
To-morrow, eastward with our charge  
We'll go to meet the dawning,  
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge  
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,  
Instead of birds, are flitting;  
When children through the glowing hearth,  
And quiet wives are knitting;  
While in the fire-light strong and clear  
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
To tales of all we see and hear  
The ears of home shall listen.

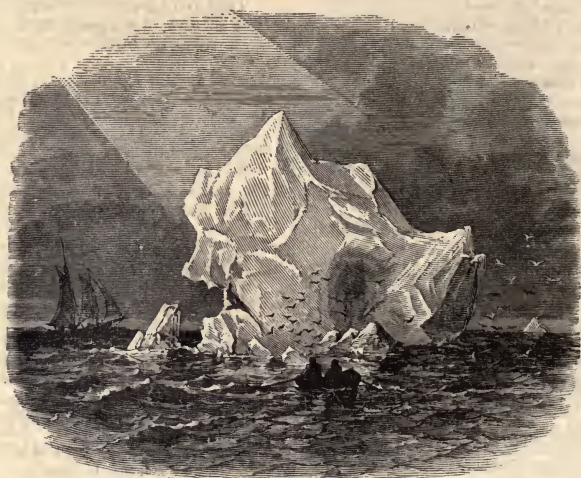
By many a Northern lake and hill,  
From many a mountain pasture,  
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,  
And speed the long night faster.  
Then let us on, through shower and sun,  
And heat and cold, be driving;  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.

## THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH! the seaward breezes  
Sweep down the bay amain;  
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!  
Run up the sail again!  
Leave to the lubber landsmen  
The rail-car and the steed;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
And the lighthouse from the sand;  
And the scattered pines are waving  
Their farewell from the land.  
One glance, my lads, behind us,  
For the homes we leave one sigh,  
Ere we take the change and chances  
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs  
Of frozen Labrador,  
Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
Along the low, black shore!  
Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
On Brador's rocks are shed,



"Now, brothers, for the icebergs."

And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead ;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer,  
And the autumn tempests blow ;  
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah ! for the Red Island,  
With the white cross on its crown !  
Hurrah ! for Meccatina,  
And its mountains bare and brown !  
Where the Caribou's tall antlers  
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,  
And the footstep of the Mickmack  
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we 'll drop our lines, and gather  
Old Ocean's treasures in,  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea 's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain ;  
We 'll reap the teeming waters  
As at home they reap the plain !

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home ;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwellings  
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
From off the frozen reels ;  
Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is his hand !  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot ;  
And we cannot meet him better  
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah !—hurrah !—the west-wind  
Comes freshening down the bay,  
The rising sails are filling,—  
Give way, my lads, give way !  
Leave the coward landsman clinging  
To the dull earth, like a weed,—  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed !

### THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again ;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped ;  
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light ;  
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill ;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.



And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught  
glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed,  
they knew not why ;  
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside  
the meadow brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine  
of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient  
weathercocks ;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless  
as rocks.

No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's  
dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low  
rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-  
fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the  
pale green waves of rye ;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed  
with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn  
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through  
husks that, dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out  
the yellow ear ;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a  
verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's  
sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and many a  
creaking wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk  
and grain ;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank  
down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in  
brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on meadow,  
stream, and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory  
shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled  
into one !

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed  
away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil  
shadows lay ;  
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet  
without name,  
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the  
merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitch-  
forks in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant  
scene below ;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears  
before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown  
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and  
heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat  
apart ;  
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling  
in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the  
happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden  
young and fair,  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of  
soft brown hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and  
smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-  
ballad sung.

### THE CORN-SONG.

HEAR high the farmer's wintry hoard !  
Heap high the golden corn !  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, gleam  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest-time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
Around their costly board ;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod ;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God !



"Make we here our camp of winter."

### THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,  
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;  
Thickly down these swelling waters  
Float his fallen leaves.  
Through the tall and naked timber,  
Column-like and old,  
Gleam the sunsets of November,  
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,  
Screams the gray wild-goose;  
On the night-frost sounds the treading  
Of the brindled moose.  
Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,  
Frost his task-work plies;  
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,  
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,  
On some night of rain,  
Lake and river break asunder  
Winter's weakened chain,  
Down the wild March flood shall bear them  
To the saw-mill's wheel,  
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them  
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,  
In these vales below,  
When the earliest beams of sunlight  
Streak the mountain's snow,  
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,  
To our hurrying feet,  
And the forest echoes clearly  
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijeis  
Stretches broad and clear,  
And Millnocket's pine-black ridges  
Hide the browsing deer:  
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,  
Or through rocky walls,  
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes  
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given  
Of Katahdin's sides,—  
Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
Torn and ploughed by slides!  
Far below, the Indian trapping,  
In the sunshine warm;  
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping  
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better  
Than the Persian weaves,  
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter  
Seem the fading leaves;  
And a music wild and solemn,  
From the pine-tree's height,  
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume  
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;  
And, through sleet and snow,  
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter  
On our hearth shall glow.  
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,  
We shall lack alone  
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,  
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning  
For our toil to-day;  
And the welcome of returning  
Shall our loss repay,  
When, like seamen from the waters,  
From the woods we come,  
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,  
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing  
From the village spire,  
Not for us the Sabbath singing  
Of the sweet-voiced choir:  
Ours the old, majestic temple,  
Where God's brightness shines  
Down the dome so grand and ample,  
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,  
Speaks He in the breeze,  
As of old beneath the twilight  
Of lost Eden's trees!  
For his ear, the inward feeling  
Needs no outward tongue;  
He can see the spirit kneeling  
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning  
From the false and dim,  
Lamp of toil or altar burning  
Are alike to Him.  
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting  
On our rugged toil;  
Far ships waiting for the freighting  
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,  
Bleak and cold, of ours,



With the citron-planted islands  
Of a clime of flowers ;  
To our frosts the tribute bringing  
Of eternal heats ;  
In our lap of winter flinging  
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,  
Let the sunbeams dance,  
Better than the flash of sabre  
Or the gleam of lance !  
Strike !—With every blow is given  
Freer sun and sky,  
And the long-hid earth to heaven  
Looks, with wondering eye !

Loud behind us grow the murmurs  
Of the age to come ;  
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,  
Bearing harvest home !  
Here her virgin lap with treasures  
Shall the green earth fill ;  
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears  
Crowd each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—  
Give to us the cedar valleys,  
Rocks and hills of Maine !  
In our North-land, wild and woody,  
Let us still have part :  
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,  
Hold us to thy heart !

O, our free hearts beat the warmer  
For thy breath of snow ;  
And our tread is all the firmer  
For thy rocks below.  
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,  
Walketh strong and brave ;  
On the forehead of his neighbor  
No man writeth Slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's  
Pine-trees show its fires,  
While from these dim forest gardens  
Rise their blackened spires.  
Up, my comrades ! up and doing !  
Manhood's rugged play  
Still renewing, bravely hewing  
Through the world our way !

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking north-  
ward far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican  
array,  
Who is losing ? who is winning ? are they far or  
come they near ?  
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the  
storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of  
battle rolls ;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying ; God have mercy  
on their souls !"  
Who is losing ? who is winning ?—"Over hill and  
over plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the  
mountain rain."

Holy Mother ! keep our brothers ! Look, Ximena,  
look once more.  
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly  
as before,  
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe-  
man, foot and horse,  
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping  
down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena ! "Ah ! the  
smoke has rolled away ;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the  
ranks of gray.  
Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles ! there the  
troop of Minon wheels ;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the can-  
non at their heels.

"Jesu, pity ! how it thickens ! now retreat and  
now advance !  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's  
charging lance !

Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and  
foot together fall ;  
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them  
ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast  
and frightful on !  
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost,  
and who has won ?  
"Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe to-  
gether fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living : pray, my sisters,  
for them all !

"Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting : Blessed  
Mother, save my brain !  
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from  
heaps of slain.  
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they  
fall, and strive to rise ;  
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they  
die before our eyes !

"O my heart's love ! O my dear one ! lay thy  
poor head on my knee :  
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst  
thou hear me ? canst thou see ?  
O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my Bernal,  
look once more  
On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy ! mercy !  
all is o'er !"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear  
one down to rest ;  
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross  
upon his breast ;  
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral  
masses said :  
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask  
thy aid.



"But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again."

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young,  
A soldier lay,  
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding  
Slow his life away;  
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena  
Knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-  
belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned  
Away her head;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back  
Upon her dead;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his  
Struggling breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his parching  
lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her  
hand and faintly smiled:  
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she  
watch beside her child?  
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's  
heart supplied;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!"  
murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led  
thee forth,  
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping,  
lonely, in the North!"  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid  
him with her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the  
wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud  
before the wind  
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving  
blood and death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust  
the wounded strive;  
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of  
God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the  
cool, gray shadows fall;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy cur-  
tain over all!  
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide  
apart the battle rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's  
lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task  
pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn  
and faint and lacking food.  
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender  
care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange  
and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of  
ours;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring  
afresh the Eden flowers;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity  
send their prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in  
our air!

### FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial place;  
Where, pondering how all human love and hate  
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,



Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened  
face,  
And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none de-  
part,  
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,  
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I for-  
gave!

BARCLAY OF URY.<sup>42</sup>

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
Prompt to please her master;  
And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
Came he slowly riding;  
And, to all he saw and heard,  
Answering not with bitter word,  
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
Loose and free and froward;  
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!  
Push him! prick him! through the town  
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd  
Cried a sudden voice and loud:  
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"  
And the old man at his side  
Saw a comrade, battle tried,  
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud: "God save us,  
Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,  
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;  
"Put it up, I pray thee:  
Passive to his holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed."  
Marvelled much that henchman bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,  
With a slowly shaking head,  
And a look of pity;  
"Ury's honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,  
As we charged on Tilly's line,  
And his Walloon lancers,

Smiting through their midst we'll teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,  
Like beginning, like the end":  
Quoth the Laird of Ury,  
"Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy that in his name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer;  
While for them He suffereth long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scoffing with the scoffer?"

"Happier I, with loss of all,  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me,  
Than when reeve and squire were seen,  
Riding out from Aberdeen,  
With bared heads to meet me.

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,  
Hard the old friend's falling off,  
Hard to learn forgiving:  
But the Lord his own rewards,  
And his love with theirs accords,  
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
Up the blackness streaking;  
Nowing God's own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial;  
Every age on him, who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways,  
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter;  
And while Hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the Future borrow;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow!

## WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,

"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,  
"From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,  
Shake the bolted fire!"

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;  
With the brute the man is sold;  
And the dropping blood of labor  
Harden into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,  
There the battle's groan of pain;  
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
Reaping men like grain.

"Where is God, that we should fear Him?  
Thus the earth-born Titans say;  
'God! if thou art living, hear us!'  
Thus the weak ones pray."

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"  
Spake a solemn Voice within;  
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,  
Art thou free from sin?"

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,  
Canst thou for his thunders call,  
Knowing that to guilt's attraction  
Evermore they fall?"

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil  
In thy heart await their time?  
Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
Stays their growth of crime.

"Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness!  
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
Were their strong temptations planted  
In thy path of life?"

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing  
From one fountain, clear and free,  
But by widely varying channels  
Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
Kissing them with lips still sweet;  
One, mad roaring down the mountains,  
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
Kneels before his mother's fire?  
In his black tent did the Tartar  
Choose his wandering sire?"

"He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's surrounding,  
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
Make to thee their strong appeal,  
Coward wert thou not to utter  
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken  
When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,  
Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
To thy lips her trumpet set,

But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,  
Teacher sent of God, be near,  
Whispering through the day's cool silence,  
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil-doers  
Waken scorn, or hatred move,  
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
Temper all with love.

## TO DELAWARE.

[Written during the discussion in the Legislature of that State, in the winter of 1846-47, of a bill for the abolition of slavery.]

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,  
To the strong tillers of a rugged home,  
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,  
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's foam;  
And to the young nymphs of the golden West,  
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie  
bloom,  
Trail in the sunset,—O redeemed and blest,  
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!  
Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white bay  
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,  
And the great lakes, where echo, free alway,  
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of  
chains,  
Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,  
And all their waves keep grateful holiday.  
And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,  
Vermont shall bless thee; and the Granite  
peaks,  
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall wear  
Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold keen air;  
And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks  
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,  
When, at thy bidding, the electric wire  
Shall tremble northward with its words of fire;  
Glory and praise to God! another State is free!

## WORSHIP.

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father is this: To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James i. 27.

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are  
spoken,  
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan  
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,  
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,  
The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,  
With mother's offering, to the Fiend's embraces,  
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own  
blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,  
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye  
Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,  
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting  
All heaven above, and blighting earth below,



The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with  
fasting,  
And man's oblation was his fear and woe !

Then through great temples swelled the dismal  
moaning  
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer ;  
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,  
Swung their white censers in the burdened air :

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor  
Of gums and spices could the Unseen One  
please ;  
As if his ear could bend, with childish favor,  
To the poor flattery of the organ keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the church aisles  
holy,  
With trembling reverence : and the oppressor  
there,  
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,  
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of  
prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father  
Requireth at his earthly children's hands :  
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather  
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it : the full joy of Heaven  
Knoweth no change of waning or increase ;  
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,  
Untroubled flows the river of his peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding  
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,  
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,  
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken :  
The holier worship which he deigns to bless  
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless !

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow !  
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead ?  
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow  
From stranger eyes the home lights which have  
fled ?

O brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good" ;  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor  
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !

### THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail,  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft  
cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,

And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him  
Who seven times crossed the deep,  
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,  
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.  
But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad cast  
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day  
To my quiet room and fireside nook,  
Where the casement light falls dim and gray  
On faded painting and ancient book,  
Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
Are chronicled well by good King James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
No runner of errands like Ariel,  
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell ;  
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,  
And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,  
Looking through glasses with iron bows.  
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
Guard well your doors from that old man !

He comes with a careless "How d'ye do ?"  
And seats himself in my elbow-chair ;  
And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
Fall forthwith under his special care,  
And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,  
And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture and look  
Of one who reads to himself alone ;  
And hour after hour on my senses come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,  
All reach my ear in the self-same tone,—  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on !

O, sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams.

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,  
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns from the self-same  
book,—  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—  
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-  
bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low  
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar ;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,  
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
A trumpet's summons is in her words,

And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and spear !—

O, pity me then, when, day by day,  
The stout fiend darkens my parlor door ;  
And reads me perchance the self-same lay  
Which melted in music, the night before,  
From lips as the lips of Hyلاس sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,  
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,  
I flourish my cane above his head,  
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;  
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,  
And press my hands on my ears, in vain !

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,  
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat  
Of demons of every name and size,  
Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,  
But never a hint and never a line  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlor wall,  
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day !

" *Conjuro te, sceleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum !*"—still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me,—  
The exorcism has lost its skill ;  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum !

Ah !—commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her sevenfold plagues,—to the wander-  
ing Jew,  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when  
The furies his midnight curtains drew,  
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man !

### THE PUMPKIN.

O, GREENLY and fair in the lands of the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage en-  
fold,  
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all  
gold,  
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once  
grew.  
While he waited to know that his warning was  
true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in  
vain  
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish  
maiden  
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine  
laden ;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres  
of gold ;  
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the  
North,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks  
forth,  
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit  
shines,  
And the sun of September melts down on his  
vines.

Ah ! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and  
from West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim  
and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round  
his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother  
once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled  
before,  
What moistens the lip and what brightens the  
eye ?  
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin  
pie ?

O,—fruit loved of boyhood !—the old days recall-  
ing,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts  
were falling !  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle with-  
in !  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with  
hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the  
moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like  
steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her  
team !

Then thanks for thy present !—none sweeter or  
better  
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter !  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than  
thine !  
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to  
express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be  
less,  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine  
grow,  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie !

### EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND."

How has New England's romance fled,  
Even as a vision of the morning !  
Its rites foredone,—its guardians dead,—  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning !  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak !  
No more along the shadowy glen,  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men ;  
No more the unquiet churchyard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and lone ;  
As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,  
Each sitting on his own head-stone !  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,  
No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil ;  
No pale blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered sashes !—  
The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
May sharply to the night-air sing,



But there no more shall withered hags  
 Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,  
 Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
 As beverage meet for Satan's daughters;  
 No more their mimic tones be heard,—  
 The mew of cat,—the chirp of bird,—  
 Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
 Of the fell demon following after!  
 The cautious goodman nails no more  
 A horseshoe on his outer door,  
 Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
 To his own mouth her bridle-bit,—  
 The goodwife's churn no more refuses  
 Its wonted culinary uses  
 Until, with heated needle burned,  
 The witch has to her place returned!  
 Our witches are no longer old  
 And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
 But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
 With the heart's sunshine on their features,—  
 Their sorcery—the light which dances  
 Where the raised lid unveils its glances;  
 Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,  
 The music of Love's twilight hours,  
 Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan  
 Above her nightly closing flowers,  
 Sweeter than that which sighed of yore  
 Along the charmed Ausonian shore!  
 Even she, our own weird heroine,  
 Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,  
 Sleeps calmly where the living laid her;  
 And the wide realm of Sorcery,  
 Left by its latest mistress free,  
 Hath found no gray and skilled invader:  
 So perished Albion's "glammarie,"  
 With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,  
 His charmed torch beside his knee,  
 That even the dead himself might see  
 The magic scroll within his keeping.  
 And now our modern Yankee sees  
 Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;  
 And naught above, below, around,  
 Of life or death, of sight or sound,  
 Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
 Excites his terror or surprise,—  
 All seeming to his knowing eyes  
 Familiar as his "catechiz,"  
 Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

### HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
 Where, miles away,  
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
 A luminous belt, a misty light,  
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy  
 gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!  
 Against its ground  
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
 Still as a picture, clear and free,  
 With varying outline mark the coast for miles  
 around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein  
 Our seaward way,  
 Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,  
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
 And bends above our heads the flowering locust  
 spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow  
 Comes this fresh breeze,

Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
 While through my being seems to flow  
 The breath of a new life,—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
 His feet hath set  
 In the great waters, which have bound  
 His granite ankles greenly round  
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool  
 spray wet.

Good by to pain and care! I take  
 Mine ease to-day:  
 Here where these sunny waters break,  
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
 All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts  
 away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem  
 Like all I see—  
 Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam  
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
 And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind  
 free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
 The soul may know  
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
 But with the upward rise, and with the vastness  
 grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
 No new revealing;  
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
 Or pleasant memory of a dream  
 The loved and cherished Past upon the new life  
 stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light  
 May have its dawning;  
 And, as in summer's northern night  
 The evening and the dawn unite,  
 The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's  
 new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray  
 Wave after wave  
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,  
 Shoulder the broken tide away,  
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy  
 cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
 And noisy town?  
 I see the mighty deep expand  
 From its white line of glimmering sand  
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts  
 down!

In listless quietude of mind,  
 I yield to all  
 The change of cloud and wave and wind  
 And passive on the flood reclined,  
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise and  
 fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore  
 In shadow lie;  
 The night-wind warns me back once more  
 To where, my native hill-tops o'er,  
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!  
 I bear with me  
 No token stone nor glittering shell,  
 But long and oft shall Memory tell  
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the  
 Sea.

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF SILAS  
WRIGHT OF NEW YORK.

As they who, tossing midst the storm at night,  
While turning shoreward, where a beacon  
shone,  
Meet the walled blackness of the heaven alone,  
So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,  
In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy light  
Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour of  
noon,  
While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,  
And, day by day, within thy spirit grew  
A holier hope than young Ambition knew,  
As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,  
Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry of pain,  
Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon!  
Portents at which the bravest stand aghast,—  
The birth-throes of a Future, strange and vast,  
Alarm the land; yet thou, so wise and strong,  
Suddenly summoned to the burial bed,  
Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever long,  
Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.  
Who now shall rally Freedom's scattering host?  
Who wear the mantle of the leader lost?  
Who stay the march of slavery? He whose  
voice  
Hath called thee from thy task-field shall not  
lack  
Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely back  
The wrong which, through his poor ones, reaches  
Him:  
Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torchlights  
trim,  
And wave them high across the abysmal black,  
Till bound, dumb millions there shall see them  
and rejoice.  
10th mo., 1847.

## LINES,

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRESENTED TO A  
FRIEND.

'T is said that in the Holy Land  
The angels of the place have blessed  
The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,  
Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies  
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight sings  
The song whose holy symphonies  
Are beat by unseen wings;

Till starting from his sandy bed,  
The wayworn wanderer looks to see  
The halo of an angel's head  
Shine through the tamarisk-tree.

So through the shadows of my way  
Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,  
So at the weary close of day  
Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal  
May pause not for the vision's sake,  
Yet all fair things within his soul  
The thought of it shall wake:

The graceful palm-tree by the well,  
Seen on the far horizon's rim;  
The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,  
Bent timidly on him;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair  
Streams unlike through the convent's gloom;  
Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,  
And loving Mary's tomb;

And thus each tint or shade which falls,  
From sunset cloud or waving tree  
Along my pilgrim path, recalls  
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one in sun and shade the same,  
In weal and woe my steady friend,  
Whatever by that holy name  
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou  
Hast never failed the good to see,  
Nor judged by one unseemly bough  
The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay,—  
Poor common thoughts on common things,  
Which time is shaking, day by day,  
Like feathers from his wings,—

Chance shootings from a frail life-tree,  
To nurturing care but little known,  
Their good was partly learned of thee,  
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly mould,  
Its leaves still drink the twilight dew,  
And weaving its pale green with gold,  
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,  
And there at times the spring bird sings,  
And mossy trunk and fading spray  
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,  
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and fade;  
The wanderer on its lonely plain  
Ere long shall miss its shade.

O friend beloved, whose curious skill  
Keeps bright the last year's leaves and  
flowers,

With warm, glad summer thoughts to fill  
The cold, dark, winter hours!

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I bring  
May well defy the wintry cold,  
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,  
Life's fairer ones unfold.

## THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's  
prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?  
And, through the shade  
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?  
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse?—  
Who does not cast  
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,  
At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,  
Regretful of the past?

Alas!—the evil which we fain would shun  
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone:  
Our strength to-day



Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;  
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all  
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,  
If he hath been  
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—  
If he hath lent  
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,  
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed  
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives  
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,  
With thankful heart;  
He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
Knowing that from his works he nevermore  
Can henceforth part.

### RAPHAEL.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight:  
The glow of autumn's westering day,  
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,  
The fair face of a musing boy;  
Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe  
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print:—the graceful flow  
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,  
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow  
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose  
I saw the inward spirit shine;  
It was as if before me rose  
The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
The hidden life, the man within,  
Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
The waving of that pictured hand?  
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—space,  
Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
Through which all hues and shapes of grace  
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
The marvels which his pencil wrought,  
Those miracles of power whose fame  
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
O Mother, beautiful and mild!  
Enfolding in one dear embrace  
Thy Saviour and thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;  
The awful glory of that day  
When all the Father's brightness shone  
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophetic forms, and wild  
Dark visions of the days of old,  
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
Through locks of brown and gold!

There Fornarina's fair young face  
Once more upon her lover shone,  
Whose model of an angel's grace  
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,  
But not the lesson which it taught;  
The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,  
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,  
Plant for their deathless heritage  
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And, painted on the eternal wall,  
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?

O no!—We live our life again;  
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,  
The pictures of the Past remain,—  
Man's works shall follow him!

### LUCY HOOPER.<sup>43</sup>

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,—  
That all of thee we loved and cherished  
Has with thy summer roses perished;  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead,—  
The twilight of a parted day  
Whose fading light is cold and vain.  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart,—that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad untrifling,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and best.  
Of them—of thee—remains there naught  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast:—  
A shadow in the land of thought?  
No!—Even *my* weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still;  
And, save the absence of all ill  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,

The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine-leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow,—

Of all we knew and loved in thee,—  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality!  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,

Cast off the loves and joys of old,—  
Unbodied,—like a pale moonbeam,  
As pure, as passionless, and cold;

Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one,—

In blank annihilation blest;  
Dust-atoms of the infinite,—  
Sparks scattered from the central light,  
And winning back through mortal pain  
Their old unconsciousness again.

No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land,—  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,

Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came;  
Their change,—the holy morn-light breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking,—  
A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household graves,  
Where father, brother, sister lie;

Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
Above thee bends the summer sky.  
Thy own loved church in sadness read  
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer  
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
Undoubted to thy bosom taken,  
As symbols of a faith unshaken.

Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;  
And, owning not thy creed, could see  
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,  
And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
And kindled up, intense and warm,  
A life in every rite and form,  
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
A spirit filled the vast machine,—  
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we  
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
One after one shall follow thee

As pilgrims through the gate of fear,  
Which opens on eternity.

Yet shall we cherish not the less  
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;  
The memory of thy loveliness

Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
Like moonlight when the sun has set,—  
A sweet and tender radiance yet.

Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong,—  
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty  
Which blended in thy song.

All lovely things, by thee beloved,  
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;  
These green hills, where thy childhood roved,—  
Yon river winding to the sea,—  
The sunset light of autumn eves  
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,

Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—  
These, in our view, shall henceforth take  
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;  
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,  
Seem sacred to thy memory.

#### CHANNING.<sup>44</sup>

Nor vainly did old poets tell,  
Nor vainly did old genius paint  
God's great and crowning miracle,—  
The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day  
Can we our sainted ones discern;  
And feel, while with them on the way,  
Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen  
Which, world-wide, echo CHANNING's fame,  
As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
And shut from him her saintly prize,  
Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
Beneath his green embowering wood,  
To me it seems but yesterday  
Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer rains,  
The western wind blew fresh and free,  
And glimmered down the orchard lanes  
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,  
Life's highest purpose understood,  
And, like his blessed Master, knew  
The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,  
Yet on the lips of England's poor  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where  
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer  
And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong,—  
The ills her suffering children know,—  
The squalor of the city's throng,—  
The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
Of sympathetic sorrow stole,  
Like a still shadow, passionless,—  
The sorrow of the soul.

But when the generous Briton told  
How hearts were answering to his own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
Up to the dull-eared throng,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
Thrill through that frail and pain-worn  
frame,  
And, kindling in those deep, calm eyes,  
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move  
The human heart,—the Faith-sown seeds



Which ripen in the soil of love  
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,—  
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—  
And at one common altar knelt  
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain : with strength renewed,  
And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,  
For that brief meeting, each pursued  
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill  
And vale with Channing's dying word !  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred !

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads, with zeal unfelt before  
The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,  
Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour  
Of converse on Rhode Island's strand,  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds,  
And Truth, at his requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave ?  
What dust upon the spirit lies ?  
God keeps the sacred life he gave,—  
The prophet never dies !

TO THE MEMORY OF  
CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE  
COLLEGE.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,  
Thou martyr of the Lord !  
With thy last breath crying,—“Onward !”  
And thy hand upon the sword.  
The haughty heart derideth,  
And the sinful lip reviles,  
But the blessing of the perishing  
Around thy pillow smiles !

When to our cup of trembling  
The added drop is given,  
And the long-suspended thunder  
Falls terribly from Heaven,—

When a new and fearful freedom  
Is proffered of the Lord  
To the slow-consuming Famine,—  
The Pestilence and Sword !—

When the refuges of Falsehood  
Shall be swept away in wrath,  
And the temple shall be shaken,  
With its idol, to the earth,—  
Shall not thy words of warning  
Be all remembered then ?  
And thy now unheeded message  
Burn in the hearts of men ?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
Its nettles on thy tomb,  
And even Christian bosoms  
Deny thy memory room ;  
For lying lips shall torture  
Thy mercy into crime,  
And the slanderer shall flourish  
As the bay-tree for a time.

But where the south-wind lingers  
On Carolina's pines,  
Or falls the careless sunbeam  
Down Georgia's golden mines,—  
Where now beneath his burthen  
The toiling slave is driven,—  
Where now a tyrant's mockery  
Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars  
Wet o'er with human blood,  
And pride and lust debases  
The workmanship of God,—  
There shall thy praise be spoken,  
Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,  
When the fetters shall be broken,  
And the *slave* shall be a *man* !

Joy to thy spirit, brother !  
A thousand hearts are warm,—  
A thousand kindred bosoms  
Are baring to the storm.  
What though red-handed Violence  
With secret Fraud combine ?  
The wall of fire is round us,—  
Our Present Help was thine.

Lo,—the waking up of nations,  
From Slavery's fatal sleep,—  
The murmur of a Universe,—  
Deep calling unto Deep !  
Joy to thy spirit, brother !  
On every wind of heaven  
The onward cheer and summons  
Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given !

Glory to God forever !  
Beyond the despot's will  
The soul of Freedom liveth  
Imperishable still.  
The words which thou hast uttered  
Are of that soul a part,  
And the good seed thou hast scattered  
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,  
And the trials yet to come,—  
In the shadow of the prison,  
Or the cruel martyrdom,—  
We will think of thee, O brother !  
And thy sainted name shall be  
In the blessing of the captive,  
And the anthem of the free.  
1834.

## LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF S. O. TORREY.

GONE before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Who shall offer youth and beauty  
On the wasting shrine  
Of a stern and lofty duty,  
With a faith like thine?

O, thy gentle smile of greeting  
Who again shall see?  
Who amidst the solemn meeting  
Gaze again on thee?—  
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wear so calm a brow?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
Brother of our love!  
Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
And its storms above!  
Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
And, with future showers,  
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly  
Blow the summer flowers!

In the locks thy forehead gracing,  
Not a silvery streak;  
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing  
On thy fair young cheek;  
Eyes of light and lips of roses,  
Such as Hylas wore,—  
Over all that curtain closes,  
Which shall rise no more!

Will the vigil Love is keeping  
Round that grave of thine,  
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping  
Over Sibmah's vine,<sup>46</sup>—  
Will the pleasant memories, swelling  
Gentle hearts, of thee,  
In the spirit's distant dwelling  
All unheeded be?

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings, back;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track;  
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,  
In the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,  
Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours!

## A LAMENT.

"The parted spirit,  
Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not  
Its blessing to our tears?"

THE circle is broken,—one seat is forsaken,—  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is  
shaken,—  
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slumbering now  
The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,  
Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain  
To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's  
claim  
From its silence and darkness is ever the same;  
The hope of that World whose existence is bliss  
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw  
On the scene of its troubled probation below,  
Than the pride of the marble, the pomp of the  
dead,  
To that glance will be dearer the tears which we  
shed.

O, who can forget the mild light of her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the  
while—  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like,  
and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the  
whole  
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of  
soul,—  
And the tones of her voice, like the music which  
seems  
Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of  
dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than  
gold,—  
The love and the kindness and pity which gave  
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the  
grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,  
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and  
jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!  
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the  
weeper!—  
Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,  
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for  
them  
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;  
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by  
love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in  
bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy from  
this.

## DANIEL WHEELER.

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of  
Friends, and who had labored in the cause of his Divine  
Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the  
Pacific, died in New York in the spring of 1840, while on  
a religious visit to this country.]

O DEARLY loved!  
And worthy of our love?—No more  
Thy aged form shall rise before



The hushed and waiting worshipper,  
In meek obedience utterance giving  
To words of truth, so fresh and living,  
That, even to the inward sense,  
They bore unquestioned evidence  
Of an anointed Messenger!  
Or, bowing down thy silver hair  
In reverent awfulness of prayer,—

The world, its time and sense, shut out,—  
The brightness of Faith's holy trance  
Gathered upon thy countenance,  
As if each lingering cloud of doubt,—  
The cold, dark shadows resting here  
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,—  
Were lifted by an angel's hand,  
And through them on thy spiritual eye  
Shown down the blessedness on high,  
The glory of the Better Land!

The oak has fallen!  
While, meet for no good work, the vine  
May yet its worthless branches twine.  
Who knoweth not that with thee fell  
A great man in our Israel?

Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,  
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,  
And in thy hand retaining yet  
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell!

Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and free,  
Across the Neva's cold morass

The breezes from the Frozen Sea  
With winter's arrowy keenness pass;  
Or where the unwarning tropic gale  
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,  
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat  
Against Tahiti's mountains beat;

The same mysterious Hand which gave  
Deliverance upon land and wave,  
Temper'd for thee the blasts which blew  
Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,  
And blessed for thee the baleful dew  
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,  
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,  
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers  
Hath given thee a grave!

His will be done,  
Who seeth not as man, whose way  
Is not as ours!—"T is well with thee!  
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay  
Disquieted thy closing day,  
But, evermore, thy soul could say,  
"My Father careth still for me!"  
Called from thy hearth and home,—from her,—  
The last bud on thy household tree,  
The last dear one to minister  
In duty and in love to thee,  
From all which nature holdeth dear,  
Feeble with years and worn with pain,  
To seek our distant land again,  
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing  
The things which should befall thee here,  
Whether for labor or for death,  
In childlike trust serenely going  
To that last trial of thy faith!

O, far away,  
Where never shines our Northern star  
On that dark waste which Balboa saw  
From Darien's mountains stretching far,  
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that there,  
With forehead to its damp wind bare,  
He bent his mailed knee in awe;  
In many an isle whose coral feet  
The surges of that ocean beat,  
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,  
And Honolulu's silver bay,  
Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,  
And taro-plains of Tooboonai,  
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be

Sad as our own at thought of thee,—  
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,  
Whose souls in weariness and need  
Were strengthened and refreshed by thine.  
For blessed by our Father's hand  
Was thy deep love and tender care,  
Thy ministry and fervent prayer,—  
Grateful as Eshcol's clustered vine  
To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew  
By thousands round thee, in the hour  
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,  
That he who bade the islands keep  
Silence before him, might renew

Their strength with his unslumbering power,  
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,  
That nevermore thy aged lip

Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,  
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard  
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word,—  
Seals of thy true apostleship.

And, if the brightest diadem,  
Whose gems of glory purely burn  
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,  
Be evermore reserved for them  
Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn  
Many to righteousness,—

May we not think of thee as wearing  
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,  
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,  
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;  
And joining with a seraph's tongue  
In that new song the elders sung,  
Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

Farewell!  
And though the ways of Zion mourn  
When her strong ones are called away,  
Who like thyself have calmly borne  
The heat and burden of the day,  
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth  
His ancient watch around us keepeth;  
Still, sent from his creating hand,  
New witnesses for Truth shall stand,—  
New instruments to sound abroad  
The Gospel of a risen Lord;

To gather to the fold once more  
The desolate and gone astray,  
The scattered of a cloudy day,  
And Zion's broken walls restore;  
And, through the travail and the toil  
Of true obedience, minister  
Beauty for ashes, and the oil

Of joy for mourning, unto her!  
So shall her holy bounds increase  
With walls of praise and gates of peace:  
So shall the Vine, which martyr tears  
And blood sustained in other years,

With fresher life be clothed upon;  
And to the world in beauty show  
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,  
And glorious as Lebanon!

## DANIEL NEALL

## I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;  
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when  
The need of battling Freedom called for men  
To plant the banner on the outer wall;  
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress  
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,  
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post

Fronting the violence of a maddened host,  
Like some gray rock from which the waves are  
tossed !

Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not  
The faith of one whose walk and word were  
right,—

Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,  
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught  
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:

Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own  
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

## II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old  
plan,

A true and brave and downright honest man !—  
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
Nor in the church with hypocritic face  
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace ;  
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will  
What others talked of while their hands were  
still ;

And, while "Lord, Lord !" the pious tyrants  
cried,

Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,  
*His* daily prayer, far better understood  
In acts than words, was simply *DOING GOOD*.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
That by his loss alone we know its worth,  
And feel how true a man has walked with us on  
earth.

6th 6th month, 1846.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS  
SISTER.<sup>46</sup>

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another  
May never know ;  
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken brother !  
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding  
Thy hand in mine ;  
With even the weakness of my soul upholding  
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed ;  
I stood not by  
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-  
hearted  
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling  
Must vainly fall :  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,  
Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the poor world's  
common  
And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman  
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb !

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth :  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought :

Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,—  
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given ;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as  
truly  
As in his heaven.

And she is with thee ; in thy path of trial  
She walketh yet ;  
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial  
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of harvest  
Lie white in view !  
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest  
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle !—England's toilworn peas-  
ants  
Thy call abide ;  
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,  
Shall glean beside !

## GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with Angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time  
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay ;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star,—  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky ;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look ;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move ;  
The breathing of an inward psalm ;  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light ;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet " Good-night ! "



There seems a shadow on the day,  
Her smile no longer cheers;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holy home  
The well-beloved of ours.

### THE LAKE-SIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea  
Are deepening into night;  
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee  
They chase the lessening light.  
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,  
I rest my languid eye,  
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and sweet,  
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,  
O'er isle and reach and bay,  
Green-belted with eternal pines,  
The mountains stretch away.  
Below, the maple masses sleep  
Where shore with water blends,  
While midway on the tranquil deep  
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,  
Of old, the Indian trod,  
And, through the sunset air, looked down  
Upon the Smile of God.<sup>47</sup>  
To him of light and shade the laws  
No forest sceptic taught;  
Their living and eternal Cause  
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light  
Which now across them shines;  
This lake, in summer sunset bright,  
Walled round with sombering pines.  
God near him seemed; from earth and skies  
His loving voice he heard,  
As, face to face, in Paradise,  
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father! that, like him,  
Thy tender love I see,  
In radiant hill and woodland dim,  
And tinted sunset sea.  
For not in mockery dost thou fill  
Our earth with light and grace;  
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will  
Behind thy smiling face!

### THE HILL-TOP.

THE burly driver at my side,  
We slowly climbed the hill,  
Whose summit, in the hot noontide,  
Seemed rising, rising still.

At last, our short noon-shadows hid  
The top-stone, bare and brown,  
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,  
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North;  
Between me and the sun,  
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,  
I saw the cloud-shades run.  
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam;  
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles  
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,  
Far as the eye could roam,  
Dark billows of an earthquake storm  
Beflecked with clouds like foam,  
Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
Their rugged peaks in shine,  
I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,  
Mooshillock's woods were seen,  
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
And pine-dark gorge between.  
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
The great Notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn-browed  
And awful face of stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:  
"About this time, last year,  
I drove a party to the Lake,  
And stopped, at evening, here.  
'T was duskish down below; but all  
These hills stood in the sun,  
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,  
He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,  
Had held her place outside,  
And, as a pleasant woman will,  
Had cheered the long, dull ride,  
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,  
That—though I hate delays—  
I could not choose but rest awhile,—  
(These women have such ways!)

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,  
Her sketch upon her knees,  
A stray brown lock beneath her hat  
Unrolling in the breeze;  
Her sweet face, in the sunset light  
Upraised and glorified,—  
I never saw a prettier sight  
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair; it seemed her joy  
To comfort and to give;  
My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,  
Will bless her while they live!"  
The tremor in the driver's tone  
His manhood did not shame:  
"I dare say, sir, you may have known—"  
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,  
The blue lake fled away;  
For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,  
A lighted hearth for day!  
From lonely years and weary miles  
The shadows fell apart;  
Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles  
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky  
Had power to charm no more;  
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye  
The dream of memory o'er.

Ah! human kindness, human love,—  
 To few who seek denied,—  
 Too late we learn to prize above  
 The whole round world beside!

### ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold  
 Upon my heart have lain,  
 Like shadows on the winter sky,  
 Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,  
 And, on thy Eagle's plume,  
 Rides forth, like Sindbad on his bird,  
 Or witch upon her broom!

Below me roar the rocking pines,  
 Before me spreads the lake  
 Whose long and solemn-sounding waves  
 Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh  
 The grain he has not sown;  
 I see, with flashing scythe of fire,  
 The prairie harvest mown!

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;  
 I see the Yankee's trail,—  
 His foot on every mountain-pass,  
 On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake, and waterfall,  
 I see his pedler show;  
 The mighty mingling with the mean,  
 The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,  
 Upon his loaded wain;  
 He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,  
 With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,  
 The axe-stroke in the dell,  
 The clamor from the Indian lodge,  
 The Jesuit chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come  
 From Mississippi's springs;  
 And war-chiefs with their painted brows,  
 And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,  
 The steamer smokes and raves;  
 And city lots are staked for sale  
 Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers  
 Of nations yet to be;  
 The first low wash of waves, where soon  
 Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here  
 Are plastic yet and warm;  
 The chaos of a mighty world  
 Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon  
 Its fitting place shall find,—  
 The raw material of a State,  
 Its muscle and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which leads  
 The New World in its train  
 Has tipped with fire the icy spears  
 Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon  
 Are kindling on its way;  
 And California's golden sands  
 Gleam brighter in its ray!

Then blessings on thy eagle quill,  
 As, wandering far and wide,  
 I thank thee for this twilight dream  
 And Fancy's airy ride!

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes,  
 Which Western trappers find,  
 Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance sown,  
 Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,  
 Whose glistening quill I hold;  
 Thy home the ample air of hope,  
 And memory's sunset gold!

In thee, let joy with duty join,  
 And strength unite with love,  
 The eagle's pinions folding round  
 The warm heart of the dove!

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale  
 Where still the blind bird clings,  
 The sunshine of the upper sky  
 Shall glitter on thy wings!

### MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,  
 With step as light as summer air,  
 Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,  
 Shadowed by many a careless curl  
 Of unconfined and flowing hair;  
 A seeming child in everything,  
 Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,  
 As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
 When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light  
 Which melted through its graceful bower,  
 Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
 And stainless in its holy white,  
 Unfolding like a morning flower:  
 A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,  
 With every breath of feeling woke,  
 And, even when the tongue was mute,  
 From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain  
 Of memory, at the thought of thee!  
 Old hopes which long in dust have lain  
 Old dreams, come thronging back again,  
 And boyhood lives again in me;  
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,  
 Its fulness of the heart is mine,  
 As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
 I feel thy arm within my own,  
 And timidly again arise  
 The fringed lids of hazel eyes,  
 With soft brown tresses overblown.  
 Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,  
 Of moonlit wave and willow way,  
 Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,  
 And smiles and tones more dear than they!



Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled  
 My picture of thy youth to see,  
 When, half a woman, half a child,  
 Thy very artlessness beguiled,  
 And folly's self seemed wise in thee;  
 I too can smile, when o'er that hour  
 The lights of memory backward stream,  
 Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
 Is vainer than my-boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace,  
 Of graver care and deeper thought;  
 And unto me the calm, cold face  
 Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought.  
 More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,  
 The school-boy's humble name has flown;  
 Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed  
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth;  
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,  
 While answers to my spirit's need  
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.  
 For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,  
 And holy day, and solemn psalm;  
 For me, the silent reverence where  
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
 An impress Time has worn not out,  
 And something of myself in thee,  
 A shadow from the past, I see,  
 Lingering, even yet, thy way about;  
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
 That lesson of its better hours,  
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes  
 The shadows melt, and fall apart,  
 And, smiling through them, round us lies  
 The warm light of our morning skies,—  
 The Indian Summer of the heart!—  
 In secret sympathies of mind,  
 In founts of feeling which retain  
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find  
 Our early dreams not wholly vain!

#### THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.<sup>48</sup>

THE day is closing dark and cold,  
 With roaring blast and sleety showers;  
 And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
 The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,  
 To ponder o'er a tale of old,  
 A legend of the age of Faith,  
 By dreaming monk or abbot told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives  
 That fancy of a loving heart,  
 In graceful lines and shapes of power,  
 And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)  
 There lived a lord, to whom, as slave,  
 A peasant-boy of tender years  
 The chance of trade or conquest gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,  
 Beyond the hills with almonds dark,

The straining eye could scarce discern  
 The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare  
 The service of the youth repaid,  
 By stealth, before that holy shrine,  
 For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,  
 The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;  
 Why stayed the Baron from the chase,  
 With looks so stern, and words so ill?

"Go, bind yon slave! and let him learn,  
 By scath of fire and strain of cord,  
 How ill they speed who give dead saints  
 The homage due their living lord!"

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
 When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark,  
 He saw the light of shining robes,  
 And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,  
 The cords released their cruel clasp,  
 The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
 Fell broken from the torturer's grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,  
 Barred door and wall of stone gave way;  
 And up from bondage and the night  
 They passed to freedom and the day!

O dreaming monk! thy tale is true;—  
 O painter! true thy pencil's art;  
 In tones of hope and prophecy,  
 Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal  
 Moans up to God's inclining ear;  
 Unheeded by his tender eye,  
 Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!  
 The pomp and power of tyrant man  
 Are scattered at his lightest breath,  
 Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift  
 His heavy hands to Heaven in vain.  
 God's angel, like the good St. Mark,  
 Comes shining down to break his chain!

O weary ones! ye may not see  
 Your helpers in their downward flight;  
 Nor hear the sound of silver wings  
 Slow beating through the hush of night!

But not the less gray Dothan shone,  
 With sunbright watchers bending low,  
 That Fear's dim eye beheld alone  
 The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,  
 Can see the helpers God has sent,  
 And how life's rugged mountain-side  
 Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
 Sends down his pathway to prepare;  
 And light, from others hidden, shines  
 On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
 Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
 Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer:  
 "Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see!"

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.<sup>49</sup>

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree  
A little isle reposes;  
A shadow woven of the oak  
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,  
Set round with stony warders;  
A fountain, gushing through the turf,  
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,  
With care or madness burning,  
Feels once again his healthful thought  
And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,  
Unquiet and unstable,  
That holy well of Loch Maree  
Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,  
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,  
And blest is he who on his way  
That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will  
And contrite heart are o'er it;  
Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"—  
On Faith's white stones before it.

## TO MY SISTER;

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW  
ENGLAND."

DEAR SISTER!—while the wise and sage  
Turn coldly from my playful page,  
And count it strange that ripened age  
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;  
I know that thou wilt judge aright  
Of all which makes the heart more light,  
Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!—  
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!  
Leave free once more the land which teems  
With wonders and romances!  
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
Beneath the quaintly masking guise  
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set  
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret  
The roots of spectral beeches;  
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
Home's whitewashed wall and painted floor,  
And young eyes widening to the lore  
Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain  
Which lights that holy hearth again,  
And calling back from care and pain,  
And death's funereal sadness,  
Draws round its old familiar blaze  
The clustering groups of happier days,  
And lends to sober manhood's gaze  
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been  
A weary work of tongue and pen,

A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men,  
Thou wilt not chide my turning  
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,  
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,  
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,  
For the sweet bells of Morning!

## AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL."

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,  
"An emblem of myself thou art;"  
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,  
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams  
Of warmer sun and softer rain,  
And wait to hear the sound of streams  
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn,  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

## CALEF IN BOSTON.

1862.

IN the solemn days of old,  
Two men met in Boston town,  
One a tradesman frank and bold,  
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone,—  
"Poisoner of the wells of truth!  
Satan's hireling, thou has sown  
With his tares the heart of youth!"

Spake the simple tradesman then,—  
"God be judge 'twixt thou and I;  
All thou knowest of truth hath been  
Unto men like thee a lie.

"Falsehoods which we spurn to-day  
Were the truths of long ago;  
Let the dead boughs fall away,  
Fresher shall the living grow.

"God is good and God is light,  
In this faith I rest secure;  
Evil can but serve the right,  
Over all shall love endure.

"Of your spectral puppet play  
I have traced the cunning wires;  
Come what will, I needs must say,  
God is true, and ye are liars."

When the thought of man is free,  
Error fears its lightest tones;  
So the priest cried, "Sadducee!"  
And the people took up stones.



In the ancient burying-ground,  
Side by side the twain now lie,—  
One with humble grassy mound,  
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed  
Which that tradesman scattered then,  
And the preacher's spectral creed  
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known  
Perfect love which casts out fear,  
While the other's joys atone  
For the wrong he suffered here.

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TO PIUS IX.<sup>50</sup>

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold;  
No red shell blazes down the air;  
And street and tower, and temple old,  
Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay,—  
Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain;  
The ravens scattered by the day  
Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France  
Are treading on the neck of Rome,  
Hider at Gaeta,—seize thy chance!  
Coward and cruel, come!

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt;  
Thy mummer's part was acted well,  
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,  
Before thy crusade fell!

Her death-groans answered to thy prayer;  
Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call;  
Thy lights, the burning villa's glare;  
Thy beads, the shell and ball!

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands  
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,  
And Naples, with his dastard bands  
Of murderers, lead thee back!

Rome's lips are dumb; the orphan's wail,  
The mother's shriek, thou may'st not hear  
Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,  
The unsexed shaveling's cheer!

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,  
The double curse of crook and crown,  
Though woman's scorn and manhood's hate  
From wall and roof flash down!

Nor heed those blood-stains on the wall,  
Not Tiber's flood can wash away,  
Where, in thy stately Quirinal,  
Thy mangled victims lay!

Let the world murmur; let its cry  
Of horror and disgust be heard;—  
Truth stands alone; thy coward lie  
Is backed by lance and sword!

The cannon of St. Angelo,  
And chanting priest and clanging bell,  
And beat of drum and bugle blow,  
Shall greet thy coming well!

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves  
Fit welcome give thee;—for her part,  
Rome, frowning o'er her new-made graves,  
Shall curse thee from her heart!

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers  
Shall childhood in thy pathway fling;  
No garlands from their ravaged bowers  
Shall Terni's maidens bring;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,  
The mocking witness of his crime,  
In thee shall loathing eyes behold  
The Nero of our time!

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,  
Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call  
Its curses on the patriot dead,  
Its blessings on the Gaul!

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,  
A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,  
Whom even its worshippers despise,—  
Unhonored, unrevered!

Yet, Scandal of the World! from thee  
One needful truth mankind shall learn,—  
That kings and priests to Liberty  
And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them; and the long  
Meek sufferance of the Heavens doth fail;  
Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong  
Wake, struggle, and prevail!

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled  
To feed the Crozier and the Crown,  
If, roused thereby, the world shall tread  
The twin-born vampires down!

---

ELLIOTT.<sup>51</sup>

HANDS off! thou tithe-fat plunderer! play  
No trick of priestcraft here!  
Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay  
A hand on Elliott's bier?  
Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,  
Beneath his feet he trod:  
He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered thought  
Which England's millions feel,  
A fierce and fearful splendor caught,  
As from his forge the steel.  
Strong-armed as Thor,—a shower of fire  
His smitten anvil flung;  
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire,—  
He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands  
Bear up the mighty dead,  
And labor's swart and stalwart bands  
Behind as mourners tread.  
Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,  
Leave rank its minster floor;  
Give England's green and daisied grounds  
The poet of the poor!

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge  
That brave old heart of oak,  
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,  
And pall of furnace smoke!  
Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,  
And axe and sledge are swung,  
And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
His stormy lays are sung.

There let the peasant's step be heard,  
The grinder chant his rhyme;  
Nor patron's praise nor dainty word  
Befits the man or time.  
No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh  
For him whose words were bread,—  
The Runic rhyme and spell whereby  
The foodless poor were fed!

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,  
O England, as thou wilt!  
With pomp to nameless worth denied  
Emblazon titled guilt!  
No part or lot in these we claim;  
But, o'er the sounding wave,  
A common right to Elliott's name,  
A freehold in his grave!

### ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
Forevermore!

Reville him not,—the Tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
Save power remains,—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!

### THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.<sup>52</sup>

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest  
Goaded from shore to shore;  
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic quest,  
The leaves of empire o'er.  
Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts  
The love of man and God,  
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient marts,  
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine  
In the night sun are cast,  
And the deep heart of many a Norland mine  
Quakes at each riving blast;  
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa stands,  
A baptised Scythian queen,  
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled hands,  
The North and East between!

Where still, through vales of Grecian fable, stray  
The classic forms of yore,  
And beauty smiles, new risen from the spray,  
And Dian weeps once more;  
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart resounds;  
And Stamboul from the sea  
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds  
Black with the cypress-tree!

From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,  
Following the track of Paul,  
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's  
home  
Their vast, eternal wall;  
They paused not by the ruins of old time,  
They scanned no pictures rare,  
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains  
climb  
The cold abyss of air!

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,  
To haunts where Hunger pined,  
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains  
And wants of human-kind,  
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds of good,  
Along their way, like flowers,  
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only could,  
With princes and with powers;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil  
Of Truth, from day to day,  
Simply obedient to its guiding will,  
They held their pilgrim way.  
Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and old  
Were wasted on their sight,  
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold  
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards blown  
From off the Cyprian shore,  
Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone,  
That man they valued more.  
A life of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought;  
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies  
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,  
The singing waters run;  
And sunset mountains wear in light above  
The smile of duty done;  
Sure stands the promise,—ever to the meek  
A heritage is given;  
Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted, seek  
The righteousness of Heaven!

### THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast!  
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,  
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving heart,  
Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past,  
By the great Future's dazzling hope made blind  
To all the beauty, power, and truth behind.  
Not without reverent awe shouldst thou put by  
The cypress branches and the amaranth blooms,  
Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon  
their tombs



The effigies of old confessors lie,  
 God's witnesses; the voices of his will,  
 Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!  
 Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,  
 Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went  
 down;  
 Such from the terrors of the guilty drew  
 The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore  
 In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade, of old, the  
 sale

Of men as slaves, and from the sacred pale  
 Hurl'd the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.  
 To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate  
 St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate,—  
 Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,  
 Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.  
 "MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEMPLES!" he  
 replied

To such as came his holy work to chide.  
 And brave Cæsius, stripping altars bare,  
 And coming from the Abbey's golden hoard  
 The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer  
 Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord  
 Stifled their love of man,—“An earthen dish  
 The last sad supper of the Master bore:  
 Most miserable sinners! do ye wish  
 More than your Lord, and grudge his dying  
 poor

What your own pride and not his need requires?  
 Souls, than these shining gauds, he values  
 more;

Mercy, not sacrifice, his heart desires!"  
 O faithful worthies! resting far behind  
 In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,  
 Much has been done for truth and human-kind,—  
 Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped blind;  
 Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap  
 Through peoples driven in your day like sheep;  
 Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,  
 Though widening still, is walled around by night;  
 With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has read,  
 Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its Head;  
 Counting, too oft, its living members less  
 Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's dress;  
 World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed  
 Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter need,  
 Instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed;  
 Sect builds and worships where its wealth and  
 pride

And vanity stand shined and deified,  
 Careless that in the shadow of its walls  
 God's living temple into ruin falls.  
 We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,  
 Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,  
 To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod  
 The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,  
 Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,  
 And startling tyrants with the fear of hell!  
 Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless  
 well;

But to rebuke the age's popular crime,  
 We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old  
 time!

## THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, O Paris! doth the stain  
 Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;  
 Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins through,  
 And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,  
 When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread,  
 At a crowned murderer's beck of license, fed  
 The yawning trenches with her noble dead;  
 Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately halls

The shell goes crashing and the red shot falls,  
 And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's  
 side,  
 The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearman ride;  
 Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow  
 Melts round the cornfields and the vines below,  
 The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball for ball,  
 Flames in the breach of Moultan's shattered  
 wall;

On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,  
 And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.  
 "What folly, then," the faithless critic cries,  
 With sneering lip, and wise world-knowing eyes,  
 "While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat  
 The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,  
 And round the green earth, to the church-bell's  
 chime,

The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,  
 To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,  
 Of swords to ploughshares changed by Scriptural  
 charms,

Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,  
 Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,  
 Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call,—  
 The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,  
 The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,  
 The Yankee swaggering with his bowie-knife,  
 The Russ, from banquets with the vulture  
 shared,

The blood still dripping from his amber beard,  
 Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear  
 The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer;  
 Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,  
 Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,  
 To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,  
 For tea and gossip, like old country dames!  
 No! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,  
 Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,  
 Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,  
 And Burritt, stammering through his hundred  
 tongues,

Repeat, in all, his ghastly lessons o'er,  
 'Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar;  
 Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade  
 Of "Olive-leaves" and Resolutions made;  
 Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts, and  
 hope

To capsize navies with a windy trope;  
 Still shall the glory and the pomp of War  
 Along their train the shouting millions draw;  
 Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave  
 His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave;  
 Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,  
 Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong;  
 Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,  
 O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,  
 To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove  
 Their trade accordant with the Law of Love;  
 And Church for State, and State for Church,  
 shall fight,

And both agree, that Might alone is Right!"  
 Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,  
 Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,  
 Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,  
 And o'er the present wilderness of crime  
 Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,  
 Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams be-  
 tween,—

Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,  
 Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head:  
 No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,  
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer;  
 Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,  
 Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall  
 cease,  
 Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;  
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,  
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,

Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,  
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.  
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,  
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,  
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,  
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!  
Through the mad discord send that calming  
word

Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard,  
Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the Sword!  
Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,  
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,  
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and  
calm

On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.  
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have  
trod,

The great hope resting on the truth of God,—  
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,  
And the tired world breathe free through a long  
Sabbath day.

1th mo., 1848.

### THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary frame;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled,—  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,—  
O, sweet, fond dream of human Love!  
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known,—  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our Life and Death;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I soan,  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see,  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day!

### OUR STATE.

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,  
The prairied West its heavy grain,  
And sunset's radiant gates unfold  
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State  
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;

Her yellow sands are sands alone,  
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn frost to April rain,  
Too long her winter woods complain;  
From budding flower to falling leaf,  
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,  
Are wintry hills, the school-house stands,  
And what her rugged soil denies,  
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,  
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;  
And still maintains, with milder laws,  
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,  
While near her school the church-spire stands;  
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,  
While near her church-spire stands the school.

### ALL'S WELL

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake  
Our thirsty souls with rain;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain;  
And wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.  
As through the shadowy lens of even  
The eye looks farthest into heaven  
On gleams of star and depths of blue  
The glaring sunshine never knew!

### SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,  
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,  
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast  
The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
And trust to warmer sun and rain  
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?  
Who deems it not its own reward?  
Who, for its trials, counts it less  
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain and the noonday shade.



And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

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TO A. K.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green, tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool still coral bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,  
God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep;  
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude  
With fairest forms and hues, and thus  
Forever teaching us  
The lesson which the many-colored skies,  
The flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that  
flings  
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
The brightness of the human countenance,  
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,  
Forevermore repeat,  
In varied tones and sweet,  
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom  
The sunset hues of Time are cast,  
Painting, upon the overpast  
And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow  
The promise of a fairer morrow,  
An earnest of the better life to come;  
The binding of the spirit broken,  
The warning to the erring spoken,  
The comfort of the sad,  
The eye to see, the hand to cull

Of common things the beautiful,  
The absent heart made glad  
By simple gift or graceful token  
Of love it needs as daily food,  
All own one Source, and all are good!  
Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,  
Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,  
And toss their gifts of weed and shell  
From foamy curve and combing swell,  
No unbefitting task was thine  
To weave these flowers so soft and fair  
In unison with His design  
Who loveth beauty everywhere;  
And makes in every zone and clime,  
In ocean and in upper air,  
"All things beautiful in their time."

For not alone in tones of awe and power  
He speaks to man;  
The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower  
His rainbows span;  
And where the caravan  
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air  
The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,  
He gives the weary eye  
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,  
And on its branches dry  
Calls out the acacia's flowers;  
And where the dark shaft pierces down  
Beneath the mountain roots,  
Seen by the miner's lamp alone,  
The star-like crystal shoots;  
So, where, the winds and waves below,  
The coral-branched gardens grow,  
His climbing weeds and mosses show,  
Like foliage, on each stony bough,  
Of varied hues more strangely gay  
Than forest leaves in autumn's day;—  
Thus evermore,  
On sky, and wave, and shore,  
An all-pervading beauty seems to say:  
God's love and power are one; and they,  
Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,  
Smite to restore,  
And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift  
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift  
Their perfume on the air,  
Alike may serve Him, each, with their own gift,  
Making their lives a prayer!

## THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS,

### AND OTHER POEMS.

1852.

#### THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

"I do believe, and yet, in grief,  
I pray for help to unbelief;  
For needful strength aside to lay  
The daily cumberings of my way.

"I'm sick at heart of craft and cant,  
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,  
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,  
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

"I ponder o'er the sacred word,  
I read the record of our Lord;  
And, weak and troubled, envy them  
Who touched his seamless garment's hem;—

"Who saw the tears of love he wept  
Above the grave where Lazarus slept;  
And heard, amidst the shadows dim  
Of Olivet, his evening hymn.

"How blessed the swineherd's low estate,  
The beggar crouching at the gate,  
The leper loathly and abhorred,  
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!

"O sacred soil his sandals pressed!  
Sweet fountains of his noonday rest!  
O light and air of Palestine,  
Impregnate with his life divine!

"O, bear me thither! Let me look  
On Siloa's pool, and Kedron's brook,—

Kneel at Gethsemane, and by  
Gennesaret walk, before I die !

"Methinks this cold and northern night  
Would melt before that Orient light ;  
And, wet by Hermon's dew and rain,  
My childhood's faith revive again !"

So spake my friend, one autumn day,  
Where the still river slid away  
Beneath us, and above the brown  
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook  
The mute appealing of his look,—  
"I, too, am weak, and faith is small,  
And blindness happeneth unto all.

"Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right ;  
And, step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man ;

"That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,—  
Our common daily life divine  
And every land a Palestine.

"Thou weariest of thy present state ;  
What gain to thee time's holiest date ?  
The doubter now perchance had been  
As High Priest or as Pilate then !

"What thought Chorazin's scribes ? What faith  
In Him had Nain and Nazareth ?  
Of the few followers whom He led  
One sold him,—all forsook and fled.

"O friend ! we need nor rock nor sand,  
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land ;  
The heavens are glassed in Merrimack,—  
What more could Jordan render back ?

"We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here ;—  
The still small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

"For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold ;—  
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves,  
With roots deep set in battle graves !

"Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

"That song of Love, now low and far,  
Erelong shall swell from star to star !  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spired Apocalypse !"

Then, when my good friend shook his head,  
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :  
"Thou mind'st me of a story told  
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold." <sup>53</sup>

And while the slanted sunbeams wove  
The shadows of the frost-stained grove,  
And, picturing all, the river ran  
O'er cloud and wood, I thus began :

In Mount Valerien's chestnut wood  
The Chapel of the Hermits stood ;  
And thither, at the close of day,  
Came two old pilgrims, worn and gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied  
The storms of Baikal's wintry side,  
And mused and dreamed where tropic day  
Flamed o'er his lost Virginia's bay.

His simple tale of love and woe  
All hearts had melted, high or low ;—  
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,  
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charmed page  
Beat quick the young heart of his age,  
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,  
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.

A homeless, troubled age,—the gray  
Pale setting of a weary day ;  
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,  
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept ;  
Yet still his heart its young dream kept,  
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,  
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more  
The peasant's welcome from his door  
By smiling eyes at eventide,  
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,  
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,  
And gave to him the golden keys  
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim !  
She laid her great heart bare to him,  
Its loves and sweet accords ;—he saw  
The beauty of her perfect law.

The language of her signs he knew,  
What notes her cloudy clarion blew ;  
The rhythm of autumn's forest dyes,  
The hymn of sunset's painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song  
Which swept, of old, the stars along ;  
And to his eyes the earth once more  
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer air,  
And field and wood, a balm for care ;  
And bathed in light of sunset skies  
His tortured nerves and weary eyes ?

His fame on all the winds had flown ;  
His words had shaken crypt and throne ;  
Like fire, on camp and court and cell  
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below  
The mitred juggler's masque and show,  
A prophecy—a vague hope—ran  
His burning thought from man to man

For peace or rest too well he saw  
The fraud of priests, the wrong of law,  
And felt how hard, between the two,  
Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,  
The weakness of an unweaned child,  
A sun-bright hope for human-kind,  
And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true  
To half the glorious truths he knew ;  
The doubt, the discord, and the sin,  
He mourned without, he felt within.



Untrod by him the path he showed,  
Sweet pictures on his easel glowed  
Of simple faith, and loves of home,  
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made  
The foil to all his pen portrayed;  
Still, where his dreamy splendors shone,  
The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at times,  
Up to thy sevenfold brightness climbs,  
While still his grosser instinct clings  
To earth, like other creeping things!

So rich in words, in acts so mean;  
So high, so low; chance-swung between  
The foulness of the penal pit  
And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit!

Vain pride of star-lent genius!—vain  
Quick fancy and creative brain,  
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,  
Absurdly great, or weakly wise!

Midst yearnings for a truer life,  
Without were fears, within was strife;  
And still his wayward act denied  
The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned;  
The flame that crowned him scorched and burned,  
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone,—  
A fire-mountain in a frozen zone!

Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed,<sup>64</sup>  
Seen southward from his sleety mast,  
About whose brows of changeless frost  
A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played  
Of lambent light and purple shade,  
Lost on the fixed and dumb despair  
Of frozen earth and sea and air!

A man apart, unknown, unloved  
By those whose wrongs his soul had moved,  
He bore the ban of Church and State,  
The good man's fear, the bigot's hate!

Forth from the city's noise and throng,  
Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,  
The twain that summer day had strayed  
To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the wood  
Lent something of their quietude,  
And golden-tinted sunset seemed  
Prophetical of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares  
The bell was calling home to prayers,  
And, listening to its sound, the twain  
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust again.

Wide open stood the chapel door;  
A sweet old music, swelling o'er  
Low prayerful murmurs, issued thence,—  
The Litanies of Providence!

Then Rousseau spake: "Where two or three  
In His name meet, He there will be!"  
And then, in silence, on their knees  
They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

As to the blind returning light,  
As daybreak to the Arctic night,  
Old faith revived: the doubts of years  
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,  
"Ah me!" Bernardin sighed at last,  
"I would thy bitterest foes could see  
Thy heart as it is seen of me!

"No church of God hast thou denied;  
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside  
A base and hollow counterfeit,  
Profaning the pure name of it!

"With dry dead moss and marish weeds  
His fire the western herdsman feeds,  
And greener from the ashen plain  
The sweet spring grasses rise again.

"Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind  
Disturb the solid sky behind;  
And through the cloud the red bolt rends  
The calm, still smile of Heaven descends!

"Thus through the world, like bolt and blast,  
And scourging fire, thy words have passed.  
Clouds break,—the steadfast heavens remain;  
Weeds burn,—the ashes feed the grain!

"But whoso strives with wrong may find  
Its touch pollute, its darkness blind;  
And learn, as latent fraud is shown  
In others' faith, to doubt his own.

"With dream and falsehood, simple trust  
And pious hope we tread in dust;  
Lost the calm faith in goodness,—lost  
The baptism of the Pentecost!

"Alas!—the blows for error meant  
Too oft on truth itself are spent,  
As through the false and vile and base  
Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

"Not ours the Theban's charmed life;  
We come not scathless from the strife!  
The Python's coil about us clings,  
The trampled Hydra bites and stings!

"Meanwhile, the sport of seeming chance,  
The plastic shapes of circumstance,  
What might have been we fondly guess,  
If earlier born, or tempted less.

"And thou, in these wild, troubled days,  
Misjudged alike in blame and praise,  
Unsought and undeserved the same  
The sceptic's praise, the bigot's blame;—

"I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been  
Among the highly favored men  
Who walked on earth with Fenelon,  
He would have owned thee as his son;

"And, bright with wings of cherubim  
Visibly waving over him,  
Seen through his life, the Church had seemed  
All that its old confessors dreamed.

"I would have been," Jean Jaques replied,  
"The humblest servant at his side,  
Obscure, unknown, content to see  
How beautiful man's life may be!

"O, more than thrice-blest relic, more  
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,  
The holy life of one who trod  
The foot-marks of the Christ of God!

"Amidst a blinded world he saw  
The oneness of the Dual law;  
That Heaven's sweet peace on Earth began,  
And God was loved through love of man.

"He lived the Truth which reconciled  
The strong man Reason, Faith the child:  
In him belief and act were one,  
The homilies of duty done!"

So speaking, through the twilight gray  
The two old pilgrims went their way.  
What seeds of life that day were sown  
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold  
Green Summer in her brown and gold;  
Time passed, and Winter's tears of snow  
Dropped on the grave-mound of Rousseau.

"The tree remaineth where it fell,  
The pained on earth is pained in hell!"  
So priestcraft from its altars cursed  
The mournful doubts its falsehood nursed.

Ah! well of old the Psalmist prayed,  
"Thy hand, not man's, on me be laid!"  
Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps above,  
And man is hate, but God is love!

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,  
Nor chapel with its chestnut-trees;  
A morning dream, a tale that's told,  
The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day;  
And from its twilight cool and gray  
Comes up a low, sad whisper, "Make  
The truth thine own, for truth's own sake.

"Why wait to see in thy brief span  
Its perfect flower and fruit in man?  
No saintly touch can save; no balm  
Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

"Midst soulless forms, and false pretence  
Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,  
A voice saith, 'What is that to thee?  
Be true thyself, and follow Me!'

"In days when throne and altar heard  
The wanton's wish, the bigot's word,  
And pomp of state and ritual show  
Scarce hid the loathsome death below,—

"Midst fawning priests and courtiers foul,  
The losel swarm of crown and cowl,  
White-robed walked François Fenelon,  
Stainless as Uriel in the sun!

"Yet in his time the stake blazed red,  
The poor were eaten up like bread;  
Men knew him not: his garment's hem  
No healing virtue had for them.

"Alas! no present saint we find;  
The white cymar gleams far behind,  
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,  
Through telescopic mists of time!

"Trust not in man with passing breath,  
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith;  
The truth which saves thou mayst not blend  
With false professor, faithless friend.

"Search thine own heart. What paineth thee  
In others in thyself may be;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

"Where now with pain thou treadest, trod  
The whitest of the saints of God!  
To show thee where their feet were set,  
The light which led them shineth yet.

"The footprints of the life divine,  
Which marked their path, remain in thine;  
And that great Life, transfused in theirs,  
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers!"

A lesson which I well may heed,  
A word of fitness to my need;  
So from that twilight cool and gray  
Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,  
While down the west the sunset burned;  
And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide,  
And human forms seemed glorified.

The village homes transfigured stood,  
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood  
Across the waters leaned to hold  
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend: "Thy words are true;  
Forever old, forever new,  
These home-seen splendors are the same  
Which over Eden's sunsets came.

"To these bowed heavens let wood and hill  
Lift voiceless praise and anthem still;  
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,  
Light of the New Jerusalem!

"Flow on, sweet river, like the stream  
Of John's Apocalyptic dream!  
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,  
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee!

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now and here and everywhere."



# MISCELLANEOUS.

## QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer and said,  
"Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and think-  
est thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?"

Then said I, "Yea, my Lord."

Then said he unto me, "Go thy way, weigh me the  
weight of the fire or measure me the blast of the wind,  
or call me again the day that is past."—2 *Esdras*, chap.  
iv.

A BENDING staff I would not break,  
A feeble faith I would not shake,  
Nor even rashly pluck away  
The error which some truth may stay,  
Whose loss might leave the soul without  
A shield against the shafts of doubt.  
And yet, at times, when over all  
A darker mystery seems to fall,  
(May God forgive the child of dust,  
Who seeks to *know*, where Faith should *trust*!)  
I raise the questions, old and dark,  
Of Uzdum's tempted patriarch,  
And, speech-confounded, build again  
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am : how little more I know !  
Whence came I ? Whither do I go ?  
A centred self, which feels and is ;  
A cry between the silences ;  
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife  
With sunshine on the hills of life ;  
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast  
Into the Future from the Past ;  
Between the cradle and the shroud,  
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Thorough the vastness, arching all,  
I see the great stars rise and fall,  
The rounding seasons come and go,  
The tided oceans ebb and flow ;  
The tokens of a central force,  
Whose circles, in their widening course,  
Overlap and move the universe ;  
The workings of the law whence springs  
The rhythmic harmony of things,  
Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,  
And orbs in heaven the morning star.  
Of all I see, in earth and sky,—  
Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part have I ?  
This conscious life,—is it the same  
Which thrills the universal frame,  
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,  
And mounts the sap from forest roots,  
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells  
When Spring makes green her native dells ?  
How feels the stone the pang of birth,  
Which brings its sparkling prism forth ?  
The forest-tree the throb which gives  
The life-blood to its new-born leaves ?  
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,  
Life's many-folded mystery,—  
The wonder which it is to BE ?  
Or stand I severed and distinct,  
From Nature's chain of life unlinked ?  
Allied to all, yet not the less  
Prisoned in separate consciousness,  
Alone o'erburdened with a sense  
Of life, and cause, and consequence ?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds  
The riddle of her sights and sounds ;  
Back still the vaulted mystery gives  
The echoed question it receives.  
What sings the brook ? What oracle  
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell ?  
What may the wind's low burden be ?  
The meaning of the moaning sea ?  
The hieroglyphics of the stars ?  
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars ?  
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill  
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,  
I ask the stylus and the pen ;  
What sang the bards of old ! What meant  
The prophets of the Orient ?  
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid  
In painted tomb and pyramid ?  
What mean Idúmea's arrowy lines,  
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs ?  
How speaks the primal thought of man  
From the grim carvings of Copan ?  
Where rests the secret ? Where the keys  
Of the old death-bolted mysteries ?  
Alas ! the dead retain their trust ;  
Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,  
Unanswered the eternal quest ;  
I gather up the scattered rays  
Of wisdom in the early days,  
Faint gleams and broken, like the light  
Of meteors in a northern night,  
Betraying to the darkling earth  
The unseen sun which gave them birth ;  
I listen to the sibyl's chant,  
The voice of priest and hierophant ;  
I know what Indian Kreeshna saith,  
And what of life and what of death  
The demon taught to Socrates ;  
And what, beneath his garden-trees  
Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,  
The solemn-thoughted Plato said ;  
Nor lack I tokens, great or small,  
Of God's clear light in each and all,  
While holding with more dear regard  
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,  
The starry pages promise-lit  
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,  
Thy miracle of life and death,  
O holy one of Nazareth !

On Aztec ruins, gray and lone,  
The circling serpent coils in stone,—  
Type of the endless and unknown ;  
Whereof we seek the clew to find,  
With groping fingers of the blind !  
Forever sought, and never found,  
We trace that serpent-symbol round  
Our resting-place, our starting bound !  
O thriftlessness of dream and guess !  
O wisdom which is foolishness !  
Why idly seek from outward things  
The answer inward silence brings ;  
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere  
And age, for that which lies so near ?  
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,  
A nearer view of heaven to gain ?  
In lowliest depths of bosky dells

The hermit Contemplation dwells.  
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,  
And lotus-twined his silent feet,  
Whence, piercing heaven, with screened sight,  
He sees at noon the stars, whose light  
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego ;  
Enough for me to feel and know  
That He in whom the cause and end,  
The past and future, meet and blend,—  
Who, girt with his immensities,  
Our vast and star-hung system sees,  
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—  
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,  
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,  
Guards not archangel feet alone,  
But deigns to guide and keep my own ;  
Speaks not alone the words of fate  
Which worlds destroy, and worlds create,  
But whispers in my spirit's ear,  
In tones of love, or warning fear,  
A language none beside may hear.

To Him, from wanderings long and wild,  
I come, an over-wearied child,  
In cool and shade his peace to find,  
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.  
Assured that all I know is best,  
And humbly trusting for the rest,  
I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,  
Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream  
Of power, impersonal and cold,  
Controlling all, itself controlled,  
Maker and slave of iron laws,  
Alike the subject and the cause ;  
From vain philosophies, that try  
The sevenfold gates of mystery,  
And, baffled ever, babble still,  
Word-prodigal of fate and will ;  
From Nature, and her mockery, Art,  
And book and speech of men apart,  
To the still witness in my heart ;  
With reverence waiting to behold  
His Avatâr of love untold,  
The Eternal Beauty new and old !

### THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims bound  
In Naples, dying for the lack of air  
And sunshine, in their close, damp cells of pain,  
Where hope is not, and innocence in vain  
Appeals against the torture and the chain !  
Unfortunates ! whose crime it was to share  
Our common love of freedom, and to dare,  
In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-crowned,  
And her base pander, the most hateful thing  
Who upon Christian or on Pagan ground  
Makes vile the old heroic name of king.  
O God most merciful ! Father just and kind !  
Whom man hath bound let thy right hand unbind.  
Or, if thy purposes of good behind  
Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers find  
Strong consolations ; leave them not to doubt  
Thy providential care, nor yet without  
The hope which all thy attributes inspire,  
That not in vain the martyr's robe of fire  
Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting chain ;  
Since all who suffer for thy truth send forth,  
Electrical, with every throb of pain,  
Unquenchable sparks, thy own baptismal rain  
Of fire and spirit over all the earth,  
Making the dead in slavery live again.  
Let this great hope be with them, as they lie  
Shut from the light, the greenness, and the sky,—

From the cool waters and the pleasant breeze,  
The smell of flowers, and shade of summer trees ;  
Bound with the felon lepers, whom disease  
And sins abhorred make loathsome ; let them  
share  
Pellico's faith, Foresti's strength to bear  
Years of unutterable torment, stern and still,  
As the chained Titan victor through his will !  
Comfort them with thy future ; let them see  
The day-dawn of Italian liberty ;  
For that, with all good things, is hid with Thee,  
And, perfect in thy thought, awaits its time to  
be !

I, who have spoken for freedom at the cost  
Of some weak friendships, or some paltry prize  
Of name or place, and more than I have lost  
Have gained in wider reach of sympathies,  
And free communion with the good and wise,  
May God forbid that I should ever boast  
Such easy self-denial, or repine  
That the strong pulse of health no more is mine ;  
That, overborn at noonday, I must yield  
To other hands the gleanings of the field,—  
A tired on-looker through the day's decline.  
For blest beyond deserving still, and knowing  
That kindly Providence its care is showing  
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,  
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray.  
Beautiful yet for me this autumn day  
Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far away,  
For me the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,  
To me the pine-woods whisper ; and for me  
Yon river, winding through its vales of calm,  
By greenest banks, with asters purple-starred,  
And gentian bloom and golden-rod made gay,  
Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,  
Like a pure spirit to its great reward !

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,  
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,  
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts to me  
What shall I render, O my God, to thee ?  
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share  
Of pain and ill that human life must bear ;  
Save me from selfish pining ; let my heart,  
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget  
The bitter longings of a vain regret,  
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.  
Remembering others, as I have to-day,  
In their great sorrows, let me live alway  
Not for myself alone, but have a part,  
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,  
In love which is of Thee, and which indeed Thou  
art !

### MOLOCH IN STATE STREET.

THE moon has set : while yet the dawn  
Breaks cold and gray,  
Between the midnight and the morn  
Bear off your prey !

On, swift and still !—the conscious street  
Is panged and stirred ;  
Tread light !—that fall of serried feet  
The dead have heard !

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins  
Gushed where ye tread ;  
Lo ! through the dusk the martyr-stains  
Blush darkly red !

Beneath the slowly waning stars  
And whitening day,  
What stern and awful presence bars  
That sacred way ?



What faces frown upon ye, dark  
 With shame and pain?  
 Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim bark  
 Is that young Vane?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on  
 With mocking cheer?  
 Lo! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,  
 And Gage are here!

For ready mart or favoring blast  
 Through Moloch's fire  
 Flesh of his flesh, unsparring, passed  
 The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice  
 Of Man to Gain,  
 Your traffic thrives, where Freedom dies,  
 Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day, your harvest, scorn  
 And hate, is near;  
 How think ye freemen, mountain-born,  
 The tale will hear?

Thank God! our mother State can yet  
 Her fame retrieve;  
 To you and to your children let  
 The scandal cleave,

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and Press,  
 Make gods of gold;  
 Let honor, truth, and manliness  
 Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are strong,  
 But God is just;  
 The gilded chambers built by Wrong  
 Invite the rust.

What! know ye not the gains of Crime  
 Are dust and dross;  
 Its ventures on the waves of time  
 Foredoomed to loss!

And still the Pilgrim State remains  
 What she hath been;  
 Her inland hills, her seaward plains,  
 Still nurture men!

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart,—  
 Her olden blood  
 Through many a free and generous heart  
 Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing yet,  
 Shall know no check,  
 Till a free people's foot is set  
 On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,  
 And hills aflame,  
 Tell of the first great triumph won  
 In Freedom's name.<sup>55</sup>

The long night dies: the welcome gray  
 Of dawn we see;  
 Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,  
 God of the free!

1851.

### THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

1852.

"GREAT peace in Europe! Order reigns  
 From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains!"<sup>56</sup>  
 So say her kings and priests; so say  
 The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear;  
 The tramp of measured marches hear,—  
 The rolling of the cannon's wheel,  
 The shotted musket's murderous peal,  
 The night alarm, the sentry's call,  
 The quick-eared spy in hut and hall!  
 From Polar sea and tropic fen  
 The dying-groans of exiled men!  
 The bolted cell, the galley's chains,  
 The scaffold smoking with its stains!  
 Order,—the hush of brooding slaves!  
 Peace,—in the dungeon-vaults and graves!

O Fisher! of the world-wide net,  
 With meshes in all waters set,  
 Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell  
 Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell,  
 And open wide the banquet-hall,  
 Where kings and priests hold carnival!  
 Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,  
 Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies;  
 Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,  
 Barnacle on his dead renown!  
 Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,  
 Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man;  
 And thou, fell Spider of the North!  
 Stretching thy giant feelers forth,  
 Within whose web the freedom dies  
 Of nations eaten up like flies!  
 Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar!  
 If this be Peace, pray what is War?

White Angel of the Lord! unmeet  
 That soil accursed for thy pure feet.  
 Never in Slavery's desert flows  
 The fountain of thy charmed repose;  
 No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves  
 Of lilies and of olive-leaves;  
 Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,  
 Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;  
 Thy home is with the pure and free!  
 Stern herald of thy better day,  
 Before thee, to prepare thy way,  
 The Baptist Shade of Liberty,  
 Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must press  
 With bleeding feet the wilderness!  
 O that its voice might pierce the ear  
 Of princes, trembling while they hear  
 A cry as of the Hebrew seer:  
 Repent! God's kingdom draweth near!

### WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS MEMOIRS.

DEAR friends, who read the world aright,  
 And in its common forms discern  
 A beauty and a harmony  
 The many never learn!

Kindred in soul of him who found  
 In simple flower and leaf and stone  
 The impulse of the sweetest lays  
 Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life  
 As sweet and pure, as calm and good,  
 As a long day of blandest June  
 In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained  
 By strife of sect and party noise,  
 The brook-like murmur of his song  
 Of nature's simple joys!

The violet by its mossy stone,  
The primrose by the river's brim,  
And chance-sown daffodil, have found  
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales  
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand; the works of pride  
And human passion change and fall;  
But that which shares the life of God  
With him surviveth all.

### TO ———.

#### LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER DAY'S EXCURSION.

FAIR Nature's priestesses! to whom,  
In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,  
Her mysteries are told;  
Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,  
The seasons' pictured scrolls can read,  
In lessons manifold!

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay  
Good-humor, which on Washing Day  
Our ill-timed visit bore;  
Thanks for your graceful oars, which broke  
The morning dreams of Artichoke,  
Along his wooded shore!

Varied as varying Nature's ways,  
Sprites of the river, woodland fays,  
Or mountain nymphs, ye seem;  
Free-limbed Dianas on the green,  
Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,  
Upon your favorite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,  
The fair benignities of old,  
Were doubtless such as you;  
What more than Artichoke the rill  
Of Helicon? Than Pipe-stave hill  
Arcadia's mountain-view?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,  
In wild Hymettus' scented shade,  
Than those you dwell among;  
Snow-flowered azalias, intertwined  
With roses, over banks inclined  
With trembling harebells hung!

A charmed life unknown to death,  
Immortal freshness Nature hath;  
Her fabled fount and glen  
Are now and here: Dodona's shrine  
Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine,—  
All is that e'er hath been.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome  
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home;  
We need but eye and ear  
In all our daily walks to trace  
The outlines of incarnate grace,  
The hymns of gods to hear!

### IN PEACE.

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake,  
Whose small waves on a silver-sanded shore  
Whisper of peace, and with the low winds make  
Such harmonies as keep the woods awake,

And listening all night long for their sweet sake;  
A green-waved slope of meadow, hovered o'er  
By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light  
On viewless stems, with folded wings of white;  
A slumberous stretch of mountain-land, far seen  
Where the low westerling day, with gold and green,  
Purple and amber, softly blended, fills  
The wooded vales, and melts among the hills;  
A vine-fringed river, winding to its rest  
On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,  
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,  
With earthly flowers and heavenly stars im-  
pressed,

The hues of time and of eternity;  
Such are the pictures which the thought of thee,  
O friend, awakeneth,—charming the keen pain  
Of thy departure, and our sense of loss  
Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.

Lo! on the quiet grave thy life-borne cross,  
Dropped only at its side, methinks doth shine,  
Of thy beatitude the radiant sign!

No sob of grief, no wild lament be there,  
To break the Sabbath of the holy air;  
But, in their stead, the silent-breathing prayer  
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine.

O spirit redeemed! Forgive us, if henceforth,  
With sweet and pure similitudes of earth,

We keep thy pleasant memory freshly green,  
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,

Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is seen  
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,  
With pencil dipped alone in colors of the heart.

### BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine,—  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need?



God's love,—unchanging, pure, and true,—  
The Paraclete white-shining through  
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

## PICTURES.

## I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and  
o'er all

Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down  
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed town.  
The freshening meadows, and the hillsides  
brown ;

Voice of the west-wind from the hills of  
pine,

And the brimmed river from its distant fall,

Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude  
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood,—  
Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,  
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,

Attendant angels to the house of prayer,

With reverent footsteps keeping pace with  
mine,—

Once more, through God's great love, with you I  
share

A morn of resurrection sweet and fair

As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,  
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom  
From the dark night and winter of the tomb !

5th mo., 2d, 1852.

## II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway  
winds

Before me ; dust is on the shrunken grass,  
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass ;  
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,  
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,

While mounting with his dog-star high and  
higher

Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds

The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.

Between me and the hot fields of his South  
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-mouth,  
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,

As if the burning arrows of his ire

Broke as they fell, and shattered into light ;

Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,

And hear it telling to the orchard trees,

And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,

Tales of fair meadows, green with constant  
streams,

And mountains rising blue and cool behind,

Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,

And starred with white the virgin's bower is  
twined.

So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares

Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,

Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs

Of a serener and a holier land,

Fresh as the morn, and as the dew-fall bland.

Breath of the blessed Heaven for which we  
pray,

Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad our  
earthly way !

8th mo., 1852.

DERNE.<sup>66</sup>

NIGHT on the city of the Moor !  
On mosque and tomb, and white-walled shore,  
On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless knock  
The narrow harbor-gates unlock,  
On corsair's galley, carack tall,  
And plundered Christian caraval !  
The sounds of Moslem life are still ;  
No mule-bell tinkles down the hill ;  
Stretched in the broad court of the khan,  
The dusty Bornou caravan  
Lies heaped in slumber, beast and man .  
The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,  
His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent ;  
The kiosk's glimmering lights are gone,  
The merchant with his wares withdrawn ;  
Rough pillowed on some pirate breast,  
The dancing-girl has sunk to rest ;  
And, save where measured footsteps fall  
Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,  
Or where, like some bad dream, the Jew  
Creeps stealthily his quarter through,  
Or counts with fear his golden heaps,  
The City of the Corsair sleeps !

But where yon prison long and low  
Stands black against the pale star-glow,  
Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,  
There watch and pine the Christian slaves ;—  
Rough-bearded men, whose far-off wives  
Wear out with grief their lonely lives ;  
And youth, still flashing from his eyes  
The clear blue of New England skies,  
A treasured lock of whose soft hair  
Now wakes some sorrowing mother's prayer ;  
Or, worn upon some maiden breast,  
Stirs with the loving heart's unrest !

A bitter cup each life must drain,  
The groaning earth is cursed with pain,  
And, like the scroll the angel bore  
The shuddering Hebrew seer before,  
O'erwrit alike, without, within,  
With all the woes which follow sin ;  
But, bitterest of the ills beneath  
Whose load man totters down to death,  
Is that which plucks the regal crown  
Of Freedom from his forehead down,  
And snatches from his powerless hand  
The accepted sign of self-command,  
Effacing with the chain and rod  
The image and the seal of God ;  
Till from his nature, day by day,  
The manly virtues fall away,  
And leave him naked, blind and mute,  
The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die  
Beneath affection's tender eye,  
Unto their household and their kin  
Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered in ?  
O weeper, from that tranquil sod,  
That holy harvest-home of God,  
Turn to the quick and suffering,—shed  
Thy tears upon the living dead !  
Thank God above thy dear ones' graves,  
They sleep with Him,—they are not slaves.

What dark mass, down the mountain-sides  
Swift-pouring, like a stream divides ?—  
A long, loose, straggling caravan,  
Camel and horse and armed man.  
The moon's low crescent, glimmering o'er  
Its grave of waters to the shore,  
Lights up that mountain cavalcade,  
And glints from gun and spear and blade  
Near and more near !—now o'er them falls  
The shadow of the city walls.

Hark to the sentry's challenge, drowned  
In the fierce trumpet's charging sound !—  
The rush of men, the musket's peal,  
The short, sharp clang of meeting steel !

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood poured  
So freely on thy foeman's sword !  
Not to the swift nor to the strong  
The battles of the right belong ;  
For he who strikes for Freedom wears  
The armor of the captive's prayers,  
And Nature proffers to his cause  
The strength of her eternal laws ;  
While he whose arm essays to bind  
And herd with common brutes his kind  
Strives evermore at fearful odds  
With Nature and the jealous gods,  
And dares the dread recoil which late  
Or soon their right shall vindicate.

'T is done,—the hornéd crescent falls !  
The star-flag flouts the broken walls !  
Joy to the captive husband ! joy  
To thy sick heart, O brown-locked boy !  
In sullen wrath the conquered Moor  
Wide open flings your dungeon-door,  
And leaves ye free from cell and chain,  
The owners of yourselves again.  
Dark as his allies desert-born,  
Soiled with the battle's stain, and worn  
With the long marches of his band  
Through hottest wastes of rock and sand,—  
Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath  
Of the red desert's wind of death,  
With welcome words and grasping hands,  
The victor and deliverer stands !

The tale is one of distant skies ;  
The dust of half a century lies  
Upon it ; yet its hero's name  
Still lingers on the lips of Fame.  
Men speak the praise of him who gave  
Deliverance to the Moorman's slave,  
Yet dare to brand with shame and crime  
The heroes of our land and time,—  
The self-forgotten ones, who stake  
Home, name, and life for Freedom's sake.  
God mend his heart who cannot feel  
The impulse of a holy zeal,  
And sees not, with his sordid eyes,  
The beauty of self-sacrifice !  
Though in the sacred place he stands,  
Uplifting consecrated hands,  
Unworthy are his lips to tell  
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,  
Or name aright that dread embrace  
Of suffering for a fallen race !

### ASTRÆA.

" Jove means to settle  
Astrea in her seat again,  
And let down from his golden chain  
An age of better metal,"  
BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old !  
Thy words are prophecies :  
Forward the age of gold,  
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer  
And hope are not in vain ;  
Rise, brothers ! and prepare  
The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes  
From labor's board and can ;  
Perish shall all which makes  
A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,  
The body from the rod ;  
Broken all chains that bind  
The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine  
Behind their prisoner-bars ;  
Through the rent dungeon shine  
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod,  
By sect, or caste, or clan,  
The fatherhood of God,  
The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth  
The money-changers driven,  
And God's will done on earth,  
As now in heaven !

### INVOCATION.

Through thy clear spaces, Lord, of old,  
Formless and void the dead earth rolled ;  
Deaf to thy heaven's sweet music, blind  
To the great lights which o'er it shined ;  
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no breath,—  
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came  
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—  
A breath of life electrical,  
Awakening and transforming all,  
Till beat and thrilled in every part  
The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land and sea ;  
Then smiled the bloom of mead and tree ;  
From flower to moth, from beast to man,  
The quick creative impulse ran ;  
And earth, with life from thee renewed,  
Was in thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold  
And formless as that earth of old,—  
A wandering waste of storm and night,  
Midst spheres of song and realms of light,—  
A blot upon thy holy sky,  
Untouched, unwarned of thee, am I.

O thou who movest on the deep  
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep !  
Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,  
The lost restore, the ill transform,  
That flower and fruit henceforth may be  
Its grateful offering, worthy thee.

### THE CROSS.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DILLINGHAM, IN  
THE NASHVILLE PENITENTIARY.

" THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be  
No burden, but support to thee" ; \*  
So, moved of old time for our sake,  
The holy monk of Kempen spake.

\* Thomas à Kempis. Imit. Christ.



Thou brave and true one! upon whom  
Was laid the cross of martyrdom,  
How didst thou, in thy generous youth,  
Bear witness to this blessed truth!

Thy cross of suffering and of shame  
A staff within thy hands became,  
In paths where faith alone could see  
The Master's steps supporting thee.

Thine was the seed-time; God alone  
Beholds the end of what is sown;  
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,  
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,  
That seed of generous sacrifice,  
Though seeming on the desert cast,  
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

## EVA.

DRY the tears for holy Eva,  
With the blessed angels leave her;  
Of the form so soft and fair  
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva  
Let the sunny south-land give her  
Flowery pillow of repose,—  
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva  
Let the shining ones receive her,  
With the welcome-voiced psalm,  
Harp of gold and waving palm!

All is light and peace with Eva;  
There the darkness cometh never;  
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,  
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,  
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her;  
Care and pain and weariness  
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,  
Child confessor, true believer,  
Listener at the Master's knee,  
"Suffer such to come to me."

O, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,  
Lighting all the solemn river,  
And the blessings of the poor  
Wafting to the heavenly shore!

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.<sup>57</sup>

SEERESS of the misty Norland,  
Daughter of the Vikings bold,  
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,  
Which thy fathers sought of old!

Soft as flow of Silja's waters,  
When the moon of summer shines,  
Strong as Winter from his mountains  
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened  
To thy saga, rune, and song,  
As a household joy and presence  
We have known and loved thee long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,  
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,  
Thy sweet thoughts and northern fancies  
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And o'er weary spirits keeping  
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,  
Shine they like thy sun of summer  
Over midnight vale and hill.

We alone to thee are strangers,  
Thou our friend and teacher art;  
Come, and know us as we know thee;  
Let us meet thee heart to heart!

To our homes and household altars  
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,  
As thy loving hand has led us  
O'er the threshold of the Swede.

## APRIL.

"The spring comes slowly up this way."  
*Christabel.*

'Tis the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird  
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;  
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,  
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should  
blow;

Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,  
On south-facing brooksides should smile in the  
light,

O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking  
roots

The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots;  
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,  
Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-  
laurel creeps,

Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of show-  
ers,

With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst  
into flowers!

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the  
south!

For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy  
mouth;

For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,  
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!  
Up our long river-valley, for days, have not  
ceased

The wail and the shriek of the bitter north-  
east,—

Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and  
snow,

All the way from the land of the wild Esqui-  
mau,—

Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,  
Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny south-  
west.

O soul of the spring-time, its light and its  
breath,

Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this  
death;

Renew the great miracle; let us behold  
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre  
rolled,

And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!  
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness  
has lain,

Revive with the warmth and the brightness  
again,

And in blooming of flower and budding of tree  
The symbols and types of our destiny see;  
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,  
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the  
soul!

## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

1850. ▸

THE evil days have come,—the poor  
Are made a prey;  
Bar up the hospitable door,  
Put out the fire-lights, point no more  
The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is crime; the chain  
Which binds our States  
Is melted at her hearth in twain,  
Is rusted by her tears' soft rain:  
Close up her gates.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred  
By voice below,  
Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,  
A beggar's crust, a kindly word  
May overthrow!

Poor, whispering tremblers!—yet we boast  
Our blood and name;  
Bursting its century-bolted frost,  
Each gray cairn on the Northman's coast  
Cries out for shame!

O for the open firmament,  
The prairie free,  
The desert hillside, cavern-rent,  
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,  
The Bushman's tree!

Than web of Persian loom most rare,  
Or soft divan,  
Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,  
Or hollow tree, which man may share  
With suffering man.

I hear a voice: "Thus saith the Law,  
Let Love be dumb;  
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,  
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw  
From hearth and home."

I hear another voice: "The poor  
Are thine to feed;  
Turn not the outcast from thy door,  
Nor give to bonds and wrong once more  
Whom God hath freed."

Dear Lord! between that law and thee  
No choice remains;  
Yet not untrue to man's decree,  
Though spurning its rewards, is he  
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast  
And threatening word;  
I read the lesson of the Past,  
That firm endurance wins at last  
More than the sword.

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience, thou  
So calm and strong!  
Lend strength to weakness, teach us how  
The sleepless eyes of God look through  
This night of wrong!

## A SABBATH SCENE.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell  
Ceased quivering in the steeple,  
Scarce had the parson to his desk  
Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street  
A wasted female figure,  
With dusky brow and naked feet,  
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,  
She heard the sweet hymn swelling;  
O pitying Christ! a refuge give  
That poor one in thy dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,  
Right up the aisle she glided,  
While close behind her, whip in hand,  
A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,  
To Heaven and Earth appealing;—  
Were manhood's generous pulses dead?  
Had woman's heart no feeling?

A score of stout hands rose between  
The hunter and the flying:  
Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes  
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

"Who dares profane this house and day?"  
Cried out the angry pastor.  
"Why, bless your soul, the wench 's a slave,  
And I 'm her lord and master!"

"I 've law and gospel on my side,  
And who shall dare refuse me?"  
Down came the parson, bowing low,  
"My good sir, pray excuse me!"

"Of course I know your right divine  
To own and work and whip her;  
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott  
Before the wench, and trip her!"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er  
Its sacred pages stumbling,  
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,  
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,  
The while his flock addressing,  
The Scriptural claims of slavery  
With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day  
All secular occupations  
Are deadly sins, we must fulfil  
Our moral obligations:

"And this commends itself as one  
To every conscience tender;  
As Paul sent back Onesimus,  
My Christian friends, we send her!"

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbath air  
Her wild cries tore asunder;  
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear  
God answering with his thunder!

All still!—the very altar's cloth  
Had smothered down her shrieking,  
And, dumb, she turned from face to face,  
For human pity seeking!

I saw her dragged along the aisle,  
Her shackles harshly clanking;  
I heard the parson, over all,  
The Lord devoutly thanking!

My brain took fire: "Is this," I cried,  
"The end of prayer and preaching?"  
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,  
And give us Nature's teaching!





"I saw her dragged along the aisle."

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all  
Who turn the good to evil,  
And steal the Bible from the Lord,  
To give it to the Devil !

"Than garbled text or parchment law  
I own a statute higher ;  
And God is true, though every book  
And every man 's a liar ! "

Just then I felt the deacon's hand  
In wrath my coat-tail seize on ;  
I heard the priest cry, " Infidel ! "  
The lawyer mutter, " Treason ! "

I started up,—where now were church,  
Slave, master, priest, and people ?  
I only heard the supper-bell,  
Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,  
O'er which the white blooms drifted,  
The pages of a good old Book  
The wind of summer lifted,

And flower and vine, like angel wings  
Around the Holy Mother,  
Waved softly there, as if God's truth  
And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough  
Above the casement swinging,  
With golden bosom to the sun,  
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old  
The lesson of the Teacher,  
So now I heard the written Word  
Interpreted by Nature !

For to my ear methought the breeze  
Bore Freedom's blessed word on ;  
THUS SAITH THE LORD : BREAK EVERY YOKE,  
UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN !

## REMEMBRANCE.

WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S WRITINGS.

FRIEND of mine ! whose lot was cast  
With me in the distant past,—  
Where, like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,  
Word and work, begin to seem  
Like a half-remembered dream !

Touched by change have all things been,  
Yet I think of thee as when  
We had speech of lip and pen.

For the calm thy kindness lent  
To a path of discontent,  
Rough with trial and dissent ;

Gentle words where such were few,  
Softening blame where blame was true,  
Praising where small praise was due ;

For a waking dream made good,  
For an ideal understood,  
For thy Christian womanhood ;

For thy marvellous gift to cull  
From our common life and dull  
Whatsoever is beautiful ;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees  
Dropping sweetness ; true heart's-ease  
Of congenial sympathies ;—

Still for these I own my debt ;  
Memory, with her eyelids wet,  
Fain would thank thee even yet !

And as one who scatters flowers  
Where the Queen of May's sweet hours  
Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing  
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,  
So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,  
Sunny-hued or sober clad,  
Something of my own I add ;

Well assured that thou wilt take  
Even the offering which I make  
Kindly for the giver's sake.

### THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,  
The highest not more high ;  
To-day, of all the weary year,  
A king of men am I.  
To-day, alike are great and small,  
The nameless and the known ;  
My palace is the people's hall,  
The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list  
Beside the served shall stand ;  
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
The gloved and dainty hand !  
The rich is level with the poor,  
The weak is strong to-day ;  
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more  
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence  
My stubborn right abide ;  
I set a plain man's common sense  
Against the pedant's pride.  
To-day shall simple manhood try  
The strength of gold and land ;  
The wide world has not wealth to buy  
The power in my right hand !

While there 's a grief to seek redress,  
Or balance to adjust,  
Where weighs our living manhood less  
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—  
While there 's a right to need my vote,  
A wrong to sweep away,  
Up ! clouted knee and ragged coat !  
A man 's a man to-day !

### TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions ! O my friend,  
I cannot answer them. In vain I send  
My soul into the dark, where never burn  
The lamps of science, nor the natural light  
Of Reason's sun and stars ! I cannot learn  
Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern  
The awful secrets of the eyes which turn  
Evermore on us through the day and night  
With silent challenge and a dumb demand  
Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown

Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone,  
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand !

I have no answer for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee ;  
" Ali is of God that is, and is to be ;  
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,  
Resting in childlike trust upon his will  
Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the ill.

### KATHLEEN.<sup>68</sup>

O NORAH, lay your basket down,  
And rest your weary hand,  
And come and hear me sing a song  
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,  
A mighty lord was he ;  
And he did wed a second wife,  
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,  
And so, in evil spite,  
She baked the black bread for his kin,  
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,  
And drove away the poor ;  
" Ah, woe is me ! " the old lord said,  
" I rue my bargain sore ! "

This lord he had a daughter fair,  
Beloved of old and young,  
And nightly round the shealing-fires  
Of her the gleeman sung.

" As sweet and good is young Kathleen  
As Eve before her fall " ;  
So sang the harper at the fair,  
So harped he in the hall.

" O come to me, my daughter dear !  
Come sit upon my knee,  
For looking in your face, Kathleen,  
Your mother's own I see ! "

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,  
He kissed her forehead fair ;  
" It is my darling Mary's brow,  
It is my darling's hair ! "

O, then spake up the angry dame,  
" Get up, get up," quoth she,  
" I'll sell ye over Ireland,  
I'll sell ye o'er the sea ! "

She clipped her glossy hair away,  
That none her rank might know,  
She took away her gown of silk,  
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,  
And to a seaman sold  
This daughter of an Irish lord  
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,  
And tore his beard so gray ;  
But he was old, and she was young,  
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled  
To fright the evil dame,  
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,  
With funeral torches came.



She watched them glancing through the trees,  
And glimmering down the hill;  
They crept before the dead-vault door,  
And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights shine!"  
"Ye murdering witch," quoth he,  
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care  
If they shine for you or me."

"O, whoso brings my daughter back,  
My gold and land shall have!"  
O, then spake up his handsome page,  
"No gold nor land I crave!"

"But give to me your daughter dear,  
Give sweet Kathleen to me,  
Be she on sea or be she on land,  
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,  
And you of low degree,  
But she shall be your bride the day  
You bring her back to me."

He sailed east, he sailed west,  
And far and long sailed he,  
Until he came to Boston town,  
Across the great salt sea.

"O, have ye seen the young Kathleen,  
The flower of Ireland?  
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,  
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know  
The maiden whom ye mean;  
I bought her of a Limerick man,  
And she is called Kathleen."

"No skill hath she in household work,  
Her han is are soft and white,  
Yet well by loving looks and ways  
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,  
And met a maiden fair,  
A little basket on her arm  
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou  
This young man ever seen?"  
They wept within each other's arms,  
The page and young Kathleen.

"O give to me this darling child,  
And take my purse of gold."  
"Nay, not by me," her master said,  
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold."

"We loved her in the place of one  
The Lord hath early ta'en;  
But, since her heart's in Ireland,  
We give her back again!"

O, for that same the saints in heaven  
For his poor soul shall pray,  
And Mary Mother wash with tears  
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,  
As you go up Claremore  
Ye'll see their castle looking down  
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,  
And a happy man is he,  
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,  
With her darling on his knee.

## FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

In calm and cool and silence, once again  
I find my old accustomed place among  
My brethren, where, perchance, no human  
tongue  
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,  
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,  
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!  
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear  
The still small voice which reached the prophet's  
ear;  
Read in my heart a still diviner law  
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!  
There let me strive with each besetting sin,  
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain  
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;  
And, as the path of duty is made plain,  
May grace be given that I may walk therein,  
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,  
With backward glances and reluctant tread,  
Making a merit of his coward dread,—  
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,  
Walking as one to pleasant service led;  
Doing God's will as if it were my own,  
Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength  
alone!

KOSSUTH.<sup>59</sup>

TYPE of two mighty continents!—combining  
The strength of Europe with the warmth and  
glow  
Of Asian song and prophecy,—the shining  
Of Orient splendors over Northern snow!  
Who shall receive him? Who, unblushing, speak  
Welcome to him, who, while he strove to break  
The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks, smote off  
At the same blow the fetters of the serf,—  
Rearing the altar of his Father-land  
On the firm base of freedom, and thereby  
Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless hand,  
Mocked not the God of Justice with a lie!  
Who shall be Freedom's mouth-piece? Who shall  
give  
Her welcoming cheer to the great fugitive?  
Not he who, all her sacred trusts betraying,  
Is scourging back to slavery's hell of pain  
The swarthy Kossuths of our land again!  
Not he whose utterance now from lips designed  
The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,  
And call her hosts beneath the breaking light,—  
The keen revcille of her morn of fight,—  
Is but the hoarse note of the bloodhound's bay-  
ing,  
The wolf's long howl behind the bondman's  
flight!  
O for the tongue of him who lies at rest  
In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees,—  
Last of the Puritan tribes and the best,—  
To lend a voice to Freedom's sympathies,  
And hail the coming of the noblest guest  
The Old World's wrong has given the New World  
of the West!

## TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER OF  
HORACE.

OLD friend, kind friend! lightly down  
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!  
Never be thy shadow less,  
Never fail thy cheerfulness;

Care, that kills the cat, may plough  
 Wrinkles in the miser's brow,  
 Deepen envy's spiteful frown,  
 Draw the mouths of bigots down,  
 Plague ambition's dream, and sit  
 Heavy on the hypocrite,  
 Haunt the rich man's door, and ride  
 In the gilded coach of pride;—  
 Let the fiend pass!—what can he  
 Find to do with such as thee?  
 Seldom comes that evil guest  
 Where the conscience lies at rest,  
 And brown health and quiet wit  
 Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,  
 In that smoked and dingy room,  
 Where the district gave thee rule  
 O'er its ragged winter school,  
 Thou didst teach the mysteries  
 Of those weary A B C's,—  
 Where, to fill the every pause  
 Of thy wise and learned saws,  
 Through the cracked and crazy wall  
 Came the cradle-rock and squall,  
 And the goodman's voice, at strife  
 With his shrill and tipsy wife,—  
 Luring us by stories old,  
 With a comic unction told,  
 More than by the eloquence  
 Of terse birchen arguments  
 (Doubtful gain, I fear), to look  
 With complacency on a book!—  
 Where the genial pedagogue  
 Half forgot his rogues to flog,  
 Citing tale or apologue,  
 Wise and merry in its drift  
 As old Phædrus' twofold gift,  
 Had the little rebels known it,  
*Risum et prudentiam monet!*  
 I,—the man of middle years,  
 In whose sable locks appears  
 Many a warning fleck of gray,—  
 Looking back to that far day,  
 And thy primal lessons, feel  
 Grateful smiles my lips unseal,  
 As, remembering thee, I blend  
 Olden teacher, present friend,  
 Wise with antiquarian search,  
 In the scrolls of State and Church:  
 Named on history's title-page,  
 Parish-clerk and justice sage;  
 For the ferule's wholesome awe  
 Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,  
 Gathering up the scattered leaves  
 Which the wrinkled sibyl cast  
 Careless from her as she passed,—  
 Twofold citizen art thou,  
 Freeman of the past and now.  
 He who bore thy name of old  
 Midway in the heavens did hold  
 Over Gibeon moon and sun;  
 Thou hast bidden them backward run;  
 Of to-day the present ray  
 Flinging over yesterday!

Let the busy ones deride  
 What I deem of right thy pride:  
 Let the fools their tread-mills grind,  
 Look not forward nor behind,  
 Shuffle in and wriggle out,  
 Veer with every breeze about,  
 Turning like a windmill sail,  
 Or a dog that seeks his tail;  
 Let them laugh to see thee fast  
 Tabernacled in the Past,  
 Working out with eye and lip,  
 Riddles of old penmanship,

Patient as Belzoni there  
 Sorting out, with loving care,  
 Mummies of dead questions stripped  
 From their sevenfold manuscript!

Dabbling, in their noisy way,  
 In the puddles of to-day,  
 Little know they of that vast  
 Solemn ocean of the past,  
 On whose margin, wreck-bespread,  
 Thou art walking with the dead,  
 Questioning the stranded years,  
 Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,  
 As thou callest up again  
 Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—  
 Fair-haired woman, bearded man,  
 Cavalier and Puritan;  
 In an age whose eager view  
 Seeks but present things, and new,  
 Mad for party, sect and gold,  
 Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,  
 Coolly bagging fact on fact,  
 Naught amiss to thee can float,  
 Tale, or song, or anecdote;  
 Village gossip, centuries old,  
 Scandals by our grandams told,  
 What the pilgrim's table spread,  
 Where he lived, and whom he wed,  
 Long-drawn bill of wine and beer  
 For his ordination cheer,  
 Or the flip that wellnigh made  
 Glad his funeral cavalcade;  
 Weary prose, and poet's lines,  
 Flavored by their age, like wines  
 Eulogistic of some quaint,  
 Doubtful, puritanic saint;  
 Lays that quickened husking jigs,  
 Jests that shook grave periwigs,  
 When the parson had his jokes  
 And his glass, like other folks;  
 Sermons that, for mortal hours,  
 Taxed our fathers' vital powers,  
 As the long nineteenththies poured  
 Downward from the sounding-board,  
 And, for fire of Pentecost,  
 Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we  
 What our father's are shall be,—  
 Shadow-shapes of memory!  
 Joined to that vast multitude  
 Where the great are but the good,  
 And the mind of strength shall prove  
 Weaker than the heart of love;  
 Pride of graybeard wisdom less  
 Than the infant's guilelessness,  
 And his song of sorrow more  
 Than the crown the Psalmist wore!  
 Who shall then, with pious zeal,  
 At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,  
 From a stained and stony page  
 Reading to a careless age,  
 With a patient eye like thine,  
 Prosing tale and limping line,  
 Names and words the hoary rime  
 Of the Past has made sublime?  
 Who shall work for us as well  
 The antiquarian's miracle?  
 Who to seeming life recall  
 Teacher grave and pupil small?  
 Who shall give to thee and me  
 Freeholds in futurity?

Well, whatever lot be mine,  
 Long and happy days be thine,  
 Ere thy full and honored age  
 Dates of time its latest page!  
 Squire for master, State for school,



Wisely lenient, live and rule;  
 Over grown-up knave and rogue  
 Play the watchful pedagogue;  
 Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,  
 At the call of youth and beauty,  
 Speak for them the spell of law  
 Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,  
 And the flaming sword remove  
 From the Paradise of Love.  
 Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore  
 Ancient tome and record o'er;  
 Still thy week-day lyrics croon,  
 Pitch in church the Sunday tune,  
 Showing something, in thy part,  
 Of the old Puritanic art,  
 Singer after Sternhold's heart!  
 In thy pew, for many a year,  
 Homilies from Oldbug hear,<sup>60</sup>  
 Who to wit like that of South,

And the Syrian's golden mouth,  
 Doth the homely pathos add  
 Which the pilgrim preachers had;  
 Breaking, like a child at play  
 Gilded idols of the day,  
 Cant of knave and pomp of fool  
 Tossing with his ridicule,  
 Yet, in earnest or in jest,  
 Ever keeping truth abreast,  
 And, when thou art called, at last,  
 To thy townsmen of the past,  
 Not as stranger shalt thou come;  
 Thou shalt find thyself at home!  
 With the little and the big,  
 Woollen cap and periwig,  
 Madam in her high-laced ruff,  
 Goody in her home-made stuff,—  
 Wise and simple, rich and poor,  
 Thou hast known them all before!

## THE PANORAMA,

### AND OTHER POEMS.

1856.

#### THE PANORAMA.

"A! fredome is a nobill thing!  
 Fredome mayse man to half liking.  
 Fredome all solace to man gillis;  
 He levys at ese that frely levys!  
 A nobil hart may half nane ese  
 Na ellys nocht that may him plesse  
 Gyff Fredome faillythe."

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered windows  
 shed

A dubious light on every upturned head,—  
 On locks like those of Absalom the fair,  
 On the bald apex ringed with scanty hair,  
 On blank indifference and on curious stare;  
 On the pale Showman reading from his stage  
 The hieroglyphics of that facial page;  
 Half sad, half scornful, listening to the bruit  
 Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,  
 And the shrill call, across the general din,  
 "Roll up your curtain! Let the show begin!"

At length a murmur like the winds that break  
 Into green waves the prairie's grassy lake,  
 Deepened and swelled to music clear and loud,  
 And, as the west-wind lifts a summer cloud,  
 The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far  
 A green land stretching to the evening star,  
 Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees  
 And flowers bluffed over by the desert bees,  
 Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of greenness  
 show

Fantastic outcrops of the rock below,—  
 The slow result of patient Nature's pains,  
 And plastic fingering of her sun and rains,—  
 Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely windowed  
 hall,

And long escarpment of half-crumbled wall,  
 Huger than those which, from steep hills of  
 vine,  
 Stare through their loopholes on the travelled  
 Rhine;

Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind  
 A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,

Of the land's dwellers in an age unguessed,—  
 The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass  
 The Tartar's marvels of his Land of Grass,  
 Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores  
 Wave after wave the billowy greenness pours;  
 And, onward still, like islands in that main  
 Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain  
 chain,

Whence east and west a thousand waters run  
 From winter lingering under summer's sun.  
 And, still beyond, long lines of foam and sand  
 Tell where Pacific rolls his waves aland,  
 From many a wide-lapped port and land-locked  
 bay,  
 Opening with thunderous pomp the world's high-  
 way  
 To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the curtain fell,  
 "Is the new Canaan of our Israel,—  
 The land of promise to the swarming North,  
 Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus forth,  
 To the poor Southron on his worn-out soil,  
 Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil;  
 To Europe's exiles seeking home and rest,  
 And the lank nomads of the wandering West,  
 Who, asking neither, in their love of change  
 And the free bison's amplitude of range,  
 Rear the log-hut, for present shelter meant,  
 Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker, "Sir," said he,  
 "I like your picture, but I fain would see  
 A sketch of what your promised land will be  
 When, with electric nerve, and fiery-brained,  
 With Nature's forces to its chariot chained,  
 The future grasping, by the past obeyed,  
 The twentieth century rounds a new decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly: "He who  
 grieves  
 Over the scattering of the sibyl's leaves  
 Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we know  
 What needs must ripen from the seed we sow;

That present time is but the mould wherein  
 We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.  
 A painful watcher of the passing hour,  
 Its lust of gold, its strife for place and power;  
 Its lack of manhood, honor, reverence, truth,  
 Wise-thoughted age, and generous-hearted youth;  
 Nor yet unmindful of each better sign,—  
 The low, far lights, which on th' horizon shine,  
 Like those which sometimes tremble on the rim  
 Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,  
 Flashing athwart the purple spears of rain  
 The hope of sunshine on the hills again:—  
 I need no prophet's word, nor shapes that pass  
 Like clouding shadows o'er a magic glass;  
 For now, as ever, passionless and cold,  
 Doth the dread angel of the future hold  
 Evil and good before us, with no voice  
 Or warning look to guide us in our choice;  
 With spectral hands outreaching through the  
 gloom  
 The shadowy contrasts of the coming doom.  
 Transferred from these, it now remains to give  
 The sun and shade of Fate's alternative."

Then, with a burst of music, touching all  
 The keys of thrifty life,—the millstream's fall,  
 The engine's pant along its quivering rails,  
 The anvil's ring, the measured beat of flails,  
 The sweep of scythes, the reaper's whistled tune,  
 Answering the summons of the bells of noon,  
 The woodman's hail along the river shores,  
 The steamboat's signal, and the dip of oars,—  
 Slowly the curtain rose from off a land  
 Fair as God's garden. Broad on either hand  
 The golden wheat-fields glimmered in the sun,  
 And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun.  
 Smooth highways set with hedge-rows living  
 green,  
 With steeped towns through shaded vistas seen,  
 The school-house murmuring with its hive-like  
 swarm,  
 The brook-bank whitening in the grist-mill's  
 storm,  
 The painted farm-house shining through the  
 leaves  
 Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,  
 Where live again, around the Western hearth,  
 The homely old-time virtues of the North;  
 Where the blithe housewife rises with the day,  
 And well-paid labor counts his task a play,  
 And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,  
 And the free Gospel of Humanity,  
 Of diverse sects and differing names the shrines,  
 One in their faith, whate'er their outward signs,  
 Like varying strophes of the same sweet hymn  
 From many a prairie's swell and river's brim,  
 A thousand church-spires sanctify the air  
 Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom and green  
 The curtain dropped: and, momentarily, between  
 The clank of fetter and the crack of thong,  
 Half sob, half laughter, music swept along,—  
 A strange refrain, whose idle words and low,  
 Like drunken mourners, kept the time of woe;  
 As if the revellers at a masquerade  
 Heard in the distance funeral marches played.  
 Such music, dashing all his smiles with tears,  
 The thoughtful voyager on Ponchartrain hears,  
 Where, through the noonday dusk of wooded  
 shores  
 The negro boatman, singing to his oars,  
 With a wild pathos borrowed of his wrong  
 Redeems the jargon of his senseless song.  
 "Look," said the Showman, sternly, as he rolled  
 His curtain upward; "Fate's reverse behold!"

A village straggling in loose disarray  
 Of vulgar newness, premature decay;

A tavern, crazy with its whiskey brawls,  
 With "*Slaves at Auction!*" garnishing its walls.  
 Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,  
 The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous and loud,  
 A squire or colonel in his pride of place,  
 Known at free fights, the caucus, and the race,  
 Prompt to proclaim his honor without blot,  
 And silence doubters with a ten-pace shot,  
 Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant  
 With pious phrase and democratic cant,  
 Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,  
 To sell the infant from its mother's breast,  
 Break through all ties of wedlock, home, and kin,  
 Yield shrinking girlhood up to graybeard sin;  
 Sell all the virtues with his human stock,  
 The Christian graces on his auction-block,  
 And coolly count on shrewdest bargains driven  
 In hearts regenerate, and in souls forgiven!

Look once again! The moving canvas shows  
 A slave plantation's slovenly repose,  
 Where, in rude cabins rotting midst their weeds,  
 The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and breeds;  
 And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,  
 Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.  
 There, early summoned to the hemp and corn,  
 The nursing mother leaves her child new-born;  
 There haggard sickness, weak and deathly faint,  
 Crawls to his task, and fears to make complaint;  
 And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in decay,  
 Weep for their lost ones sold and torn away!  
 Of ampler size the master's dwelling stands,  
 In shabby keeping with his half-tilled lands,—  
 The gates unhung, the yard with weeds unclean,  
 The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.  
 Without, loose-scattered like a wreck adrift,  
 Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift;  
 Within, profusion to discomfort joined,  
 The listless body and the vacant mind;  
 The fear, the hate, the theft and falsehood, born  
 In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and scorn!  
 There, all the vices, which, like birds obscene,  
 Batten on slavery loathsome and unclean,  
 From the foul kitchen to the parlor rise,  
 Pollute the nursery where the child-heir lies,  
 Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,  
 With the fell poison of a breast impure;  
 Touch boyhood's passions with the breath of  
 flame,  
 From girlhood's instincts steal the blush of  
 shame.  
 So swells, from low to high, from weak to strong,  
 The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong;  
 Guilty or guiltless, all within its range  
 Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.

Still scenes like these the moving chart reveals.  
 Up the long western steppes the blighting steals;  
 Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate  
 Glides like a shadow to the Golden Gate:  
 From sea to sea the drear eclipse is thrown,  
 From sea to sea the *Mauvais* *Terres* have  
 grown,  
 A belt of curses on the New World's zone!

The curtain fell. All drew a freer breath,  
 As men are wont to do when mournful death  
 Is covered from their sight. The Showman  
 stood  
 With drooping brow in sorrow's attitude  
 One moment, then with sudden gesture shook  
 His loose hair back, and with the air and look  
 Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage  
 And listening group, the presence of the age,  
 And heard the footsteps of the things to be,  
 Poured out his soul in earnest words and free.

"O friends!" he said, "in this poor trick of  
 paint  
 You see the semblance, incomplete and faint,



Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day,  
 Stands dim and silent, waiting in your way.  
 To-day, your servant, subject to your will;  
 To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.  
 If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,  
 If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,  
 If the world granary of the West is made  
 The last foul market of the slaver's trade,  
 Why rail at fate? The mischief is your own.  
 Why hate your neighbor? Blame yourselves  
 alone!

"Men of the North! The South you charge  
 with wrong

Is weak and poor, while you are rich and strong.  
 If questions,—idle and absurd as those  
 The old-time monks and Paduan doctors chose,—  
 Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and dead banks,  
 And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your ranks,  
 Your thews united could, at once, roll back  
 The jostled nation to its primal track.  
 Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly, just,  
 True to the faith your fathers left in trust,  
 If stainless honor outweighed in your scale  
 A codfish quintal or a factory bale,  
 Full many a noble heart, (and such remain  
 In all the South, like Lot in Sittim's plain,  
 Who watch and wait, and from the wrong's  
 control

Keep white and pure their chastity of soul,  
 Now sick to loathing of your weak complaints,  
 Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers as saints,  
 Would half-way meet the frankness of your tone,  
 And feel their pulses beating with your own.

"The North! the South! no geographic line  
 Can fix the boundary or the point define,  
 Since each with each so closely interblends,  
 Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom ends.  
 Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reaching, hide  
 Of the fell Upas on the Southern side;  
 The tree whose branches in your north-winds  
 wave

Dropped its young blossoms on Mount Vernon's  
 grave;

The nursling growth of Monticello's crest  
 Is now the glory of the free Northwest;  
 To the wise maxims of her olden school  
 Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul;  
 Seward's words of power, and Sumner's fresh re-  
 nown.

Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down!  
 And when, at length, her years of madness o'er,  
 Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates' shore,  
 From her long lapse to savagery, her month  
 Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the South,  
 Resumes her old attire, and seeks to smooth  
 Her unkempt tresses at the glass of truth,  
 Her early faith shall find a tongue again,  
 New Wythes and Pinckneys swell that old refrain,  
 Her sons with yours renew the ancient pact,  
 The myth of Union prove at last a fact!  
 Then, if one murmur mars the wide content,  
 Some Northern lip will draw the last dissent,  
 Some Union-saving patriot of your own  
 Lament to find his occupation gone.

"Grant that the North is insulted, scorned, be-  
 trayed,

O'erreached in bargains with her neighbor made,  
 When selfish thrift and party held the scales  
 For peddling dicker, not for honest sales,—  
 Whom shall we strike? Who most deserves our  
 blame?

The braggart Southron, open in his aim,  
 And bold as wicked, crashing straight through all  
 That bars his purpose, like a cannon-ball?  
 O — the mean traitor, breathing northern air,  
 With nasal speech and puritanic hair,

Whose cant the loss of principle survives,  
 As the mud-turtle e'en its head outlives;  
 Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul offence,  
 Puts on a look of injured innocence,  
 And consecrates his baseness to the cause  
 Of constitution, union, and the laws?

"Praise to the place-man who can hold aloof  
 His still unpurchased manhood, office-proof;  
 Who on his round of duty walks erect,  
 And leaves it only rich in self-respect,—  
 As MOKE maintained his virtue's lofty port  
 In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody court.  
 But, if exceptions here and there are found,  
 Who tread thus safely on enchanted ground,  
 The normal type, the fitting symbol still  
 Of those who fatten at the public mill,  
 Is the chained dog beside his master's door,  
 Or CIRCE's victim, feeding on all four!

"Give me the heroes who, at tuck of drum,  
 Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebun!  
 Or they who, doubly armed with vote and gun,  
 Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,  
 Their drunken franchise shift from scene to scene.  
 As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillotine!—  
 Rather than him who, born beneath our skies,  
 To Slavery's hand its supplest tool supplies,—  
 The party felon whose unblinking face  
 Looks from the pillory of his bribe of place,  
 And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,—  
 Points to the footmarks of indignant scorn,  
 Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing horn;  
 And passes to his credit side the sum  
 Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyrdom!

"Bane of the North, its canker and its moth!—  
 These modern Esaus, bartering rights for broth!  
 Taxing our justice, with their double claim,  
 As fools for pity, and as knaves for blame;  
 Who, urged by party, sect, or trade, within  
 The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of sin,  
 Part at the outset with their moral sense,  
 The watchful angel set for Truth's defence;  
 Confound all contrasts, good and ill; reverse  
 The poles of life, its blessing and its curse;  
 And lose thenceforth from their perverted sight  
 The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong and right;  
 To them the Law is but the iron span  
 That girds the ankles of imbruted man;  
 To them the Gospel has no higher aim  
 Than simple sanction of the master's claim,  
 Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loathsome trail,  
 Like Chaliar's Bible at his ass's tail!

"Such are the men who, with instinctive dread,  
 Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping head,  
 Make prophet-tripods of their office-stools,  
 And scare the nurseries and the village schools  
 With dire presage of ruin grim and great,  
 A broken Union and a foundered State!  
 Such are the patriots, self-bound to the stake  
 Of office, martyrs for their country's sake:  
 Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of Fate,  
 And by their loss of manhood save the State.  
 In the wide gulf themselves like Curtius throw,  
 And test the virtues of cohesive dough;  
 As tropic monkeys, linking heads and tails,  
 Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's vales!

"Such are the men who in your churches rave  
 To swearing-point, at mention of the slave!  
 When some poor parson, haply unawares,  
 Stammers of freedom in his timid prayers;  
 Who, if some foot-sore negro through the town  
 Steals northward, volunteer to hunt him down.  
 Or, if some neighbor, flying from disease,  
 Courts the mild balsam of the Southern breeze,  
 With hue and cry pursue him on his track,  
 And write *Free-Soiler* on the poor man's back.

Such are the men who leave the pedler's cart,  
While faring South, to learn the driver's art,  
Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with pious aim  
The graceful sorrows of some languid dame,  
Who, from the wreck of her bereavement, saves  
The double charm of widowhood and slaves!—  
Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to show  
To what base depths apostasy can go;  
Outdo the natives in their readiness  
To roast a negro, or to mob a press;  
Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lyncher's rail,  
Or make a bonfire of their birthplace mail!

"So some poor wretch, whose lips no longer  
bear

The sacred burden of his mother's prayer,  
By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,  
Turns to the Crescent for the Cross of Christ,  
And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,  
Crawls prostrate where the faithful only kneel,  
Out-hows the Dervish, hugs his rags to court  
The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt;  
And, when beneath the city gateway's span  
Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,  
And through its midst, pursued by Islam's pray-  
ers,

The prophet's Word some favored camel bears,  
The marked apostate has his place assigned  
The Koran-bearer's sacred rump behind,  
With brush and pitcher following, grave and  
mute,

In meek attendance on the holy brute!

"Men of the North! beneath your very eyes,  
By hearth and home, your real danger lies.  
Still day by day some hold of freedom falls,  
Through home-bred traitors fed within its  
walls.—

Men whom yourselves with vote and purse sustain,  
At posts of honor, influence, and gain;  
The right of Slavery to your sons to teach,  
And "South-side" Gospels in your pulpits  
preach,

Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear  
On the sharp point of her subverted spear,  
And imitate upon her cushion plump  
The mad Missourian lynching from his stump;  
Or, in your name, upon the Senate's floor  
Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more;  
And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat,  
Sell your old homestead underneath your feet!  
While such as these your loftiest outlooks hold,  
While truth and conscience with your wares are  
sold,

While grave-browed merchants band themselves  
to aid

An annual man-hunt for their Southern trade,  
What moral power within your grasp remains  
To stay the mischief on Nebraska's plains?—  
High as the tides of generous impulse flow,  
As far rolls back the selfish undertow;  
And all your brave resolves, though aimed as true  
As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,  
To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a shock  
As the poor trooper's shot to Sterling rock!

"Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause de-  
mands

The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands,  
Urged by all motives that can prompt the heart  
To prayer and toil and manhood's manliest part;  
Though to the soul's deep tocsin Nature joins  
The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,  
The north-wind's anger, and the south-wind's  
sigh,

The midnight sword-dance of the northern sky,  
And, to the ear that bends above the sod  
Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of God,  
In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,  
The land's dead fathers speak their hope or fear,

Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's hand  
The guiding rein and symbol of command.  
Blame not the caution proffering to your zeal  
A well-meant drag upon its hurrying wheel;  
Nor chide the man whose honest doubt extends  
To the means only, not the righteous ends;  
Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears  
Of milder natures and serener years.  
In the long strife with evil which began  
With the first lapse of new-created man,  
Wisely and well has Providence assigned  
To each his part,—some forward, some behind;  
And they, too, serve who temper and restrain  
The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire the brain.  
True to yourselves, feed Freedom's altar-flame  
With what you have; let others do the same.  
Spare timid doubters; set like flint your face  
Against the self-sold knaves of gain and place:  
Pity the weak; but with unsparing hand  
Cast out the traitors who infest the land,—  
From bar, press, pulpit, cast them everywhere,  
By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.  
And in their place bring men of antique mould,  
Like the grave fathers of your Age of Gold,—  
Statesmen like those who sought the primal fount  
Of righteous law, the Sermon on the Mount;  
Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our day  
Still spared, Heaven bless him!) honor more than  
pay,

And Christian jurists, starry-pure, like Jay;  
Preachers like Woolman, or like them who bore  
The faith of Wesley to our Western shore,  
And held no convert genuine till he broke  
Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke;  
And priests like him who Newport's market trod,  
And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts of God!  
So shall your power, with a wise prudence used,  
Strong but forbearing, firm but not abused,  
In kindly keeping with the good of all,  
The nobler maxims of the past recall,  
Her natural home-born right to Freedom give,  
And leave her foe his robber-right,—to live.  
Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen!  
Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn den!  
Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of flame,  
The focal point of million-fingered shame!  
Live, till the Southron, who, with all his faults,  
Has manly instincts, in his pride revolts,  
Dashes from off him, midst the glad world's  
cheers,

The hideous nightmare of his dream of years,  
And lifts, self-prompted, with his own right  
hand,

The vile encumbrance from his glorious land!

"So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends forth  
Its widening circles to the South or North,  
Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the stars  
Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,  
There shall Free Labor's hardy children stand  
The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.  
And when at last the hunted bison treads,  
And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's fires;  
And westward, wave on wave, the living flood  
Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood;  
And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread  
Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led;  
And, gazing downward through his hoar-locks,  
sees

The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,  
The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear  
Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,  
And one long rolling fire of triumph run  
Between the sunrise and the sunset gun!"  
My task is done. The Showman and his show,  
Themselves but shadows, into shadows go;  
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,  
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung,—  
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,  
And the rough picture overwrought appears,—



With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,  
 Before my soul a voice and vision passed,  
 Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,  
 Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.  
 O, not of choice, for themes of public wrong  
 I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,—  
 The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn,  
 For griding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.  
 More dear to me some song of private worth,  
 Some homely idyl of my native North,  
 Some summer pastoral of her inland vales  
 Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside tales  
 Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails,—

Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm  
 With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's elm.  
 Nor private grief nor malice holds my pen ;  
 I owe but kindness to my fellow-men ;  
 And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer  
 Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,  
 Wherever fruits of Christian love are found  
 In holy lives, to me is holy ground.  
 But the time passes. It were vain to crave  
 A late indulgence. What I had I gave.  
 Forget the poet, but his warning heed,  
 And shame his poor word with your nobler deed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

#### I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,  
 Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
 The sunshine on the hills asleep !

O isles of calm !—O dark, still wood !  
 And stiller skies that overbrood  
 Your rest with deeper quietude !

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through  
 Yon mountain gaps, my longing view  
 Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,  
 And softer lights and airs more bland,  
 And skies,—the hollow of God's hand !

Transfused through you, O mountain friends !  
 With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
 And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,  
 I know the voice of wave and pine,  
 And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,  
 I lapse into the glad release  
 Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind !  
 As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind  
 To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;  
 A child again, my head I lay  
 Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,  
 Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,  
 The lake is white with lotus-flowers !

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,  
 And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,  
 Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,  
 Whose ever-nearing steps appall,  
 Whose voice we hear behind us all,—

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,  
 It speaks but what the light waves say,—  
 Death walks apart from Fear to-day !

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I  
 Alike on Nature's love rely ;  
 And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills  
 With light the spaces of these hills  
 No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He  
 Will do, whatever that may be,  
 The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,  
 What light and life the other know,  
 Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

#### II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,  
 While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown,  
 The moon, slow-rounding into sight,  
 On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,  
 Each silver-hemmed ! How sharply show  
 The shadows of their rocky piles,  
 And tree-tops in the wave below !

How far and strange the mountains seem,  
 Dim-looming through the pale, still light !  
 The vague, vast grouping of a dream,  
 They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,  
 Hushed by that presence grand and grave,  
 Are silent, save the cricket's wail,  
 And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes ! whereto the Day and Night  
 Make rival love, I leave ye soon,  
 What time before the eastern light  
 The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,  
 And the young archer, Morn, shall break  
 His arrows on the mountain pines,  
 And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake !

Farewell ! around this smiling bay  
 Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,  
 With lighter steps than mine, may stray  
 In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave  
 These waters and these hills than I :  
 Or, distant, fonder dream how e'er  
 Or dawn is painting wave and sky ;

How rising moons shine sad and mild  
On wooded isle and silvering bay,  
Or setting suns beyond the piled  
And purple mountains lead the day ;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,  
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,  
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,  
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart  
Her choicest gifts to such as gain  
An entrance to her loving heart  
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes  
One blessing from us others fall ;  
And, soon or late, our Father makes  
His perfect recompense to all !

O, watched by Silence and the Night,  
And folded in the strong embrace  
Of the great mountains, with the light  
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland ! keep thy dower  
Of beauty still, and while above  
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,  
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

#### THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,  
From inmost founts of life ye start,—  
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath  
Of soul and heart !

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,  
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,  
Unheard of man, ye enter in  
The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,  
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;  
The simple heart, that freely asks  
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is :  
The mercy-seat and cherubim,  
And all the holy mysteries,  
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,  
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,  
And wearies Heaven for naught above  
Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will  
That trust of his undoubting child  
Whereby all seeming good and ill  
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs  
Of favor, is content to fall  
Within the providence which shines  
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned  
At noontime o'er the sacred word.  
Was it an angel or a fiend  
Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,  
A human utterance, sweet and mild ;  
And, looking up, the hermit saw  
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,  
O'erawed and troubled by the sight  
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,  
And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man ? No shade  
Of cool, green douns, nor grass, nor well,  
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit said :  
"With God I dwell.

"Alone with Him in this great calm,  
I live not by the outward sense ;  
My Nile his love, my sheltering palm  
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does God live  
Here only ?—where the desert's rim  
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,  
We pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile  
His little field : beneath the leaves  
My sisters sit and spin the while,  
My mother weaves.

"And when the millet's ripe heads fall,  
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,  
My mother smiles, and says that all  
Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening meal,  
She calls the stranger at the door,  
She says God fills the hands that deal  
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks  
Glistened the flow of human tears ;  
"Dear Lord !" he said, "thy angel speaks,  
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,  
And thought of home and life with men ;  
And all his pilgrim feet forsook  
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,  
The eyes that smiled through lavish locks,  
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest song,  
And bleat of flocks.

"O child !" he said, "thou teachest me  
There is no place where God is not ;  
That love will make, where'er it be,  
A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,  
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,  
Went, with the young child, hand-in-hand,  
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,  
And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,  
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,  
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide  
He followed as the small hand led  
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,  
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,  
She thanked the stranger with her eyes.  
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy  
And dumb surprise.

And lo !—with sudden warmth and light  
A tender memory thrilled his frame ;  
New-born, the world-lost anchorite  
A man became.





“Scottish maid and lover.”

“O sister of El Zara’s race,  
Behold me!—had we not one mother?”  
She gazed into the stranger’s face;—  
“Thou art my brother?”

“O kin of blood!—Thy life of use  
And patient trust is more than mine;  
And wiser than the gray recluse  
This child of thine.

“For, taught of him whom God hath sent,  
That toil is praise, and love is prayer,  
I come, life’s cares and pains content  
With thee to share.”

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,  
The hermit’s better life began;  
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,  
And found a man!

### BURNS.

#### ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover;  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!  
The moorland flower and peasant!  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood’s noonday shadows hold  
The dew of boyhood’s morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
From off the wings of pleasure,  
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil  
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and cloud at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
The locust in the haying;  
And, like the fabled hunter’s horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple’s shadow,  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead  
I heard the squirrels leaping,  
The good dog listened while I read,  
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood  
I read “*The Two Dogs*” story,  
And half believed he understood  
The poet’s allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs!—The golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,  
New glory over Woman;  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better  
Than all the dreams that held my youth  
A still repining debtor:

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,  
The themes of sweet discoursing;  
The tender idyls of the heart  
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,  
Of loving knight and lady,  
When farmer boy and barefoot girl  
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying;  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweetbrier and the clover;  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising;  
No longer common or unclean,  
The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,  
No inward answer gaining;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings;  
Sweet Soul of Song!—I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line  
Which tells his lapse from duty,  
How kissed the maddening lips of wine  
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade between  
The erring one and Heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalen,  
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render,—  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong  
The human feeling gushes!  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary!

#### WILLIAM FORSTER.<sup>61</sup>

THE years are many since his hand  
Was laid upon my head,  
Too weak and young to understand  
The serious words he said.

Yet often now the good man's look  
Before me seems to swim,  
As if some inward feeling took  
The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,  
Or near temptation's charm,  
Through him the low-voiced monitor  
Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim!—from that day  
Of meeting, first and last,  
Wherever Duty's pathway lay,  
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,  
To proffer life to death,  
Hope to the erring,—to the weak  
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive's right; remove  
The sting of hate from Law;  
And soften in the fire of love  
The hardened steel of War.

He walked the dark world, in the mild,  
Still guidance of the Light;  
In tearful tenderness a child,  
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,  
He found, in prayer, release;  
Through what abysmal shadows lay  
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth: we could only see  
The tranquil strength he gained;  
The bondage lost in liberty,  
The fear in love unfeigned.

And I,—my youthful fancies grown  
The habit of the man,  
Whose field of life by angels sown  
The wilding vines o'erran,—

Low bowed in silent gratitude,  
My manhood's heart enjoys  
That reverence for the pure and good  
Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives  
Like star-beams over doubt;  
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives  
Some dark possession out.

O friend! O brother! not in vain  
Thy life so calm and true,  
The silver dropping of the rain,  
The fall of summer dew!



How many burdened hearts have prayed  
Their lives like thine might be !  
But more shall pray henceforth for aid  
To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,  
In old age as in youth,  
Thy Master found thee sowing still  
The good seed of his truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day  
In golden-skied decline,  
His angel met thee on the way,  
And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man,—thy last  
Of earthly thought a prayer,—  
O, who thy mantle, backward cast,  
Is worthy now to wear ?

Methinks the mound which marks thy bed  
Might bless our land and save,  
As rose, of old, to life the dead  
Who touched the prophet's grave !

# RANTOUL.<sup>62</sup>

ONE day, along the electric wire  
His manly word for Freedom sped ;  
We came next morn : that tongue of fire  
Said only, " He who spake is dead ! "

Dead ! while his voice was living yet,  
In echoes round the pillared dome !  
Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet  
With themes of state and loves of home !

Dead ! in that crowning grace of time,  
That triumph of life's zenith hour !  
Dead ! while we watched his manhood's prime  
Break from the slow bud into flower !

Dead ! he so great, and strong, and wise,  
While the mean thousands yet drew breath ;  
How deepened, through that dread surprise,  
The mystery and the awe of death !

From the high place whereon our votes  
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest, fell  
His first words, like the prelude notes  
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,  
Our champion waiting in his place  
For the last battle of the world,—  
The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the word  
Which wins the freedom of a land ;  
And lift, for human right, the sword  
Which dropped from Hampden's dying hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,  
And walked with Pym and Vane apart ;  
And, through the centuries, felt the beat  
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's heart.

He knew the paths the worthies held,  
Where England's best and wisest trod ;  
And, lingering, drank the springs that welled  
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,  
Self-poised and clear, he showed away  
The coolness of his northern night,  
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His step was slow, yet forward still  
He pressed where others paused or failed ;  
The calm star clomb with constant will, —  
The restless meteor flashed and paled !

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew  
And owned the higher ends of Law ;  
Still rose majestic on his view  
The awful Shape the schoolman saw.

Her home the heart of God ; her voice  
The choral harmonies whereby  
The stars, through all their spheres, rejoice,  
The rhythmic rule of earth and sky !

We saw his great powers misapplied  
To poor ambitions ; yet, through all,  
We saw him take the weaker side,  
And right the wronged, and free the thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North,  
For one like him in word and act,  
To call her old, free spirit forth,  
And give her faith the life of fact, —

To break her party bonds of shame,  
And labor with the zeal of him  
To make the Democratic name  
Of Liberty the synonyme, —

We sweep the land from hill to strand,  
We seek the strong, the wise, the brave,  
And, sad of heart, return to stand  
In silence by a new-made grave !

There, where his breezy hills of home  
Look out upon his sail-white seas,  
The sounds of winds and waters come,  
And shape themselves to words like these :

" Why, murmuring, mourn that he, whose power  
Was lent to Party over-long,  
Heard the still whisper at the hour  
He set his foot on Party wrong ?

" The human life that closed so well  
No lapse of folly now can stain :  
The lips whence Freedom's protest fell  
No meaner thought can now profane.

" Mightier than living voice his grave  
That lofty protest utters o'er ;  
Through roaring wind and smiting wave  
It speaks his hate of wrong once more.

" Men of the North ! your weak regret  
Is wasted here ; arise and pay  
To freedom and to him your debt,  
By following where he led the way ! "

# THE DREAM OF PIO NONO.

It chanced, that while the pious troops of  
France  
Fought in the crusade Pio Nono preached,  
What time the holy Bourbons stayed his hands  
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a Moses),  
Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious  
Rome  
To bless the ministry of Oudinot,  
And sanctify his iron homilies  
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,  
That the great pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun  
Of the bright Orient ; and beheld the lame,

The sick, and blind, kneel at the Master's feet,  
And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all,  
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise  
From heaven to earth, in silver rounds of song,  
He heard the blessed angels sing of peace,  
Good-will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leathern face  
Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns  
And hot winds of the desert, closer drew  
His fisher's haick, and girded up his loins,  
And spake, as one who had authority:  
"Come thou with me."

Lakeside and eastern sky  
And the sweet song of angels passed away,  
And, with a dream's alacrity of change,  
The priest, and the swart fisher by his side,  
Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes  
And solemn fanes and monumental pomp  
Above the waste Campagna. On the hills  
The blaze of burning villas rose and fell,  
And momentarily the mortar's iron throat  
Roared from the treiches; and, within the walls,  
Sharp crash of shells, low groans of human pain,  
Shout, drum beat, and the clanging larum-bell,  
And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled sound,  
Half wail and half defiance. As they passed  
The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood  
Flowed ankle-high about them, and dead men  
Choked the long street with gashed and gory  
piles,—

A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh,  
From which, at times, quivered a living hand,  
And white lips moved and moaned. A father  
tore

His gray hairs, by the body of his son,  
In frenzy; and his fair young daughter wept  
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash  
Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man and  
maid  
Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering  
shell.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou hast seen  
The blessed Master and his works of love;  
Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the angels sing  
Above this open hell? *Thou* God's high-priest!  
*Thou* the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!  
*Thou* the successor of his chosen ones!  
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,  
In the dear Master's name, and for the love  
Of his true Church, proclaim thee Antichrist,  
Alien and separate from his holy faith,  
Wide as the difference between death and life,  
The hate of man and the great love of God!  
Hence, and repent!"

Thereat the pontiff woke,  
Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream.  
"What means he?" cried the Bourbon.

"Nothing more  
Than that your majesty hath all too well  
Catered for your good guests, and that, in sooth,  
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,"  
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

### TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,  
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,  
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;  
As one who, wandering in a starless night,  
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,  
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,  
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart  
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!  
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.  
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path  
A sound as of an old man's staff among  
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,  
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,  
"God give thee a good day!" The old man  
raised  
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;  
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,  
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,  
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid  
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:  
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words  
mean.

Surely man's days are evil, and his life  
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,  
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days  
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike  
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;  
And that which is not, sharing not his life,  
Is evil only as devoid of good.  
And for the happiness of which I spake  
I find in it submission to his will,  
And calm trust in the holy Trinity  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,  
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one  
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting  
thought  
Which long has followed, whispering through the  
dark  
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:  
"What if God's will consign thee hence to  
Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.  
What Hell may be I know not; this I know,—  
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:  
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon  
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,  
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go  
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him  
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,  
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove  
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked  
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man  
Went his slow way, until his silver hair  
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine  
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:  
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man  
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,  
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step  
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,  
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,  
Which tracing backward till its airy lines  
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes  
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,  
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,  
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise  
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where  
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's  
tower,



Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,  
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,  
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.

As yonder tower outstretches to the earth  
The dark triangle of its shade alone  
When the clear day is shining on its top,  
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life  
Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;  
But what is dark below is light in Heaven."

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY READING A STATE PAPER, WHERE-  
IN THE HIGHER LAW IS INVOKED TO SUSTAIN  
THE LOWER ONE.

A PIOUS magistrate! sound his praise throughout  
The wondering churches. Who shall henceforth  
doubt

That the long-wished millennium draweth  
nigh?  
Sin in high places has become devout,  
Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and prays its  
lie  
Straight up to Heaven, and calls it piety!

The pirate, watching from his bloody deck  
· The weltering galleon, heavy with the gold  
Of Acapulco, holding death in check  
While prayers are said, brows crossed, and  
beads are told,—  
The robber, kneeling where the wayside cross  
On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss  
From his own carbine, glancing still abroad  
For some new victim, offering thanks to God!—

Rome, listening at her altars to the cry  
Of midnight Murder, while her hounds of hell  
Scour France, from baptized cannon and holy  
bell

And thousand-throated priesthood, loud and  
high,  
Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering sky,  
"Thanks to the Lord, who giveth victory!"  
What prove these, but that crime was ne'er so  
black

As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to lack?  
Satan is modest. At Heaven's door he lays  
His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural phrase  
And saintly posture, gives to God the praise  
And honor of the monstrous progeny.  
What marvel, then, in our own time to see  
His old devices, smoothly acted o'er,—  
Official piety, locking fast the door  
Of Hope against three million souls of men,—  
Brothers, God's children, Christ's redeemed,—  
and then,  
With unrolled eyeballs and on bended knee,  
Whining a prayer for help to hide the key!

THE VOICES.

"WHY urge the long, unequal fight,  
Since Truth has fallen in the street,  
Or lift anew the trampled light,  
Quenched by the heedless million's feet?

"Give o'er the thankless task; forsake  
The fools who know not ill from good;  
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take  
Thine ease among the multitude.

"Live out thyself; with others share  
Thy proper life no more; assume  
The unconcern of sun and air,  
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

"The mountain pine looks calmly on  
The fires that scourge the plains below,  
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun  
The small birds piping in the snow!

"The world is God's, not thine; let him  
Work out a change, if change must be:  
The hand that planted best can trim  
And nurse the old unfruitful tree."

So spake the Tempter, when the light  
Of sun and stars had left the sky,  
I listened, through the cloud and night,  
And heard, methought, a voice reply:

"Thy task may well seem over-hard,  
Who scatterest in a thankless soil  
Thy life as seed, with no reward  
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

"Not wholly is thy heart resigned  
To Heaven's benign and just decree,  
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,  
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

"Break off that sacred chain, and turn  
Back on thyself thy love and care;  
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn  
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children, there.

"Released from that fraternal law  
Which shares the common bale and bliss,  
No sadder lot could Folly draw,  
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

"The meal unshared is food unblessed:  
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend:  
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end.

"A toil that gains with what it yields,  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears, while sowing outward fields,  
The harvest-song of inward peace.

"Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,  
Free shines for all the healthful ray;  
The still pool stagnates in the sun,  
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay!

"What is it that the crowd requite  
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?  
And but to faith, and not to sight,  
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

"Yet do thy work; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And, if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

"Faith shares the future's promise; Love's  
Self-offering is a triumph won;  
And each good thought or action moves  
The dark world nearer to the sun.

"Then faint not, falter not, nor plead  
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;  
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,  
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

"Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,  
To place or gain finds out its way,  
Hath power to seek the highest good,  
And duty's holiest call obey!

"Strivest thou in darkness?—Foes without  
In league with traitor thoughts within;  
Thy night-watch kept with trembling Doubt  
And pale Remorse the ghost of Sin?"

"Hast thou not, on some week of storm,  
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,  
And cloud and shadow, sun lit, form  
The curtains of its tent of prayer?"

"So, haply, when thy task shall end,  
The wrong shall lose itself in right,  
And all thy week-day darkness blend  
With the long Sabbath of the light!"

### THE HERO.

"O for a knight like Bayard,  
Without reproach or fear;  
My light glove on his casque of steel,  
My love-knot on his spear!"

"O for the white plume floating  
Sad Zutphen's field above,—  
The lion heart in battle,  
The woman's heart in love!"

"O that man once more were manly,  
Woman's pride, and not her scorn:  
That once more the pale young mother  
Dared to boast 'a man is born'!"

"But, now life's slumberous current  
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;  
No tall, heroic manhood  
The level dulness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,  
Without reproach or fear!  
My light glove on his casque of steel,  
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing  
To the time her proud pulse beat,  
"Life hath its regal natures yet,—  
True, tender, brave, and sweet!"

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!  
One man, at least, I know,  
Who might wear the crest of Bayard  
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains  
Died away the Grecian sun,  
And the far Cyllenian ranges  
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,  
Cleaving all the quiet sky,  
And against his sharp steel lightnings  
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!  
The crescent blazed behind  
A curving line of sabres,  
Like fire before the wind!"

"Last to fly, and first to rally,  
Rode he of whom I speak,  
When, groaning in his bridle-path,  
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume  
Wet with many a ghastly stain,  
Gazing on earth and sky as one  
Who might not gaze again!"

"He looked forward to the mountains,  
Back on foes that never spare,  
Then flung him from his saddle,  
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabres,  
Through a stormy hail of lead,  
The good Thessalian charger  
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders;  
He almost felt their breath,  
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down  
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—  
He gained the solid land,  
And the cover of the mountains,  
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"  
Said the moist-eyed listener then,  
"But one brave deed makes no hero;  
Tell me what he since hath been!"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,  
Still an honor without stain,  
In the prison of the Kaiser,  
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness  
The sign of valor true;  
Peace hath higher tests of manhood  
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,  
The Cadmus of the blind,  
Giving the dumb lip language,  
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty  
Serenely day by day,  
With the strong man's hand of labor  
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,  
Sir Lancelot and his peers,  
Brave in his calm endurance  
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,  
As stars in noonday skies,  
All that wakes to noble action  
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature  
Asks word or action brave,  
Wherever struggles labor,  
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,  
Wherever sinks a throne,  
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds  
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,  
Without reproach or fear!  
Said I not well that Bayards  
And Sidneys still are here?"

### MY DREAM.

In my dream, methought I trod,  
Yesternight, a mountain road;  
Narrow as Al Sirat's span,  
High as eagle's flight, it ran.



Overhead, a roof of cloud  
With its weight of thunder bowed ;  
Underneath, to left and right,  
Blankness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wild-flower blushed,  
Now and then a bird-song gushed ;  
Now and then, through rifts of shade,  
Stars shone out, and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,  
Walking in that path with me,  
One by one the brink o'erslid,  
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,  
Some with cheerful courage went ;  
But, of all who smiled or mourned,  
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,  
Questioning that shadow drear,  
Never hand in token stirred,  
Never answering voice I heard !

Steeper, darker !—lo ! I felt  
From my feet the pathway melt.  
Swallowed by the black despair,  
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,  
Strangled by the wash of waves,  
Past the splintered crags, I sank  
On a green and flowery bank,—

Soft as fall of thistle-down,  
Lightly as a cloud is blown,  
Soothingly as childhood pressed  
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,  
Green and grassy meadows spread,  
Bright with waters singing by  
Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,  
Old lost faces welcomed me,  
With whose sweetness of content  
Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning gray  
Slowly brightened into day,  
Pondering that vision fled,  
Thus unto myself I said :—

“ Steep, and hung with clouds of strife,  
Is our narrow path of life ;  
And our death the dreaded fall  
Through the dark, awaiting all.

“ So, with painful steps we climb  
Up the dizzy ways of time,  
Ever in the shadow shed  
By the forecast of our dread.

“ Dread of mystery solved alone,  
Of the untried and unknown ;  
Yet the end thereof may seem  
Like the falling of my dream.

“ And this heart-consuming care,  
All our fears of here or there,  
Change and absence, loss and death,  
Prove but simple lack of faith.”

Thou, O Most Compassionate !  
Who didst stoop to our estate,  
Drinking of the cup we drain,  
Treading in our path of pain,—

Through the doubt and mystery,  
Grant to us thy steps to see,  
And the grace to draw from thence  
Larger hope and confidence.

Show thy vacant tomb, and let,  
As of old, the angels sit,  
Whispering, by its open door :  
“ Fear not ! He hath gone before ! ”

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace :  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy !  
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride !  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood ;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans !—  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks ;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
For my taste, the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone ;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude!  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless toil:  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

## FLOWERS IN WINTER.

### PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty morn,  
In graceful counterfeit of flowers,  
These children of the meadows, born  
Of sunshine and of showers!

How well the conscious wood retains  
The pictures of its flower-sown home,—  
The lights and shades, the purple stains,  
And golden hues of bloom!

It was a happy thought to bring  
To the dark season's frost and rime  
This painted memory of spring,  
This dream of summer-time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,  
Our fancy's age renews its youth,  
And dim-remembered fictions take  
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimack,—  
So old ancestral legends say,—  
Could call green leaf and blossom back  
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,  
Beneath his touch, put out their leaves;  
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,  
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail  
Take bud, and bloom before his eyes;  
From frozen pools he saw the pale,  
Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,  
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,  
And through their leafy tongues complained  
Of household use and wrang.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,  
The pipkin wore its old-time green;  
The cradle o'er the sleeping child  
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,  
While wandering in her sylvan quest,  
Haunting his native woodlands yet,  
That Druid of the West;—

And, while the dew on leaf and flower  
Glistened in moonlight clear and still,  
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of power,  
And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,  
The gift which makes the day more bright,  
And paints, upon the ground of cold  
And darkness, warmth and light!

Without is neither gold nor green;  
Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing;  
Yet, summer-like, we sit between  
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,  
And sweetest breath of woodland balm,  
And one whose matron lips uncloze  
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow!  
The sweet azalea's oaken dells,  
And hide the bank where roses blow,  
And swung the azure bells!

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,  
The purple aster's brookside home,  
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives  
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round again,  
By greening slope and singing flood  
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,  
Her darlings of the wood.

## THE RENDITION.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,  
I saw an earnest look beseech,  
And rather by that look than speech  
My neighbor told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty  
Marched handcuffed down that sworded street,  
The solid earth beneath my feet  
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss,—  
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,  
And loathing fear, as if my path  
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,  
All generous confidence and trust,  
Sank smothering in that deep disgust  
And anguish of disgrace.



Down on my native hills of June,  
And home's green quiet, hiding all,  
Fell sudden darkness like the fall  
Of midnight upon noon!

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,  
Blood-drunken, through the blackness trod,  
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God  
The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories proud,  
Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,  
Lend this dead air a breeze of health,  
And smite with stars this cloud.

'Mother of Freedom, wise and brave.  
Rise awful in thy strength," I said;  
Ah me! I spake but to the dead;  
I stood upon her grave!

6th mo., 1854.

### LINE,

ON THE PASSAGE OF THE BILL TO PROTECT THE  
RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE OF  
THE STATE AGAINST THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,  
My Mother State, when last the moon  
Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,  
I wore, undreaming of relief,  
The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines  
On leaf and flower and folded wing,  
And thou hast risen with the spring!

Once more thy strong maternal arms  
Are round about thy children flung,—  
A lioness that guards her young!

No threat is on thy closed lips,  
But in thine eye a power to smite  
The mad wolf backward from its light.

Southward the baffled robber's track  
Henceforth runs only; hereaway,  
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,  
His first low howl shall downward draw  
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,  
But, acting on the wiser plan,  
Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,  
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes  
Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man,  
In virtue as in stature great,  
Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood  
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,  
Shalt win their grateful thanks at last;

When North and South shall strive no more,  
And all their feuds and fears be lost  
In Freedom's holy Pentecost.

6th mo., 1855.

### THE FRUIT-GIFT.

LAST night, just as the tints of autumn's sky  
Of sunset faded from our hills and streams,  
I sat, vague listening, lapped in twilight dreams,  
To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's cry.  
Then, like that basket, flush with summer fruit,  
Dropped by the angels at the Prophet's foot,  
Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered sweetness,  
Full-orbed, and glowing with the prisoned  
beams

Of summery suns, and rounded to completeness  
By kisses of the south-wind and the dew.  
Thrilled with a glad surprise, methought I knew  
The pleasure of the homeward-turning Jew,  
When Eschol's clusters on his shoulders lay,  
Dropping their sweetness on his desert way.

I said, "This fruit becoms no world of sin.  
Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,  
O'ercrept the wall, and never paid the price  
Of the great mischief,—an ambrosial tree,  
Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,  
To keep the thorns and thistles company."  
Perchance our frail, sad mother plucked in haste  
A single vine-slip as she passed the gate,  
Where the dread sword alternate paled and  
burned,

And the stern angel, pitying her fate,  
Forgave the lovely trespasser, and turned  
Aside his face of fire: and thus the waste  
And fallen world hath yet its annual taste  
Of primal good, to prove of sin the cost,  
And show by one gleaned ear the mighty harvest  
lost.

### A MEMORY.

HERE, while the loom of Winter weaves  
The shroud of flowers and fountains,  
I think of thee and summer eves  
Among the Northern mountains.

When thunder tolled the twilight's close,  
And winds the lake were rude on,  
And thou wert singing, *Ca' the Yowes*,  
The bonny yowes of Cluden!

When, close and closer, hushing breath,  
Our circle narrowed round thee,  
And smiles and tears made up the wreath  
Wherewith our silence crowned thee;

And, strangers all, we felt the ties  
Of sisters and of brothers;  
Ah! whose of all those kindly eyes  
Now smile upon another's?

The sport of Time, who still apart  
The waifs of life is flinging;  
O, nevermore shall heart to heart  
Draw nearer for that singing!

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,  
And twilight's fire is gleaming,  
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard  
Sound softly through my dreaming!

A song that lends to winter snows  
The glow of summer weather,—  
Again I hear thee *ca' the yowes*  
To Cluden's hills of heather!

## TO C. S.

If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong  
 Than praise the right; if seldom to thine ear  
 My voice had mingled with the exultant cheer  
 Borne upon all our Northern winds along;  
 If I have failed to join the fickle throng  
 In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong  
 In victory, surprised in thee to find  
 Brougham's scathing power with Canning's grace  
 combined;

That he, for whom the ninefold Muses sang,  
 From their twined arms a giant athlete sprang,  
 Barbing the arrows of his native tongue  
 With the spent shafts Latona's archer flung,  
 To smite the Python of our land and time,  
 Fell as the monster born of Crissa's slime,  
 Like the blind bard who in Castalian springs  
 Tempered the steel that clove the crest of kings,  
 And on the shrine of England's freedom laid  
 The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's shade,—  
 Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.

Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well  
 canst guess

That, even though silent, I have not the less  
 Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree  
 With the large future which I shaped for thee,  
 When, years ago, beside the summer sea,  
 White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall  
 Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,  
 That, to the menace of the brawling flood,  
 Opposed alone its massive quietude,  
 Came as a fate; with not a leaf nor vine  
 Nor birch-spray trembling in the still moonshine,  
 Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think

That night-scene by the sea prophetic,—  
 (For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,  
 And through her pictures human fate divines),—  
 That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink  
 In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall  
 In the white light of heaven, the type of one  
 Who, momentarily by Error's host assailed,  
 Stands strong as Truth, in graves of granite  
 mailed;

And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all  
 The tumult, hears the angels say, Well done!

## THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

We cross the prairie as of old  
 The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
 To make the West, as they the East,  
 The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men  
 On Freedom's southern line,  
 And plant beside the cotton-tree  
 The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills  
 As our free river flow;  
 The blessing of our Mother-land  
 Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
 On distant prairie swells,  
 And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
 The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,  
 The Bible in our van,  
 We go to test the truth of God  
 Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams  
 That feed the Kansas run,  
 Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
 Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old  
 Our fathers sailed the sea,  
 And make the West, as they the East,  
 The homestead of the free!

## SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

WHERE are we going? where are we going,

Where are we going, Rubee?  
 Lord of peoples, lord of lands,  
 Look across these shining sands,  
 Through the furnace of the noon,  
 Through the white light of the moon.  
 Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,  
 Strange and large the world is growing!  
 Speak and tell us where we are going,  
 Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou land was rich and good,  
 Wells of water, fields of food,  
 Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,  
 And the palm-tree cool and green:  
 Bornou land we see no longer,  
 Here we thirst and here we hunger,  
 Here the Moor-man smites in anger:  
 Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,  
 We were like the leaves and sand,  
 We were many, we are few;  
 Life has one, and death has two:  
 Whited bones our path are showing,  
 Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!  
 Hear us, tell us where are we going,  
 Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes  
 Bornou land behind us lies;  
 Stranger round us day by day  
 Bends the desert circle gray;  
 Wild the waves of sand are flowing,  
 Hot the winds above them blowing,—  
 Lord of all things!—where are we going,  
 Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but Thou art strong;  
 Short our lives, but Thine is long;  
 We are blind, but Thou hast eyes;  
 We are fools, but Thou art wise!  
 Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing  
 Through the strange world round us growing,  
 Hear us, tell us where are we going,  
 Where are we going, Rubee?

## LINES,

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER ARREST FOR  
 TREASON AGAINST THE SLAVE POWER.

The age is dull and mean. Men creep,  
 Not walk; with blood too pale and tame  
 To pay the debt they owe to shame;  
 Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep  
 Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning wail;  
 Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep  
 Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.



In such a time, give thanks to God,  
That somewhat of the holy rage  
With which the prophets in their age  
On all its decent seemings trod,  
Has set your feet upon the lie,  
That man and ox and soul and clod  
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my own,  
To caution trained, might not repeat;  
But if some tares among the wheat  
Of generous thought and deed were sown,  
No common wrong provoked your zeal;  
The silken gauntlet that is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw  
For Freedom calls for men again  
Like those who battled not in vain  
For England's Charter, Alfred's law;  
And right of speech and trial just  
Wage in your name their ancient war  
With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.  
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;  
Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

#### THE NEW EXODUS. 64

By fire and cloud, across the desert sand,  
And through the parted waves,  
From their long bondage, with an outstretched  
hand,  
God led the Hebrew slaves!

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,  
As Egypt's statues cold,  
In the adytum of the sacred book  
Now stands that marvel old.

"Lo, God is great!" the simple Moslem says.  
We seek the ancient date,  
Turn the dry scroll, and make that living phrase  
A dead one: "God was great!"

And, like the Coptic monks by Mousa's wells,  
We dream of wonders past,  
Vague as the tales the wandering Arab tells,  
Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind! Above the Pyramids  
Stretches once more that hand,  
And transc'd Egypt, from her stony lids,  
Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, singing, wakes  
And, listening by his Nile,  
O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage breaks  
A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and call  
Of death for midnight graves,

But in the stillness of the noonday, fall  
The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of old,  
The bondmen walk dry shod;  
Through human hearts, by love of him controlled,  
Runs now that path of God!

#### THE HASCHISH.

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt  
Of marvels with our own competing,  
The strangest is the Haschish plant,  
And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,  
Of Dervish or of Almeh dances!  
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,  
Set all aglow with Houri glances!

The poppy visions of Cathay,  
The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian;  
The wizard lights and demon play  
Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian!

The Mollah and the Christian dog  
Change place in mad metempsychosis;  
The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,  
The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses!

The Arab by his desert well  
Sits choosing from some Caliph's daughters,  
And hears his single camel's bell  
Sound welcome to his regal quarters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint  
Of Shitan dancing on and off it;  
The robber offers alms, the saint  
Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the Prophet.

Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes;  
But we have one ordained to beat it,  
The Haschish of the West, which makes  
Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears  
His Bible in a new translation;  
Its angels negro overseers,  
And Heaven itself a snug plantation!

The man of peace, about whose dreams  
The sweet millennial angels cluster,  
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes,  
A raving Cuban filibuster!

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,  
It turns to Slavery's parish beadle;  
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees  
Due southward point the polar needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits ere long  
Upon his bench a railing blackguard;  
Decides off-hand that right is wrong,  
And reads the ten commandments backward.

O potent plant! so rare a taste  
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten.  
The hempen Haschish of the East  
Is powerless to our Western Cotton.

## BALLADS.

MARY GARVIN.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the  
lake that never falls,  
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's in-  
tervals;  
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters  
foam and flow,  
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hun-  
dred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges,  
dams, and mills,  
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its free-  
dom of the hills,  
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately  
Champernoon  
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the  
trumpet of the loon!

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds  
of fire and steam,  
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind  
him like a dream.  
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly back-  
ward far and fast  
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of  
the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged: the sor-  
row and the sin,  
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our  
own akin;  
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our  
mothers sung,  
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is  
always young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's banks to-  
day!  
O mill-girl watching late and long the shuttle's  
restless play!  
Let, for the once, a listening ear the working  
hand beguile,  
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits, a tear  
or smile!

—  
The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort  
Mary's walls;  
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and  
plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and  
gusty grew,  
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of  
Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin blazed the crack-  
ling walnut log;  
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and be-  
tween them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside  
him on her mat,  
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and  
purred the mottled cat.

"Twenty years!" said Goodman Garvin, speak-  
ing sadly, under breath,  
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who  
speaks of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles: "It is twenty  
years to-day,  
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our  
child away."

Then they sank into the silence, for each knew  
the other's thought,  
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were  
needed not.

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman Garvin. The  
door was open thrown;  
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and  
furred, the fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-skin  
from his head;  
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I am he," the  
goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night  
is chill with rain."  
And the goodwife drew the settle, and stirred  
the fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the fire-light  
glistened fair  
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of  
dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: "It is Mary's  
self I see!  
Dear heart!" she cried, "now tell me, has my  
child come back to me?"

"My name indeed is Mary," said the stranger,  
sobbing wild;  
"Will you be to me a mother? I am Mary Gar-  
vin's child!"

"She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying  
day  
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far  
away.

"And when the priest besought her to do me no  
such wrong,  
She said, 'May God forgive me! I have closed  
my heart too long.

"When I hid me from my father, and shut out  
my mother's call,  
I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father  
of us all.

"Christ's love rebukes no home-love, breaks no  
tie of kin apart;  
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

"Tell me not the Church must censure: she who  
wept the Cross beside  
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the  
claims of blood denied;

"And if she who wronged her parents, wit . her  
child atones to them,  
Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother! thou at  
least wilt not condemn!"

"So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed  
mother spake;  
As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for  
her sake."





"It is Mary's self I see."

"God be praised!" said Goodwife Garvin, "He taketh, and he gives; He woundeth, but he healeth in her child our daughter lives!"

"Amen!" the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away. And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said, with reverence, "Let us pray."

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew paraphrase, Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his knee, The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of Papistrie.

"What is this?" cried Farmer Garvin. "Is an English Christian's home A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his trembling hand, and cried:

"O, forbear to chide my father; in that faith my mother died!

"On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and sunshine fall, As they fall on Spurrwink's graveyard; and the dear God watches all!"

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on his knee;

"Your words, dear child," he answered, "are God's rebuke to me.

"Creed and right perchance may differ, yet our faith and hope be one. Let me be your father's father, let him be to me a son."

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still and frosty air, From Spurrwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to sermon and to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order due and fit, As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown, From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray frock, shading down;

From the pulpit read the preacher,—"Goodman Garvin and his wife Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed them through life,

"For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter, from the wild, Where she rests (they hope in God's peace), has sent to them her child;

"And the prayers of all God's people they ask, that they may prove Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such special proof of love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple stood, And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maid-enhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is  
Papist born and bred";  
Thought the young men, "'T is an angel in Mary  
Garvin's stead!"

### MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.



"Maud Muller looked and sighed"



At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : " Ah me !  
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay :

" No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

" But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,  
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes 'n his garnished rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,  
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, " It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : " It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

## THE RANGER.

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were falling  
When the ranger's horn was calling  
Through the woods to Canada.  
Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,  
Gone the spring-time's bud and blowing,  
Gone the summer's harvest mowing,  
And again the fields are gray.  
Yet away, he 's away !  
Faint and fainter hope is growing  
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on  
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,  
Glares o'er wood and wave away,  
Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,  
Or as thunder spent and dying,  
Come the challenge and replying,  
Come the sounds of flight and fray.  
Well-a-day ! Hope and pray !  
Some are living, some are lying  
In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,  
Homeward faring, weary strangers  
Pass the farm-gate on their way ;  
Tidings of the dead and living,  
Forest march and ambush, giving,  
Till the maidens leave their weaving,  
And the lads forget their play.  
" Still away, still away !"  
Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,  
" Why does Robert still delay !"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer  
Through his painted woodlands stray,  
Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches,



"O'er went wheel and reel together."

Silver coves and pebbled beaches,  
And green isles of Casco Bay ;  
Nowhere day, for delay,  
With a tenderer look beseeches,  
"Let me with my charmed earth stay."

On the grain-lands of the mainlands  
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,  
Plume and pennon rustling gay ;  
Out at sea, the islands wooded,  
Silver birches, golden-hooded,  
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,  
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,  
Stretch away, far away.  
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded  
By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering  
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,  
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.  
On the grass-land, on the fallow,  
Drop the apples, red and yellow ;  
Drop the russet pears and mellow,  
Drop the red leaves all the day,  
And away, swift away,  
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow  
Chasing, weave their web of play.

"Martha Mason, Martha Mason,  
Prithee tell us of the reason  
Why you mope at home to-day :  
Surely smiling is not sinning ;  
Leave your quilling, leave your spinning ;  
What is all your store of linen,  
If your heart is never gay ?  
Come away, come away !  
Never yet did sad beginning  
Make the task of life a play."

Overbending till she's blending  
With the flaxen skein she's tending  
Pale brown tresses smoothed away  
From her face of patient sorrow,

Sits she, seeking but to borrow,  
From the trembling hope of morrow,  
Solace for the weary day.  
"Go your way, laugh and play ;  
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow  
And the lily, let me pray."

"With our rally, rings the valley,—  
Join us !" cried the blue-eyed Nelly ;  
"Join us !" cried the laughing May,  
"To the beach we all are going,  
And, to save the task of rowing,  
West by north the wind is blowing,  
Blowing briskly down the bay !  
Come away, come away !  
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,  
Let us take them while we may !

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,  
Where the purple beach-plum mellow  
On the bluffs so wild and gray.  
Hasten, for the oars are falling ;  
Hark, our merry mates are calling :  
Time it is that we were all in,  
Singing tideward down the bay !"  
"Nay, nay, let me stay ;  
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin  
Is my heart," she said, "to-day."

"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !  
Some red squaw his moose-meat's broiling,  
Or some French lass, singing gay ;  
Just forget as he's forgetting ;  
What avails a life of fretting ?  
If some stars must needs be sett'ing,  
Others rise as good as they."  
"Cease, I pray ; go your way !"  
Martha cries, her eyelids wetting :  
"Foul and false the words you say !"

"Martha Mason, hear to reason !  
Prithee, put a kinder face on !"  
"Cease to vex me," did she say ;



"Better at his side be lying,  
With the mournful pine-trees sighing,  
And the wild birds o'er us crying,  
Than to doubt like mine a prey;  
While away, far away,  
Turns my heart, forever trying  
Some new hope for each new day.

"When the shadows veil the meadows,  
And the sunset's golden ladders  
Sink from twilight's walls of gray,—  
From the window of my dreaming,  
I can see his sickle gleaming,  
Cherry-voiced, can hear him teaming  
Down the locust-shaded way;  
But away, swift away,  
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,  
And I kneel again to pray.

"When the growing dawn is showing,  
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,  
And the horned moon pales away:  
From a dream of him awaking,  
Every sound my heart is making  
Seems a footstep of his taking;

Then I hush the thought, and say,  
'Nay, nay, he's away!'  
Ah! my heart, my heart is breaking  
For the dear one far away."

Look up, Martha! worn and swarthy,  
Glow a face of manhood worthy:  
"Robert!" "Martha!" all they say.  
O'er went wheel and reel together,  
Little cared the owner whither;  
Heart of lead is heart of feather,  
Noon of night is noon of day!  
Come away, come away!  
When such lovers meet each other,  
Why should prying idlers stay?

Quench the timber's fallen embers,  
Quench the red leaves in December's  
Hoary rime and chilly spray.  
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,  
Household welcomes sound sincerer,  
Heart to loving heart draw nearer,  
When the bridal bells shall say:  
"Hope and pray, trust away;  
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,  
For the trial and delay!"

## LATER POEMS.

1856-'57.

### THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

#### I.

O'er the bare woods, whose out-stretched hands  
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,  
I see, beyond the valley lands,  
The sea's long level dim with rain.  
Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
Seem praying for the snows to come,  
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,  
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn  
atone.

#### II.

Along the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters nod;  
And trembles on its arid stalk  
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.  
And on a ground of sombre fir,  
And azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet  
wild-rose!

#### III.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,  
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,  
Like a great arrow through the sky,  
Two dusky lines converged in one,  
Chasing the southward-flying sun;  
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy Jay  
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them  
stay.

#### IV.

I passed this way a year ago:  
The wind blew south; the noon of day  
Was warm as June's; and save that snow  
Flecked the low mountains far away,  
And that the vernal-seeming breeze  
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,  
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,  
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at  
play.

#### V.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled  
The white pagodas of the snow  
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,  
Yon river, in its overflow  
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,  
Crashed with its ices to the sea;  
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,  
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ  
rolled.

#### VI.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our Northern clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,  
What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,  
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and  
flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its  
round been ours!

## VII.

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go;  
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine snow!  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates;  
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

## VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts  
Is one with him who rows or sails;  
And he who wanders lowly lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees,  
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,  
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer!

## IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks  
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;  
But he who sees his native brooks  
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.  
The marble palaces of Ind  
Rise round him in the snow and wind;  
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,  
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

## X.

And thus it is my fancy blends  
The near at hand and far and rare;  
And while the same horizon bends  
Above the silver-sprinkled hair  
Which flashed the light of morning skies  
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,  
Within its round of sea and sky and field,  
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos  
stands revealed.

## XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,  
The toiler to his task-work bound,  
Behold their prison-walls outspread,  
Their clipped horizon widen round!  
While freedom-giving fancy waits,  
Like Peter's angel at the gates,  
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,  
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs  
again!

## XII.

What lack of goodly company,  
When masters of the ancient lyre  
Obey my call, and trace for me  
Their words of mingled tears and fire!  
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,  
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;  
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,  
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought,  
draw near.

## XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,  
"In vain the human heart we mock;  
Bring living guests who love the day,  
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!  
The herbs we share with flesh and blood,  
Are better than ambrosial food,  
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loath,  
But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

## XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,  
Have I not seen before me sit,  
And watched his puritanic face,  
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?  
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back  
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,  
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,  
Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age  
steam!

## XV.

Here too, of answering love secure,  
Have I not welcomed to my hearth  
The gentle pilgrim troubadour,  
Whose songs have girdled half the earth;  
Whose pages, like the magic mat  
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,  
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,  
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's mourn-  
tain pines!

## XVI.

And he, who to the lettered wealth  
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,  
The wisdom and the moral health,  
The ethics of the school of Christ;  
The statesman to his holy trust,  
As the Athenian archon, just,  
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,  
Has he not graced my home with beauty all his  
own?

## XVII.

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,  
What loved ones enter and depart!  
The good, the beautiful, the brave,  
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!  
How conscious seems the frozen sod  
And beechen slope whereon they trod!  
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends  
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friend

## XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills  
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,  
To bear the winter's lingering chills,  
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.  
I dream of lands where summer smiles,  
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,  
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be  
sweet,  
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my  
feet!

## XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,  
And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
But homesick tears would fill the eyes  
That saw the Cross without the Bear.  
The pine must whisper to the palm,  
The north-wind break the tropic calm;  
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength of  
beauty join.

## XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
Of God's occasions drifting by!  
Better with naked nerve to bear  
The needles of this goading air,  
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know





"And I, who watch them through the frosty pane."

## XXI.

Home of my heart! to me more fair  
Than gay Versailles or Windsor' shall,  
The painted, shingly town-house where  
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!  
The simple roof where prayer is made,  
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;  
The living temple of the heart of man,  
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired  
Milan!

## XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,  
Where rich and poor the Bible read,  
Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,  
And Learning wears the chains of Creed:  
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in  
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,  
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,  
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in  
chains.

## XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
And perch along these wooded swells;  
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!  
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
Nor woman winged before her time,  
But with the faults and follies of the race,  
Old home-bred virtues held their not unhonored  
place.

## XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake  
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,  
The graces and the loves which make  
The music of the march of life;  
And woman, in her daily round  
Of duty, walks on holy ground.  
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here  
Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to sneer.

## XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow  
The trumpets of the coming storm,  
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow  
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.  
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,  
As gayly as I did of old;  
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,  
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

## XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds  
The life that hides in mead and wold,  
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
And stains these mosses green and gold,  
Will still, as He hath done, incline  
His gracious care to me and mine;  
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter  
every star!

## XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,  
My hopes for man take form in act,  
But God will give the victory  
In due time; in that faith I act.  
And he who sees the future sure,  
The baffling present may endure,  
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that  
leads  
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of  
deeds.

## XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,  
Where harsher songs of mine have flown;  
Go, find a place at home and hearth  
Where'er thy singer's name is known;  
Revive for him the kindly thought  
Of friends; and they who love him not,  
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may  
take  
The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy  
sake.

## THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,  
And nursed by winter gales,  
With petals of the sleeted spars,  
And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,  
Within her ice-rimmed bay,  
In common with the wild-wood flowers,  
The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, "God be praised !" the Pilgrim said,  
Who saw the blossoms peer  
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,  
"Behold our Mayflower here !"

"God wills it : here our rest shall be,  
Our years of wandering o'er,  
For us the Mayflower of the sea  
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,  
As sweetly now as then  
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,  
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,  
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,  
Like love behind the manly strength  
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,  
Their sturdy faith be ours,  
And ours the love that overruns  
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day  
Its shadow round us draws ;  
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,  
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns erelong shall bring  
To life the frozen sod ;  
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring  
Afresh the flowers of God !

## BURIAL OF BARBOUR.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave ;  
Never over one more brave  
Shall the prairie grasses weep,  
In the ages yet to come,  
When the millions in our room,  
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,  
With the Kansas, frozen still  
As his noble heart, below,  
And the land he came to till  
With a freeman's thews and will,  
And his poor hut roofed with snow !

One more look of that dead face,  
Of his murder's ghastly trace !  
One more kiss, O widowed one !  
Lay your left hands on his brow,  
Lift your right hands up, and vow  
That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends ! The eye of God  
Every path by Murder trod  
Watches, lidless, day and night ;  
And the dead man in his shroud,  
And his widow weeping loud,  
And our hearts, are in his sight.

Every deadly threat that swells  
With the roar of gambling hells,  
Every brutal jest and jeer,  
Every wicked thought and plan  
Of the cruel heart of man,  
Though but whispered, He can hear !

We in suffering, they in crime,  
Wait the just award of time,  
Wait the vengeance that is due ;  
Not in vain a heart shall break,  
Not a tear for Freedom's sake  
Fall unheeded : God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked  
Threatens where it should protect,  
And the Law shakes hands with Crime,  
What is left us but to wait,  
Match our patience to our fate,  
And abide the better time ?

Patience, friends ! The human heart  
Everywhere shall take our part,  
Everywhere for us shall pray ;  
On our side are nature's laws,  
And God's life is in the cause  
That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine ;  
Pass the watchword down the line,  
Pass the countersign : "ENDURE."  
Not to him who rashly dares,  
But to him who nobly bears,  
Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,  
Lay our slain one down to rest ;  
Lay him down in hope and faith,  
And above the broken sod,  
Once again, to Freedom's God,  
Pledge ourselves for life or death.

That the State whose walls we lay,  
In our blood and tears, to-day,  
Shall be free from bonds of shame  
And our goodly land untrod  
By the feet of Slavery, shod .  
With cursing as with flame !

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,  
For the hunter of the slave  
In its shadow cannot rest ;  
And let martyr mound and tree  
Be our pledge and guaranty  
Of the freedom of the West !

## TO PENNSYLVANIA.

O STATE prayer-founded ! never hung  
Such choice upon a people's tongue,  
Such power to bless or ban,  
As that which makes thy whisper Fate,  
For which on thee the centuries wait,  
And destinies of man !

Across thy Alleghanian chain,  
With groanings from a land in pain,  
The west-wind find its way ;  
Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood  
The crying of thy children's blood  
Is in thy ears to-day !





"Up, men!" he cried, "yon rocky cone,  
To-day, please God, we'll pass."

And unto thee in Freedom's hour  
Of sorest need God gives the power  
To ruin or to save;  
To wound or heal, to blight or bless  
With fertile field or wilderness,  
A free home or a grave!

Then let thy virtue match the crime,  
Rise to a level with the time;  
And, if a son of thine  
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like  
For Fatherland and Freedom strike  
As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,  
The great occasion's forelock seize;  
And, let the north-wind strong,  
And golden leaves of autumn, be  
Thy coronal of Victory  
And thy triumphal song.

10th mo., 1856.

### THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

ALL night above their rocky bed  
They saw the stars march slow;  
The wild Sierra overhead,  
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,  
The gray bear from his den,  
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,  
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,  
Their leader's sleepless eye,  
Where splinters of the mountain chain  
Stood back against the sky.

The night waned slow: at last, a glow,  
A gleam of sudden fire,  
Shot up behind the walls of snow,  
And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men!" he cried, "yon rocky cone,  
To-day, please God, we'll pass,  
And look from Winter's frozen throne  
On Summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,  
They trod the eternal snow,  
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last  
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed  
By many an icy horn;  
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,  
And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs  
To flap his baffled wing,  
And downward, with the cataracts,  
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,  
Another task remains,  
To break from Slavery's desert land  
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,  
Yet, flashing through the night,  
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear  
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, FREMONT! and go before;  
The Hour must have its Man;  
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,  
And lead in Freedom's van!

8th mo., 1856.

THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.<sup>66</sup>

ACROSS the frozen marshes  
The winds of autumn blow,  
And the fen-lands of the Wetter  
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands  
Look o'er the Baltic brine,  
A bark is sailing in the track  
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter  
For Bothnia's fish and grain;  
She saileth not for pleasure,  
She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or mainland  
She drops her anchor down,  
Where'er the British cannon  
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,  
At the gate of Helsingfors:  
"Why comes this ship a-spying  
In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard,—  
"God bless the ship, I say.  
The holy angels trim the sails  
That speed her on her way!

"Where'er she drops her anchor,  
The peasant's heart is glad;  
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,  
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet  
She visits to restore;  
To roof the shattered cabin,  
And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken boats of fishers,  
The foraged beeves and grain,  
The spoil of flake and storehouse,  
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow  
The sweet amend is made,  
As if the healing hand of Christ  
Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Amtman,  
"The will of God be done!  
The battle lost by England's hate,  
By England's love is won!

"We braved the iron tempest  
That thundered on our shore;  
But when did kindness fail to find  
The key to Finland's door?

"No more from Aland's ramparts  
Shall warning signal come,  
Nor startled Sweaborg hear again  
The roll of midnight drum.

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle  
The Dove of Peace shall rest;  
And in the mouths of cannon  
The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland, looking seaward,  
No coming foe shall scan;  
And the holy bells of Abo  
Shall ring, 'Good-will to man!'

"Then row thy boat, O fisher!  
In peace on lake and bay;  
And thou, young maiden, dance again  
Around the poles of May!

Sit down, old men, together,  
Old wives, in quiet spin;  
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon  
Is the brother of the Finn!"

## A LAY OF OLD TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY AGRICULTURAL  
FAIR.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,  
Poor Adam and his bride  
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—  
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit  
For the chaste garb of old;  
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit  
For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,  
Their forfeit garden lay,  
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,  
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,  
A light step on the sward,  
And lo! they saw before them stand  
The angel of the Lord!

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,  
When hope is all before,  
And patient hand and willing mind,  
Your loss may yet restore?"

"I leave with you a spell whose power  
Can make the desert glad,  
And call around you fruit and flower  
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift  
The curse from off your soil;  
Your very doom shall seem a gift,  
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees,  
To labor as to play,"  
White glimmering over Eden's trees  
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth  
Obedient to the word,  
And found where'er they tilled the earth  
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit  
And blushed with plum and pear,  
And seeded grass and trodden root  
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,  
And in our turn and day,  
Look back on Eden's sworded gate  
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies  
The pitying Angel leaves,  
And leads through Toil to Paradise  
New Adams and new Eves!



## WHAT OF THE DAY?

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,  
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky  
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare;  
The hills blaze red with warnings; foes draw  
nigh,

Treading the dark with challenge and reply.  
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision,—  
The gathering hosts,—the Valley of Decision,  
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.  
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!

It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!  
Even so, Father! Let Thy will be done,—  
Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou hast begun  
In judgment or in mercy: as for me,  
If but the least and frailest, let me be  
Evermore numbered with the truly free  
Who find Thy service perfect liberty!

I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life  
Has reached the hour (albeit through care and  
pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final strife,  
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;  
And Michael and his angels once again  
Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.  
O for the faith to read the signs aright  
And, from the angle of thy perfect sight,  
See Truth's white banner floating on before;  
And the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,  
And base expedients, move to noble ends;  
See Peace with Freedom make to Time  
amends,

And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-  
floor,  
Flailed by the thunder, heaped with chaffless  
grain!

1857.

## THE FIRST FLOWERS.

For ages on our river borders,  
These tassels in their tawny bloom,  
And willowy studs of downy silver,  
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters  
Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,  
And the clear carol of the robin  
And song of bluebird welcomed them.

But never yet from smiling river,  
Or song of early bird, have they  
Been greeted with a gladder welcome  
Than whispers from my heart to-day.

They break the spell of cold and darkness,  
The weary watch of sleepless pain;  
And from my heart, as from the river,  
The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood token  
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near;  
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,  
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me  
From ceiled room and silent books,  
To see the dance of woodland shadows,  
And hear the song of April brooks!

As in the old Teutonic ballad  
Live singing bird and flowering tree,  
Together live in bloom and music,  
I blend in song thy flowers and thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear forever  
The dint of rain and small bird's track:

Who knows but that my idle verses  
May leave some trace by Merrimack!

The bird that trod the mellow layers  
Of the young earth is sought in vain;  
The cloud is gone that wove the sandstone,  
From God's design, with threads of rain!

So, when this fluid age we live in  
Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,  
Who made the vagrant tracks may puzzle  
The savans of the coming time:

And, following out their dim suggestions,  
Some idly-curious hand may draw  
My doubtful portraiture, as cuvier  
Drew fish and bird from fin and claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,  
Singing my words to breeze and stream,  
Shall wonder if the old-time Mary  
Were real, or the rhymers' dream!

1st 3d mo., 1857.

## MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,  
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—  
A green leaf on your own Green Banks—  
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven hides  
The sobered brow and lessening hair:  
For aught I know, the myrtled sides  
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring  
The fabled founts of song to try,  
They've drained, for aught I know, the spring  
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah well!—The wreath the Muses braid  
Proves often Folly's cap and bell;  
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade  
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender debt  
Be paid by those I love in life.  
Why should the unborn critic whet  
For me his scalping-knife?

Why should the stranger peer and pry  
One's vacant house of life about,  
And drag for curious ear and eye  
His faults and follies out?—

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,  
With chaff of words, the garb he wore,  
As corn-husks when the ear is gone  
Are rustled all the more?

Let kindly Silence close again,  
The picture vanish from the eye,  
And on the dim and misty main  
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim  
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine,  
Hang, if it please you so, my name  
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide  
Her chosen names, I envy none:  
A mother's love, a father's pride,  
Shall keep alive my own!

Still shall that name as now recall  
The young leaf wet with morning dew,  
The glory where the sunbeams fall  
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,  
A spell to waken smile or sigh;  
In many an evening prayer be heard  
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child, in riper days  
When asked the reason of thy name,  
Shalt answer: "One 't were vain to praise  
Or censure bore the same.

"Some blamed him, some believed him good,—  
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the two,—  
He reconciled as best he could  
Old faith and fancies new.

"In him the grave and playful mixed,  
And wisdom held with folly true,  
And Nature compromised betwixt  
Good fellow and recluse.

"He loved his friends, forgave his foes;  
And, if his words were harsh at times,  
He spared his fellow-men,—his blows  
Fell only on their crimes.

"He loved the good and wise, but found  
His human heart to all akin  
Who met him on the common ground  
Of suffering and of sin.

"Whate'er his neighbors might endure  
Of pain or grief his own became;  
For all the ills he could not cure  
He held himself to blame.

"His good was mainly an intent,  
His evil not of forethought done;  
The work he wrought was rarely meant  
Or finished as begun.

"Ill served his tides of feeling strong  
To turn the common mills of use;  
And, over restless wings of song,  
His birthright garb hung loose!

"His eye was beauty's powerless slave,  
And his the ear which discord pains:  
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave  
What passions strove in chains.

"He had his share of care and pain,  
No holiday was life to him;  
Still in the heirloom cup we drain  
The bitter drop will swim.

"Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird  
And there a flower beguiled his way;  
And, cool, in summer noons, he heard  
The fountains splash and play.

"On all his sad or restless moods  
The patient peace of Nature stole;  
The quiet of the fields and woods  
Sank deep into his soul.

"He worshipped as his fathers did,  
And kept the faith of childish days,  
And, howso'er he strayed or slid,  
He loved the good old ways.

"The simple tastes, the kindly traits,  
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,  
The silence of the soul that waits  
For more than man to teach.

"The cant of party, school, and sect,  
Provoked at times his honest scorn,  
And Folly, in its gray respect,  
He tossed on satire's horn.

"But still his heart was full of awe  
And reverence for all sacred things;  
And, brooding over form and law,  
He saw the Spirit's wings!

"Life's mystery wrapt him like a cloud;  
He heard far voices mock his own,  
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,  
Long roll of waves unknown.

"The arrows of his straining sight  
Fell quenched in darkness; priest and sage,  
Like lost guides calling left and right,  
Perplexed his doubtful age.

"Like childhood, listening for the sound  
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,  
All vainly down the dark profound  
His brief-lined plummet fell.

"So, scattering flowers with pious pains  
On old beliefs, of later creeds,  
Which claimed a place in Truth's domains,  
He asked the title-deeds.

"He saw the old-time's groves and shrines  
In the long distance fair and dim;  
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,  
The century-mellowed hymn!

"He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,  
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;  
God knew the heart; Devotion's pearl  
Might sanctify the shell.

"While others trod the altar stairs  
He faltered like the publican;  
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers  
Were those of sinful man.

"For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,  
The trembling faith alone sufficed,  
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw  
The sweet, sad face of Christ!—

"And listening, with his forehead bowed,  
Heard the Divine compassion fill  
The pauses of the trump and cloud  
With whispers small and still.

"The words he spake, the thoughts he penned,  
Are mortal as his hand and brain,  
But, if they served the Master's end,  
He has not lived in vain!"

Heaven make thee better than thy name,  
Child of my friends!—For thee I crave  
What riches never bought, nor fame  
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old:  
God make thee beautiful within,  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin!

Imagination held in check  
To serve, not rule, thy poised mind;  
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck  
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all,—  
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth;  
Life made by duty epical  
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield  
Which trees of healing only give,  
And green-leaved in the Eternal field  
Of God, forever live



## HOME BALLADS.

1860.

I CALL the old time back . I bring these lays  
To thee, in memory of the summer days  
When, by our native streams and forest ways,

We dreamed them over ; while the rivulets made  
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees laid  
On warm noon-lights the masses of their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again  
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain,—  
The autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one  
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,  
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape seem  
Fairer than any of which painters dream,  
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream ;

For *she* whose speech was always truth's pure  
gold  
Heard, not displeased, its simple legends told  
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

## THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn threshing worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low,  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-  
boughs !—

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,  
On girlhood with its solid curves  
Of healthful strength and painless nerves !

And jests went round, and laughs that made  
The house-dog answer with his howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung,  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane !

But still the sweetest voice was mute  
That river-valley ever heard  
From lip of maid or throat of bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,  
Who knew that none would condescend  
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,  
Since curious thousands thronged to see  
Her mother on the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,  
That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
And wan lip trembling with its prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
Or, when they saw the mother die,  
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,  
As men and Christians justified :  
God willed it, and the wretch had died !

Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—  
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive Thy creature when he takes,  
For the all-perfect love Thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn  
Our bloody altars ; let us see  
Thyself in thy humanity !

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave  
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,  
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
The phantoms of disordered sense,  
The awful doubts of Providence !

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,  
And, when she sought the house of prayer,  
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door  
She saw the horseshoe's curvèd charm,  
To guard against her mother's harm ;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in prayer ;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
When her dim eyes could read no more !



"So in the shadow Mabel sits;  
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,  
Her smile is sadder than her tears."

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way,  
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round  
Day after day, with no relief;  
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;  
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,  
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,  
And cruel lips repeat her name,  
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,  
But drew her apron o'er her face,  
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,  
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze  
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,  
Ere yet her mother's doom had made  
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
And, starting, with an angry frown  
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,  
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;  
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;  
But God's sweet pity ministers  
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;  
I never knew her harm a fly,  
And witch or not, God knows,—not I.

"I know who swore her life away;  
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn  
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,  
The skill to guide, the power to awe,  
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spake aside:  
"The little witch is evil-eyed!"

"Her mother only killed a cow,  
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;  
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,  
Sat by the window's narrow pane,  
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,  
Made music such as childhood knew;  
The door-yard tree was whispered through

By voices such as childhood's ear  
Had heard in moonlights long ago;  
And through the willow-boughs below

She saw the rippled waters shine;  
Beyond, in waves of shade and light  
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so  
The sadness of her human lot,  
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,  
And, in her old and simple way,  
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,  
Grew to a low, despairing cry  
Of utter misery: "Let me die!"

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,  
And hide me where the cruel speech  
And mocking finger may not reach!"

"I dare not breathe my mother's name:  
A daughter's right I dare not crave  
To weep above her unblest grave!"

"Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone."

"O God! have mercy on thy child,  
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and small,  
And take me ere I lose it all!"



A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave became  
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her? Had he sent  
His angel down? In flesh and blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:  
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;  
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well;  
And if he seems no suitor gay,  
And if his hair is touched with gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find  
His heart less warm than when she smiled,  
Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
As, folded in his strong embrace,  
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

"O truest friend of all!" she said,  
"God bless you for your kindly thought,  
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,  
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,  
And through the doors the huskers showed.

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,  
"I'm weary of this lonely life;  
In Mabel see my chosen wife!"

"She greets you kindly, one and all;  
The past is past, and all offence  
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more alone;  
You know what Esek Harden is:—  
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,  
And let the sweetest songs be sung  
That ever made the old heart young!

For now the lost has found a home;  
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,  
As all the household joys return!

O, pleasantly the harvest-moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,  
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;  
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

#### THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath  
the tent-like span  
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland  
of Cape Ann.

Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide  
glimmering down,  
And the white-walled hamlet children of its  
ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its  
memory waxed old,  
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant  
friend I strolled.

Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean  
wind blows cool,  
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy  
grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by the summer  
sea I blend  
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger  
Mather penned,  
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange  
and marvellous things,  
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos  
Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual  
life of old,  
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward,  
mean and coarse and cold;  
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and  
vulgar clay,  
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of  
hadden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but  
through the din  
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life be-  
hind steal in;  
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legen-  
dary rhyme,  
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man  
owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Cov-  
enanters knew,  
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's  
moorland graveyards through,  
From the graves of old traditions I part the  
blackberry-vines,  
Wipe the moss from off the headstones, and re-  
touch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse  
with rolling pebbles, ran,  
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray  
rocks of Cape Ann;  
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and pali-  
sade,  
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the  
moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and  
eastward looking forth  
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with  
breakers stretching north,—  
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged  
capes, with bush and tree,  
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and  
gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by  
dying brands,  
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their mus-  
kets in their hands;  
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison  
haunch was shared,  
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from  
beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—talked of  
wizards Satan-sold;  
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and won-  
ders manifold;  
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men  
in her shrouds,  
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of  
morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of  
 Gloucester woods,  
 Full of plants that love the summer,—blossoms of  
 warmer latitudes ;  
 Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's  
 flowery vines,  
 And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twi-  
 light of the pines !

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky  
 tones of fear,  
 As they spake of present tokens of the powers of  
 evil near ;  
 Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim  
 of gun ;  
 Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of  
 mortals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from  
 the midnight wood they came,—  
 Thrice around the block-house marching, met,  
 unharmed, its volleyed flame ;  
 Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in  
 earth or lost in air,  
 All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit  
 sands lay bare.

Midnight came ; from out the forest moved a  
 dusky mass that soon  
 Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly  
 marching in the moon.  
 "Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I  
 foil the Evil One !"  
 And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet,  
 down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded  
 wall about ;  
 Once again the levelled muskets through the pali-  
 sades flashed out,  
 With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top  
 might not shun  
 Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant  
 wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless  
 shower of lead.  
 With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the  
 phantoms fled ;  
 Once again, without a shadow on the sands the  
 moonlight lay,  
 And the white smoke curling through it drifted  
 slowly down the bay !

"God preserve us !" said the captain ; "never  
 mortal foes were there ;  
 They have vanished with their leader, Prince and  
 Power of the air !  
 Lay aside your useless weapons ; skill and prowess  
 naught avail ;  
 They who do the Devil's service wear their mas-  
 ter's coat of mail !"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again  
 a warning call  
 Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round  
 the dusky hall :  
 And they looked to flint and priming, and they  
 longed for break of day ;  
 But the captain closed his Bible : "Let us cease  
 from man, and pray !"

To the men who went before us ; all the unseen  
 powers seemed near,  
 And their steadfast strength of courage struck its  
 roots in holy fear.  
 Every hand forsook the musket, every head was  
 bowed and bare,  
 Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the  
 captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres  
 round the wall,  
 But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the cars  
 and hearts of all,—  
 Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish ! Never  
 after mortal man  
 Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the  
 block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool  
 and sea-blown town,  
 From the childhood of its people comes the solemn  
 legend down.  
 Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral  
 lives the youth  
 And the fitness and the freshness of an undecay-  
 ing truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres  
 of the mind,  
 Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the  
 darkness undefined ;  
 Round us throng the grim projections of the  
 heart and of the brain,  
 And our pride of strength is weakness, and the  
 cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children ; and no answer  
 from on high  
 Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no  
 white wings downward fly ;  
 But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith  
 and not to sight,  
 And our prayers themselves drive backward a  
 the spirits of the night !

## THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

1697.

Up and down the village streets  
 Strange are the forms my fancy meets,  
 For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,  
 And through the veil of a closed lid  
 The ancient worthies I see again :  
 I hear the tap of the elder's cane,  
 And his awful periwig I see,  
 And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.  
 Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,  
 His black cap hiding his whitened hair,  
 Walks the Judge of the great Assize,  
 Samuel Sewall the good and wise.  
 His face with lines of firmness wrought,  
 He wears the look of a man unbought,  
 Who swears to his hurt and changes not ;  
 Yet, touched and softened nevertheless  
 With the grace of Christian gentleness,  
 The face that a child would climb to kiss !  
 True and tender and brave and just,  
 That man might honor and woman trust.

Toucing and sad, a tale is told,  
 Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,  
 Of the fast which the good man lifelong kept  
 With a haunting sorrow that never slept,  
 As the circling year brought round the time  
 Of an error that left the sting of crime,  
 When he sat on the bench of the witchcraft  
 courts,  
 With the laws of Moses and Hale's Reports,  
 And spake, in the name of both, the word  
 That gave the witch's neck to the cord,  
 And piled the oaken planks that pressed  
 The feeble life from the warlock's breast !  
 All the day long, from dawn to dawn.  
 His door was bolted, his curtain drawn ;



No foot on his silent threshold trod,  
No eye looked on him save that of God,  
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with charms  
Of penitent tears, and prayers, and psalms,  
And, with precious proofs from the sacred word  
Of the boundless pity and love of the Lord,  
His faith confirmed and his trust renewed  
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rued,  
Might be washed away in the mingled flood  
Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear blood !

Green forever the memory be  
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,  
Whom even his errors glorified,  
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side  
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide !  
Honor and praise to the Puritan  
Who the halting step of his age outran,  
And, seeing the infinite worth of man  
In the priceless gift the Father gave,  
In the infinite love that stooped to save,  
Dared not brand his brother a slave !  
" Who doth such wrong," he was wont to say,  
In his own quaint, picture-loving way,  
" Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade  
Which God shall cast down upon his head !"

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast  
That brave old jurist of the past  
And the cunning trickster and knave of courts  
Who the holy features of Truth distorts,—  
Ruling as right the will of the strong,  
Poverty, crime, and weakness wrong;  
Wide-eared to power, to the wronged and weak  
Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek ;  
Scoffing aside at party's nod  
Order of nature and law of God ;  
For whose dabbled ermine respect were waste,  
Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;  
Justice of whom 't were vain to seek  
As from Koordish robber or Syrian Sheik !  
O, leave the wretch to his bribes and sins ;  
Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !  
To the saintly soul of the early day,  
To the Christian judge, let us turn and say :  
" Praise and thanks for an honest man !—  
Glory to God for the Paritan !"

I see, far southward, this quiet day,  
The hills of Newbury rolling away,  
With the many tints of the season gay,  
Dreamily blending in autumn mist  
Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.  
Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,  
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,  
A stone's toss over the narrow sound,  
Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
The hills curve round like a bended bow ;  
A silver arrow from out them sprung,  
I see the shine of the Quasycung ;  
And, round and round, over valley and hill,  
Old roads winding, as old roads will,  
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;  
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,  
Through green elm arches and maple leaves,—  
Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man,—  
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone  
Life and Death have come and gone !  
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,  
Great beams sag from the ceiling low,  
The dresser glitters with polished wares,  
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,  
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack  
By the earthquake made a century back.  
Up from their midst springs the village spire  
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire ;  
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,  
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,

And, where north and south the coast-lines run,  
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
But my thoughts are full of the past and old,  
I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;  
And the shadows and shapes of early days  
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,  
With measured movement and rhythmic chime  
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.  
I think of the old man wise and good  
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,  
(A poet who never measured rhyme,  
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)  
And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,  
With his boyhood's love, on his native town,  
Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,  
His burden of prophecy yet remains,  
For the voices of wood, and wave, and wind  
To read in the ear of the musing mind :—

" As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast  
As God appointed, shall keep its post ;  
As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep  
Of Merrimack River, or sturgeon leap ;  
As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim ;  
As long as the annual sea-fowl know  
Their time to come and their time to go ;  
As long as cattle shall roam at will  
The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill ;  
As long as sheep shall look from the side  
Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,  
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;  
As long as a wandering pigeon shall search  
The fields below from his white-oak perch,  
When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,  
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn ;  
As long as Nature shall not grow old,  
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,  
And her care for the Indian corn forget,  
And the yellow rows in pairs to set ;—  
So long shall Christians here be born,  
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn !—  
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,  
Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,  
Be sown again in the fields of light !"  
The Island still is purple with plums,  
Up the river the salmon comes,  
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds  
On hillside berries and marish seeds,—  
All the beautiful signs remain,  
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain  
The good man's vision returns again !  
And let us hope, as well we can,  
That the Silent Angel who garners man  
May find some grain as of old he found  
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,  
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own  
The precious seed by the fathers sown !

### SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:  
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang:  
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's-people on her deck!  
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.  
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie forevermore.

Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—  
Looked for the coming that might not be!  
What did the winds and the sea-birds say  
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:  
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting, far and near:  
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—  
"What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within?"



"Skipper Ireson stood in the cart."





"Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,"

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"  
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"  
Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"  
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

#### TELLING THE BEES.<sup>66</sup>

HERE is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;  
And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'-errun,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brookside my brow and  
throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—  
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearly singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow ;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps  
For the dead to-day :  
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low ; on the doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on :—  
" Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone ! "

### THE SYCAMORES..

In the outskirts of the village,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,  
And another half-way told,  
Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,  
At his violin's sound they grew,  
Through the moonlit eves of summer,  
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant  
Pass in jerkin green along,  
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,  
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,  
With his fiddle and his pack ;  
Little dreamed the village Saxons  
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,  
Delved by day and sang by night,  
With a hand that never wearied,  
And a heart forever light,—

Still the gay tradition mingles  
With a record grave and drear,  
Like the rollic air of Cluny,  
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,  
Make the sweet May woodlands glad,  
And the Aronia by the river  
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,  
With their silver-sided haul,  
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,  
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,  
Love stole in at Labor's side  
With the lusty airs of England,  
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,  
And the merry fair's carouse ;  
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin  
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,  
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,  
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends  
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory  
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,  
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,  
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara  
Played all night to ghosts of kings ;  
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies  
Dancing in their moorland rings !

Jolliest of our birds of singing,  
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.  
" Hush ! " he'd say, " the tipsy fairies !  
Hear the hilted to Satan's drink ! "

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,  
Singing through the ancient town,  
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,  
Hath tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses ;  
But if yet his spirit walks,  
'T is beneath the trees he planted,  
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks ;

Green memorials of the gleeman !  
Linking still the river-shores,  
With their shadows cast by sunset,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !

When the Father of his Country  
Through the north-land riding came,  
And the roofs were starred with banners,  
And the steeples rang acclaim,—

When each war-scarred Continental,  
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,  
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,  
And shot off his old king's arm,—

Slowly passed that august Presence  
Down the thronged and shouting street ;  
Village girls as white as angels,  
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow  
Deepest fell, his rein he drew :  
On his stately head, uncovered,  
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,  
Looking up and looking down  
On the hills of Gold and Silver  
Rimming round the little town,

On the river, full of sunshine,  
To the lap of greenest vales  
Winding down from wooded headlands,  
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping  
Slowly with his ungloved hand,  
" I have seen no prospect fairer  
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort  
Stirred to life the cavalcade :  
And that head, so bare and stately,  
Vanished down the depths of shade.



Ever since, in town and farm-house,  
Life has had its ebb and flow ;  
Thrice hath passed the human harvest  
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,  
Through the changes, changeless stand ;  
As the marble calm of Tadmor  
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising  
Silters o'er each stately shaft ;  
Still beneath them, half in shadow,  
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,  
Love and Youth together stray ;  
While, as heart to heart beats faster,  
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,  
On the open hillside wrought,  
Singing, as he drew his stitches,  
Songs his German masters taught,—

Singing, with his gray hair floating  
Round his rosy ample face,—  
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen  
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy  
Now are Traffic's dusty streets ;  
From the village, grown a city,  
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

#### THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

"Concerning y<sup>e</sup> Amphibæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry: .... he assures me y<sup>t</sup> it had really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or tongues."—REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN TO COTTON MATHER.

Far away in the twilight time  
Of every people, in every clime,  
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,  
Born of water, and air, and fire,  
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud  
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,  
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,  
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.  
So from the childhood of Newbury town  
And its time of fable the tale comes down  
Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,  
The Amphibæna, the Double Snake!

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,  
Consider that strip of Christian earth  
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,  
Full of terror and mystery,  
Half redeemed from the evil hold  
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and old,  
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew  
When Time was young, and the world was new,

And wove its shadows with sun and moon,  
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn.  
Think of the sea's dread monotone,  
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,  
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the North,  
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,  
And the dismal tales the Indian told,  
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,  
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,  
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,  
And above, below, and on every side,  
The fear of his creed seemed verified ;—  
And think, if his lot were now thine own,  
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,  
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve  
And a feeblér faith thy need might serve ;  
And own to thyself the wonder more  
That the snake had two heads, and not a score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen  
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,  
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,  
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,  
Nothing on record is left to show ;  
Only the fact that he lived, we know,  
And left the cast of a double head  
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.  
For he carried a head where his tail should be,  
And the two, of course, could never agree,  
But wiggled about with main and might,  
Now to the left and now to the right ;  
Pulling and twisting this way and that,  
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near !—  
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !  
Think what ancient gossips might say,  
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,  
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day !  
How urchins, searching at day's decline  
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,  
The terrible double-ganger heard  
In leafy rustle or whirl of bird !  
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,  
In berry-time, of the younger sort,  
As over pastures blackberry-twined,  
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,  
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,  
The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;  
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,  
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,  
Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,  
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.  
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry ;  
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,  
To paint the primitive serpent by.  
Cotton Mather came galloping down  
All the way to Newbury town,  
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,  
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side ;  
Stirring the while in the shallow pool  
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,  
To garnish the story, with here a streak  
Of Latin, and there another of Greek :  
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,  
Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-Book ?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.  
If the snake does not, the tale runs still  
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.  
And still, whenever husband and wife  
Publish the shame of their daily strife,  
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain  
At either end of the marriage-chain,  
The gossips say, with a knowing shake  
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!  
One in body and two in will,  
The Amphibæna is living still !"

## THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,  
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife  
and children eight,  
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop  
"Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,  
With the newly planted orchards dropping their  
fruits first-born,  
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea  
of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided  
creeks between,  
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and  
walnuts green;—  
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never  
seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty  
led,  
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break  
the living bread  
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of  
Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant  
land-breeze died,  
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights  
denied,  
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied!

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were  
rock, and wood, and sand;  
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder  
in his hand,  
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and  
what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled  
round him, weeping sore:  
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking  
on before  
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea  
shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain  
drawn aside,  
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror  
far and wide;  
And the thunder and the whirlwind together  
smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail  
and man's despair,  
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp  
and bare,  
And, through it all, the murmur of Father  
Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild  
waves and the blast,  
On a rock, where every billow broke above him  
as it passed,  
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was  
cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause  
of wave and wind:  
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger  
just behind;  
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest the ransomed find!"

"In this night of death I challenge the promise  
of thy word!—  
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears  
have heard!—  
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the  
grace of Christ, our Lord!"

"In the baptism of these waters wash white my  
every sin,  
And let me follow up to thee my household and  
my kin!  
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven, and let me  
enter in!"

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the  
listening heavens draw near,  
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal,  
hear  
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music  
in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last  
request;  
As the strong wave swept him downward the  
sweet hymn upward pressed,  
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to  
its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the  
rocks of Marblehead;  
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of  
prayer were read;  
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living  
mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from  
the squall,  
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale  
recall,  
When they see the white waves breaking on the  
Rock of Avery's Fall!

## THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and stone,  
These huge mill-monsters overgrown;  
Blot out the humbler piles as well,  
Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell  
The weaving geni of the bell;  
Tear from the wild Cochecho's track  
The dams that hold its torrents back;  
And let the loud-rejoicing fall  
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall;  
And let the Indian's paddle play  
On the unbridged Piscataqua!  
Wide over hill and valley spread  
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,  
With here and there a clearing cut  
From the walled shadows round it shut;  
Each with its farm-house builded rude,  
By English yeoman squared and hewed,  
And the grim, flanked block-house bound  
With bristling palisades around.  
So, haply shall before thine eyes  
The dusty veil of centuries rise,  
The old, strange scenery overlay  
The tamer pictures of to-day,  
While, like the actors in a play,  
Pass in their ancient guise along  
The figures of my border song:  
What time beside Cochecho's flood  
The white man and the red man stood,  
With words of peace and brotherhood;



When passed the sacred calumet  
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,  
And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's smoke  
Through the gray beard of Waldron broke,  
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea  
For mercy, struck the haughty key  
Of one who held, in any fate,  
His native pride inviolate !

"Let your ears be opened wide !  
He who speaks has never lied.  
Waldron of Piscataqua,  
Hear what Squando has to say !

"Squando shuts his eyes and sees,  
Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.  
In his wigwam, still as stone,  
Sits a woman all alone,

"Wampum beads and birchen strands  
Dropping from her careless hands,  
Listening ever for the fleet  
Patter of a dead child's feet !

"When the moon a year ago  
Told the flowers the time to blow,  
In that lonely wigwam smiled  
Menewee, our little child.

"Ere that moon grew thin and old,  
He was lying still and cold ;  
Sent before us, weak and small,  
When the Master did not call !

"On his little grave I lay ;  
Three times went and came the day ;  
Thrice above me blazed the noon,  
Thrice upon me went the moon.

"In the third night-watch I heard,  
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;  
Very mournful, very wild,  
Sang the totem of my child.

"Menewee, poor Menewee,  
Walks a path he cannot see ;  
Let the white man's wigwam light  
With its blaze his steps aright.

"All-uncalled, he dares not show  
Empty hands to Manito :  
Better gifts he cannot bear  
Than the scalps his slayers wear."

"All the while the totem sang,  
Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;  
And a black cloud, reaching high,  
Pulled the white moon from the sky.

"I, the medicine-man, whose ear  
All that spirits hear can hear,—  
I, whose eyes are wide to see  
All the things that are to be,—

"Well I knew the dreadful signs  
In the whispers of the pines,  
In the river roaring loud,  
In the mutter of the cloud.

"At the breaking of the day,  
From the grave I passed away ;  
Flowers bloom round me, birds sang glad,  
But my heart was hot and mad.

"There is rust on Squando's knife,  
From the warm, red springs of life ;  
On the funeral hemlock-trees  
Many a scalp the totem sees.

"Blood for blood ! But evermore  
Squando's heart is sad and sore ;  
And his poor squaw waits at home  
For the feet that never come !

"Waldron of Coheco, hear !  
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear ;  
Take the captives he has ta'en ;  
Let the land have peace again !"

As the words died on his tongue,  
Wide apart his warriors swung ;  
Parted, at the sign he gave,  
Right and left, like Egypt's wave.

And, like Israel passing free  
Through the prophet-charméd sea,  
Captive mother, wife, and child  
Through the dusky terror fled.

One alone, a little maid,  
Middleway her steps delayed,  
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,  
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid  
On the little maiden's head,  
Lightly from her forehead fair  
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

"Gift or favor ask I none ;  
What I have is all my own :  
Never yet the birds have sung,  
'Squando hath a beggar's tongue.'

"Yet for her who waits at home,  
For the dead who cannot come,  
Let the little Gold-hair be  
In the place of Menewee !

"Mishanock, my little star !  
Come to Saco's pines afar ;  
Where the sad one waits at home,  
Wequashim, my moonlight, come !"

"What !" quoth Waldron, "leave a child  
Christian-born to heathens wild ?  
As God lives, from Satan's hand  
I will pluck her as a brand !"

"Hear me, white man !" Squando cried ;  
"Let the little one decide.  
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,  
Wilt thou go with me, or stay ?"

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,  
Half regretfully, the maid  
Owned the ties of blood and race,—  
Turned from Squando's pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,  
But his wampum chain he broke,  
And the beaded wonder hung  
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem  
In the marches of a dream,  
Single-filed, the grim array  
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,  
Through her tears the young child gazed.  
"God preserve her !" Waldron said ;  
"Satan hath bewitched the maid !"

Years went and came. At close of day  
Singing came a child from play,  
Tossing from her loose-locked head  
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,  
But her head she gravely shook,  
And with lips that fondly smiled  
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :  
"Up and down the brook I ran,  
Where, beneath the bank so steep,  
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

"Chip!" went squirrel on the wall,  
After me I heard him call,  
And the cat-bird on the tree  
Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark  
That I stopped to look and hark,  
On a log, with feather-hat,  
By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away ;  
But he called, and bade me stay ;  
And his voice was good and mild  
As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,  
Looked and looked it o'er again ;  
Gave me berries, and, beside,  
On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see  
What the Indian's gift might be.  
On the braid of Wampum hung,  
Lo! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,  
Squanto's bird and totem pine ;  
And, a mirage of the brain,  
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,  
Into space the walls outgrew ;  
On the Indian's wigwam-mat,  
Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,  
In her ear the pines sang low,  
And, like links from out a chain,  
Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,  
From the griefs that gnaw within,  
To the freedom of the woods  
Called the birds, and winds, and floods.

Well, O painful minister!  
Watch thy flock, but blame not her,  
If her ear grew sharp so hear  
All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul  
All the desert's glamour stole,  
That a tear for childhood's loss  
Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read,  
And she bowed her widowed head,  
And a prayer for each loved name  
Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,  
Lo! another name was given :  
"Father, give the Indian rest!  
Bless him! for his love has blest!"

## MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low ;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
The orchard birds sang clear ;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home,  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine :  
What more could ask the bashful boy  
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of uneventful years ;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow ;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown,—  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems,—  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :  
Does she remember mine ?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine ?

What care she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours,—  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !  
Our mossy seat is green,  
It fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.



The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea,—  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee!



"She left us in the bloom of May."

## POEMS AND LYRICS.

### THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

"And I sought, whence is Evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation; whatsoever we see therein,—sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral creatures,—yea, whatsoever there is we do not see,—angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made He anything at all of evil, and not rather by His Almighty cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overcharged with most gnawing cares." "And, admonished to return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it knows Eternity! O Truth, who art Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity, who art Love! And I beheld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, Thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me!—how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest! and Thou never departest from us and we scarcely return to Thee."—*Augustine's Soliloquies*, Book VII.

The fourteen centuries fall away  
Between us and the Afric saint,  
And at his side we urge, to-day,  
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given,—  
From sea or earth comes no reply;  
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven  
He vainly questioned bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,—  
From all we grasp the meaning slips;  
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,  
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet  
Of fear before, and guilt behind;  
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat  
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked  
The sad bequest of sire to son,  
The body's taint, the mind's defect,—  
Through every web of life the dark threads run.

O, why and whither?—God knows all;  
I only know that he is good,  
And that whatever may befall  
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim  
A Father's face I still discern,  
As Moses looked of old on him,  
And saw his glory into goodness turn!

For he is merciful as just ;  
 And so, by faith correcting sight,  
 I bow before his will, and trust  
 Howe'er they seem he doeth all things right.

And dare to hope that he will make  
 The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain ;  
 His mercy never quite forsake ;  
 His healing visit every realm of pain ;

That suffering is not his revenge  
 Upon his creatures weak and frail,  
 Sent on a pathway new and strange  
 With feet that wander and with eyes that fail ;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,  
 Watches the tender eye of Love  
 The slow transmuting of the chain  
 Whose links are iron below to gold above !

Ah me ! we doubt the shining skies,  
 Seen through our shadows of offence,  
 And drown with our poor childish cries  
 The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
 And of the just effect complain :  
 We tread upon life's broken laws,  
 And murmur at our self-inflicted pain ;

We turn us from the light, and find  
 Our spectral shapes before us thrown,  
 As they who leave the sun behind  
 Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours  
 We set our faces to the day ;  
 Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers  
 Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,  
 But love must needs be stronger far,  
 Outreaching all and gathering in  
 The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A Voice grows with the growing years ;  
 Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,  
 Looks upward from her graves, and hears,  
 "The Resurrection and the Life am I."

O Love Divine !—whose constant beam  
 Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
 And waits to bless us, while we dream  
 Thou leavest us because we turn from thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
 All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;  
 And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire  
 On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st,  
 Wide as our need thy favors fall ;  
 The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
 Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

O Beauty, old yet ever new !<sup>67</sup>  
 Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,  
 The Logos of the Greek and Jew,  
 The old sphere-music which the Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,  
 Long sought without, but found within,  
 The Law of Love beyond all law,  
 The Life o'erflooding mortal death and sin !

Shine on us with the light which glowed  
 Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way,  
 Who saw the Darkness overflowed  
 And drowned by tides of everlasting day.<sup>68</sup>

Shine, light of God !—make broad thy scope  
 To all who sin and suffer ; more  
 And better than we dare to hope  
 With Heaven's compassion make our longings  
 poor !

### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one day,  
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,  
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
 Heard from without a miserable voice,  
 A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,  
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain whereby  
 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;  
 And, looking from the casement, saw below  
 A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,  
 And withered hands held up to him, who cried  
 For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave  
 His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—  
 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with  
 slaves

In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves  
 Lap the white walls of Tunis !"—"What I can  
 I give," Tritemius said : "my prayers."—"O  
 man  
 Of God !" she cried, for grief had made her  
 bold,

"Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold.  
 Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice ;  
 Even while I speak perchance my first-born  
 dies."

"Woman !" Tritemius answered, "from our  
 door  
 None go unfed ; hence are we always poor,  
 A single soldo is our only store.  
 Thou hast our prayers;—what can we give thee  
 more ?"—

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks  
 On either side of the great crucifix.  
 God well may spare them on his errands sped,  
 Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,  
 Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious Lord,  
 Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,  
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
 Above the gifts upon his altar piled !)  
 Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms  
 He placed within the beggar's eager palms :  
 And as she vanished down the linden shade,  
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came  
 He woke to find the chapel all aflame,  
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold  
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

### THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray  
 Our mild sweet day  
 Of Indian Summer fades too soon ;  
 But tenderly  
 Above the sea  
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.



In its pale fire,  
The village spire  
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;  
The painted walls  
Whereon it falls  
Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O'er fallen leaves  
The west-wind grieves,  
Yet comes a seed-time round again ;  
And morn shall see  
The State sown free  
With baneful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street  
The shadows meet  
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal  
The moulds of fate  
That shape the State,  
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see  
The powers that be ;  
I stand by Empire's primal springs ;  
And princes meet,  
In every street,  
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !

Hark ! through the crowd  
The laugh runs loud,  
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.  
God save the land  
A careless hand  
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon !

No jest is this ;  
One cast amiss  
May blast the hope of Freedom's year.  
O, take me where  
Are hearts of prayer,  
The foreheads bowed in reverent fear !

Not lightly fall  
Beyond recall  
And written scrolls a breath can float ;  
The crowning fact  
The kingliest act  
Of Freedom is the Freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem  
A diadem  
The diver in the deep sea dies ;  
The regal right  
We boast to-night  
Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

The blood of Vane,  
His prison pain  
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,  
And hers whose faith  
Drew strength from death,  
And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,  
We lightly hold  
A right which brave men died to gain ;  
The stake, the cord,  
The axe, the sword,  
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,  
And o'er us bend,  
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms,—  
Breathe through these throngs  
Your battle songs,  
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms !

Look from the sky,  
Like God's great eye,  
Thou solemn noon, with searching beam,

Till in the sight  
Of thy pure light  
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts  
Unworthy arts,  
The fraud designed, the purpose dark ;  
And smite away  
The hands we lay  
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims  
And private aims,  
Reveal that august face of Truth,  
Whereto are given  
The age of heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice  
Of sovereign choice  
Swell the deep bass of duty done,  
And strike the key  
Of time to be,  
When God and man shall speak as one !

## THE OVER-HEART.

"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever!" — PAUL.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the wise Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of his plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,—  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight,—  
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear  
The central fact of Nature owns ;—  
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,  
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear  
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror : deep within  
The human heart the secret lies  
Of all the hideous deities ;  
And, painted on a ground of sin,  
The fabled gods of torment rise !

And what is He?—The ripe grain nods,  
The sweet dew falls, the sweet flowers blow ;  
But darker signs his presence show :  
The earthquake and the storm are God's,  
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love ! O souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best !  
To you the truth is manifest :  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean like John upon his breast !

In him of whom the sibyl told,  
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,  
Whose need the sag and magian owned,  
The loving heart of God behold,  
The hope for which the ages groaned !

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride !  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side !

What doth that holy Guide require ?—  
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,  
But man a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desire,  
To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,  
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain  
Wash out the altar's bloody stain;  
The law of Hatred disappear,  
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim !—  
And lo ! their hideous wreck above  
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove !  
Man turns from God, not God from him ;  
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love !

The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled ;  
It yet shall touch his garment's fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues  
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.  
O heart of mine ! with reverence own  
The fulness which to it belongs,  
And trust the unknown for the known.

#### IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's moun-  
tains,  
Across the charmed bay  
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver foun-  
tains  
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,  
His gold-bought masses given ;  
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums to  
sweeten  
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute thanks-  
giving,  
The court of England's queen  
For the dead monster so abhorred while living  
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning ;  
By lone Edgbaston's side  
Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining,  
Bareheaded and wet-eyed !

Silent for once the restless hive of labor,  
Save the low funeral tread,  
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his neighbor  
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the immortals  
Rose from the lips of sin ;  
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly por-  
tals  
To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces  
In the low hovel's door,  
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places  
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,  
The vagrant of the street,

The human dice wherewith in games of battle  
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward  
draping,  
All swelled the long lament,  
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble, shaping  
His viewless monument !

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,  
In the long heretofore,  
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,  
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand old steeples  
No crash of brazen wail,  
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues, and  
peoples  
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,  
And from the tropic calms  
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows  
Of Occidental palms ;

From the locked roadsteads of the Bothnian peas-  
ants,  
And harbors of the Finn,  
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle pres-  
ence  
Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste places,  
To link the hostile shores  
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies  
The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,  
Who in the vilest saw  
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple  
Still vocal with God's law ;

And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing  
As from its prison cell,  
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying  
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,  
But a fine sense of right,  
And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion  
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that inter-  
mingle,  
In the same channel ran :  
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single  
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures  
He joined to courage strong,  
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures  
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman ; manliness and meekness  
In him were so allied  
That they who judged him by his strength or  
weakness  
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed  
nourished  
By failure and by fall ;  
Still a large faith in human-kind he cherished,  
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests : his greatness and his sweet-  
ness  
No more shall seem at strife ;  
And death has moulded into calm completeness  
The statue of his life.



Where the dews glisten and the song-birds warble,

His dust to dust is laid,  
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble  
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing;  
Beneath its smoky vale,  
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging  
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,  
And the sweet heaven above,—  
The fitting symbols of a life of duty  
Transfigured into love!

### TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed, "I fain would see  
How Three are One, and One is Three;  
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air  
I saw bestowed with equal care  
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain;—  
Alike the righteous and profane  
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, "Is it meet  
That blindfold Nature thus should treat  
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,—  
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,  
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete  
In her white innocence, pause to greet  
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure  
The lost one clung, as if secure  
From inward guilt or outward lure.

"Beware!" I said; "in this I see  
No gain to her, but loss to thee;  
Who touches pitch defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,  
And a voice whispered, "Who therein  
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace win?"

"Who there shall hope and health dispense,  
And lift the ladder up from thence  
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?"

I said, "No higher life they know;  
These earth-worms love to have it so.  
Who stoops to raise them sinks as low."

That night with painful care I read  
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said,—  
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned, in weary quest,  
Old pages, where (God give them rest!)  
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

And still I prayed, "Lord, let me see  
How Three are One, and One is Three;  
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered, "Dost thou pray  
For what thou hast? This very day  
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air  
To good and ill alike declare  
The all-compassionate Father's care?"

"In the white soul that stooped to raise  
The lost one from her evil ways,  
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise!"

"A bodiless Divinity,  
The still small Voice that spake to thee  
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!"

"O blind of sight, of faith how small!  
Father, and Son, and Holy Call;—  
This day thou hast denied them all!"

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,  
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,  
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,  
His Christ in the good to evil done,  
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast;  
The monkish gloss of ages past,  
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord, I see  
How Three are One, and One is Three;  
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

### THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,  
Our hills are maple-crowned;  
But not from them our fathers chose  
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land  
To Death they set apart;  
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,  
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,  
Frost-flung and broken, lines  
A lonesome acre thinly grown  
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows  
Its drooped and tasselled head;  
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,  
Fern-leafed, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighboring plain  
Like white ghosts come and go,  
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,  
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,  
The distant pines reply;  
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,  
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,  
Unchecked the winter blast;  
The school-girl learns the place to shun,  
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified,—  
That he might read who ran,—  
The emptiness of human pride,  
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flowers,  
Nor dress the funeral sod,  
Where, with a love as deep as ours,  
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept  
From beauty turned aside;  
Nor missed they over those who slept  
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,  
The golden leaves would fall,  
The seasons come, the seasons go,  
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung  
In bloom and green its wreath,  
And harebells swung as if they rung  
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,  
The gifts she hath for all,  
The common light, the common air,  
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,  
The sunrise and the noon,  
And glorified and sanctified  
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,  
Around the seasons ran,  
And evermore the love of God  
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,  
Within a daily strife,  
And spectral problems waiting stand  
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,  
The truths we know, are one;  
The known and nameless stars revolve  
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,  
And take the dole we deal,  
The law of pain is love alone,  
The wounding is to heal.

Unharm'd from change to change we glide,  
We fall as in our dreams;  
The far-off terror at our side  
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart  
Alike rest great and small;  
Why fear to lose our little part,  
When he is pledged for all?

O fearful heart and troubled brain!  
Take hope and strength from this,—  
That Nature never hints in vain,  
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,  
Her lights and airs are given  
Alike to playground and the grave;  
And over both is Heaven.

### THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
Voice of the glens and hills;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills!

Not the braes of broom and heather,  
Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer,—  
To the cottage and the castle  
The Scottish pipes are dear;—  
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;  
Round and round the jungle-serpent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—  
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;  
"To-morrow, death's between us  
And the wrong and shame we dread."

O, they listened, looked, and waited,  
Till their hope became despair;  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
With her ear unto the ground:  
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?  
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;  
Hushed the wife her little ones;  
Alone they heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
But to sounds of home and childhood  
The Highland ear was true;—  
As her mother's cradle-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call;  
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—  
The grandest o' them all!"

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
And they caught the sound at last;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the piper's blast!  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's;  
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!  
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fiercer as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life.  
But when the far-off dust-cloud  
To plaided legions grew,  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,  
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;  
And the tartan clove the turban,  
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
And plaided mountaineer,—



To the cottage and the castle  
 The piper's song is dear,  
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;  
 But the sweetest of all music  
 The Pipes at Lucknow played !

## MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :  
 Beneath a tender rain,  
 An April rain of smiles and tear  
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,  
 I hear the glad streams run ;  
 The windows of my soul I throw  
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind  
 I look in hope or fear ;  
 But, grateful, take the good I find,  
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,  
 To harvest weed and tare ;  
 The manna dropping from God's hand  
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay  
 Aside the toiling oar ;  
 The angel sought so far away,  
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play  
 Among the ripening corn,  
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
 Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look  
 Through fringed lids to heaven,  
 And the pale aster in the brook  
 Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
 The south-wind softly sigh,  
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
 Rebuke an age of wrong ;  
 The graven flowers that wreath the sword  
 Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—  
 To build as to destroy ;  
 Nor less my heart for others feel  
 That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
 To give or to withhold,  
 And knoweth more of all my needs  
 Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved  
 Have marked my crring track ;—  
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
 His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence  
 Of love is understood,  
 Making the springs of time and sense  
 Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way  
 Which opens into light,  
 Wherein no blinded child can stray  
 Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,  
 Through Memory's sunset air,  
 Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
 In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life  
 Seem blending in a psalm,  
 And all the angles of its strife  
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
 And so the west-winds play ;  
 And all the windows of my heart  
 I open to the day.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.<sup>69</sup>

A BLUSH as of roses  
 Where rose never grew  
 Great drops on the bunch-grass,  
 But not of the dew !  
 A taint in the sweet air  
 For wild bees to shun !  
 A stain that shall never  
 Bleach out in the sun !

Back, steed of the prairies !  
 Sweet song-bird, fly back !  
 Wheel hither, bald vulture !  
 Gray wolf, call thy pack !  
 The foul human vultures  
 Have feasted and fled ;  
 The wolves of the Border  
 Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,  
 The fields of their corn,  
 Unwarned and unweaponed,  
 The victims were torn, —  
 By the whirlwind of murder  
 Swooped up and swept on  
 To the low, reedy fen-lands,  
 The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy  
 No stout knee was crooked ;  
 In the mouths of the rifles  
 Right manly they looked.  
 How paled the May sunshine,  
 O Marais du Cygne !  
 On death for the strong life,  
 On red grass for green !

In the homes of their rearing,  
 Yet warm with their lives,  
 Ye wait the dead only,  
 Poor children and wives !  
 Put out the red forge-fire,  
 The smith shall not come ;  
 Unvoke the brown oxen,  
 The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,  
 O dreary death-train,  
 With pressed lips as bloodless  
 As lips of the slain !  
 Kiss down the young eyelids,  
 Smooth down the gray hairs ;  
 Let tears quench the curses  
 That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,  
Mourn bitter and wild!  
Wail, desolate woman!  
Weep, fatherless child!  
But the grain of God springs up  
From ashes beneath,  
And the crown of his harvest  
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial  
The shade moves along,  
To point the great contrasts  
Of right and of wrong:  
Free homes and free altars,  
Free prairie and flood,—  
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,  
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas  
That blood shall not dry;  
Henceforth the Bad Angel  
Shall harmless go by;  
Henceforth to the sunset,  
Unchecked on her way,  
Shall Liberty follow  
The march of the day.

### "THE ROCK" IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,  
Her stones of emptiness remain;  
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps  
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft  
The bow of vengeance turns not back;  
Of all her myriads none are left  
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day  
Her arches spring, her statues climb;  
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay  
No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph  
Of power and glory undertrod,—  
Of nations scattered like the chaff  
Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn  
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe  
To mark afar the burial urn  
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard  
Thy Rock, El Chor, is standing yet,—  
Looks from its turrets desertward,  
And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud  
It heard the voice of God to man,—  
As when it saw in fire and cloud  
The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way  
It saw the long procession file,  
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play  
The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,  
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,  
While Moses graved the sacred laws,  
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!  
How grew its shadowing pile at length,  
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,  
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,  
From age to age went down the name,  
Until the Shiloh's promised year,  
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day  
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;  
We need the shadowing rock, as they,—  
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send his angels, Cloud and Fire,  
To lead us o'er the desert sand!  
God give our hearts their long desire,  
His shadow in a weary land!

### ON A PRAYER-BOOK,

WITH ITS FRONTISPIECE, ARY SCHEFFER'S  
"CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR," AMERICANIZED BY  
THE OMISSION OF THE BLACK MAN.

O ARY SCHEFFER! when beneath thine eye,  
Touched with the light that cometh from above,  
Grew the sweet picture of the dear Lord's love,  
No dream hadst thou that Christian hands would  
tear

Therefrom the token of his equal care,  
And make thy symbol of his truth a lie!  
The poor, dumb slave whose shackles fall away  
In his compassionate gaze, grubbed smoothly  
out,

To mar no more the exercise devout  
Of sleek oppression kneeling down to pray  
Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath day!  
Let who so can before such praying-books  
Kneel on his velvet cushion; I, for one,  
Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the sun,  
Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetar brooks,  
Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-floor.  
No falsen idol man has bowed before,  
In Indian groves or islands of the sea,  
Than that which through the quaint-carved  
Gothic door

Looks forth,—a Church without humanity!  
Patron of pride, and prejudice, and wrong,—  
The rich man's charm and fetish of the strong,  
The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped, and shorn,  
The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,  
The dear Christ hidden from his kindred flesh,  
And, in his poor ones, crucified afresh!  
Better the simple Lama scattering wide,  
Where sweeps the storm Alechan's steppes  
along,

His paper horses for the lost to ride,  
And wearying Buddha with his prayers to make  
The figures living for the traveller's sake,  
Than he who hopes with cheap praise to beguile  
The ear of God, dishonoring man the while;  
Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges, rusty grown,  
Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue alone;  
That in the scale Eternal Justice bears  
The generous deed weighs less than selfish  
prayers,  
And words intoned with graceful unction move  
The Eternal Goodness more than lives of truth  
and love.

Alas, the Church!—The reverend head of Jay,  
Enhaloed with its saintly silvered hair,  
Adorns no more the places of her prayer;  
And brave young Tyng, too early called away,  
Troubles the Haman of her courts no more  
Like the just Hebrew at the Assyrian's door;  
And her sweet ritual, beautiful but dead  
As the dry husk from which the grain is shed,  
And holy hymns from which the life devout  
Of saints and martyrs has well-nigh gone out,



Like candles dying in exhausted air,  
 For Sabbath use in measured grists are ground ;  
 And, ever while the spiritual mill goes round,  
 Between the upper and the nether stones,  
 Unseen, unheard, the wretched bondman  
 groans,  
 And urges his vain plea, prayer-smothered, an-  
 them-drowned !

O heart of mine, keep patience !—Looking forth,  
 As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,  
 Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on  
 earth,—

The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold !  
 And found, at last, the mystic Graal I see,  
 Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to  
 lip

In sacred pledge of human fellowship ;  
 And over all the songs of angels hear,—  
 Songs of the love that casteth out all fear,—  
 Songs of the Gospel of Humanity !  
 Lo ! in the midst, with the same look he wore,  
 Healing and blessing on Genesaret's shore,  
 Folding together, with the all-tender might  
 Of his great love, the dark hands and the white,  
 Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,  
 Making all burdens light, and breaking every  
 chain.

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### TO J. T. F.

ON A BLANK LEAF OF "POEMS PRINTED, NOT  
 PUBLISHED."

WELL thought ! who would not rather hear  
 The songs to Love and Friendship sung  
 Than those which move the stranger's tongue,  
 And feed his unselected ear ?

Our social joys are more than fame ;  
 Life withers in the public look.  
 Why mount the pillory of a book,  
 Or barter comfort for a name ?

Who in a house of glass would dwell,  
 With curious eyes at every pane ?  
 To ring him in and out again,  
 Who wants the public crier's bell ?

To see the angel in one's way,  
 Who waits to play the ass's part,—  
 Bear on his back the wizard Art,  
 And in his service speak or bray ?

And who his manly locks would shave,  
 And quench the eyes of common sense,  
 To share the noisy recompense  
 That mocked the shorn and blinded slave ?

The heart has needs beyond the head,  
 And, starving in the plenitude  
 Of strange gifts, craves its common food,—  
 Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men : no gods are we,  
 To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,  
 Each separate, on his painful peak,  
 Thin-cloaked in self-complacency !

Better his lot whose axe is swung  
 In Wartburg woods, or that poor girl's  
 Who by the Ilm her spindle whirls  
 And sings the songs that Luther sung,

Than his who, old, and cold, and vain,  
 At Weimer sat, a demigod,  
 And bowed with Jove's imperial nod  
 His votaries in and out again !

Ply, Vanity, thy wingéd feet !  
 Ambition, hew thy rocky stair !  
 Who envies him who feeds on air  
 The icy splendor of his seat ?

I see your Alps, above me, cut  
 The dark, cold sky ; and dim and lone  
 I see ye sitting,—stone on stone,—  
 With human senses dulled and shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,  
 Nor sit among your cloudy shapes ;  
 And (spare the fable of the grapes  
 And fox) I would not if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals !  
 The safer plain below I choose :  
 Who never wins can rarely lose,  
 Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's scream  
 Divide with him his home of ice :  
 For me shall gentler notes suffice,—  
 The valley-song of bird and stream ;

The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees,  
 The flail-beat chiming far away,  
 The cattle-low, at shut of day,  
 The voice of God in leaf and breeze !

Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend,  
 And help me to the vales below,  
 (In truth, I have not far to go,)  
 Where sweet with flowers the fields extend.

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### THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,  
 On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ?  
 Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,  
 Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,  
 And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,  
 Fibres of palm are its woven sails,  
 And the rope is of palm that idly trails !

What does the good ship bear so well ?  
 The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,  
 And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,  
 But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,  
 And the cabbage that ripens under the Line ?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm ?  
 The master, whose cunning and skill could charm  
 Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,  
 From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,  
 And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,  
 And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,  
 Traced with the Prophet's wise commands !

The turban folded about his head  
 Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,  
 And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun  
 Whereon he kneels when the day is done,  
 And the forehead of Islam are bowed as one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,  
Wherein all uses of man combine,—  
House, and raiment, and food, and wine !

And, in the hour of his great release,  
His need of the palm shall only cease  
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah !" he sings his psalm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ;  
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm !"

### LINES,

READ AT THE BOSTON CELEBRATION OF THE  
HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH  
OF ROBERT BURNS, 25TH 1ST MO., 1859.

How sweetly come the holy psalms  
From saints and martyrs down,  
The waving of triumphal palms  
Above the thorny crown !  
The choral praise, the chanted prayers  
From harps by angels strung,  
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,  
The hymns that Luther sung !

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,  
The sounds of earth are heard,  
As through the open minster floats  
The song of breeze and bird !  
Not less the wonder of the sky  
That daisies bloom below ;  
The brook sings on, though loud and high  
The cloudy organs blow !

And, if the tender ear be jarred  
That, haply, hears by turns  
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
The pastoral pipe of Burns,  
No discord mars His perfect plan  
Who gave them both a tongue ;  
For he who sings the love of man  
The love of God hath sung !

To-day be every fault forgiven  
Of him in whom we joy !  
We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven  
And leave the earth's alloy.  
Be ours his music as of spring,  
His sweetness as of flowers,  
The songs the bard himself might sing  
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum  
Of household melodies,  
Come singing, as the robins come  
To sing in door-yard trees.  
And, heart to heart, two nations lean,  
No rival wreaths to twine,  
But blending in eternal green  
The holly and the pine !

### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding  
The links of its long, red chain  
Through belts of dusky pine-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboins !

Drearly blows the north-wind  
From the land of ice and snow ;  
The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north-wind  
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace ;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain,  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north-winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace !

### KENOZA LAKE.

As Adam did in Paradise,  
To-day the primal right we claim :  
Fair mirror of the woods and skies,  
We give to thee a name.

Lake of the pickerel !—let no more  
The echoes answer back, "Great Pond,"  
But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore  
And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be  
Who ply unseen their shadowy lines,  
Call back the ancient name to thee,  
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot boys,  
The nutted woods we wandered through,  
To friendship, love, and social joys  
We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be sung,  
And memory's dirges soft and low,  
And wit shall sparkle on the tongue,  
And mirth shall overflow,

Harmless as summer lightning plays  
From a low, hidden cloud by night,  
A light to set the hills ablaze,  
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West  
Are exiled hearts remembering still,  
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,  
The homes of Haverhill.



They join us in our rites to-day ;  
And, listening, we may hear, ere long,  
From inland lake and ocean bay,  
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza ! o'er no sweeter lake  
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,—  
No fairer face than thine shall take  
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade  
Shall break with harsh-resounding din  
The quiet of thy banks of shade,  
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,  
The shy loon sound his trumpet-note,  
Wing-weary from his fields of air,  
The wild-goose on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,  
Thy beauty our deforming strife ;  
Thy woods and waters minister  
The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care released,  
Behold, unawed, thy mirrored sky,  
Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast  
The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows dim,  
And light mists walk thy mimic sea,  
Revive in us the thought of Him  
Who walked on Galilee !

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#### TO G. B. C.

So spake Esaias : so, in words of flame,  
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote with blame  
The traffickers in men, and put to shame,  
All earth and heaven before,  
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor.

All the dread Scripture lives for thee again,  
To smite like lightning on the hands profane  
Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the chain.  
Once more the old Hebrew tongue  
Bends with the shafts of God a bow new-strung !

Take up the mantle which the prophets wore ;  
Warn with their warnings,—show the Christ once  
more  
Bound, scourged, and crucified in his blameless  
poor ;  
And shake above our land  
The unquenched bolts that blazed in Hosea's  
hand !

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our years  
The solemn burdens of the Orient seers,  
And smite with truth a guilty nation's ears.  
Mightier was Luther's word  
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or Hutton's sword !

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#### THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY BARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee  
The lingering sunshine still ;  
As, smiling, to the silent stream  
Comes down the singing rill.

So come to me, my little one,—  
My years with thee I share,  
And mingle with a sister's love  
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,  
The trust upon thy brow ;  
Since for the dear one God hath called  
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven  
Shall still her ear incline ;  
Nor need we fear her human love  
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath  
The trees of life so fair.  
But sweetest of the songs of heaven  
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,  
And teach my heart to lean  
With thy sweet trust upon the arm  
Which folds us both unseen !

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#### LINES,

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL  
EXHIBITION AT AMESBURY AND SALISBURY,  
SEPT. 28, 1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago,  
The wild grape by the river's side,  
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,  
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,  
The blushing tint of peach and pear ;  
The mirror of the Powow told  
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,  
These vales the idle Indian trod ;  
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,—  
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !  
We thank thee for thy wise design  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need  
The joy of simple faith is born ;  
That he who smites the summer weed,  
May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power ;  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;  
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;  
And God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,  
The time of harvest shall be given ;  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

## THE PREACHER.

Its windows flashing to the sky,  
 Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,  
 Far down the vale, my friend and I  
 Beheld the old and quiet town;  
 The ghostly sails that out at sea  
 Flapped their white wings of mystery,  
 The beaches glimmering in the sun,  
 And the low wooded capes that run  
 Into the sea-mist north and south;  
 The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;  
 The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,  
 The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands  
 A crimson-tinted shadow lay  
 Of clouds through which the setting day  
 Flung a slant glory far away.  
 It glittered on the wet sea-sands,  
 It flamed upon the city's panes,  
 Smote the white sails of ships that wore  
 Outward or in, and glided o'er  
 The steeples with their veering vanes!

Awile my friend with rapid speech  
 O'erran the landscape.—"Yonder spire  
 Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;  
 What is it, pray?"—"The Whitefield Church!  
 Walled about by its basement stones,  
 There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."  
 Then as our homeward way we walked,  
 Of the great preacher's life we talked;  
 And through the mystery of our theme  
 The outward glory seemed to stream,  
 And Nature's self interpreted  
 The doubtful record of the dead;  
 And every level beam that smote  
 The sails upon the dark afloat,  
 A symbol of the light became  
 Which touched the shadows of our blame  
 With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers  
 Gathers the moss of a hundred years;  
 On man and his works has passed the change  
 Which needs must be in a century's range.  
 The land lies open and warm in the sun,  
 Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run,—  
 Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,  
 The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain!  
 But the living faith of the settlers old  
 A dead profession their children hold;  
 To the lust of office and greed of trade  
 A stepping-stone is the altar made.  
 The Church, to place and power the door,  
 Rebukes the sin of the world no more,  
 Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.  
 Everywhere is the grasping hand,  
 And eager adding of land to land;  
 And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant  
 But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—  
 A nightly shelter to fold away  
 When the Lord should call at the break of day,—  
 Solid and steadfast seems to be,  
 And Time has forgotten Eternity!

But fresh and green from the rotting roots  
 Of primal forests the young growth shoots;  
 From the death of the old the new proceeds,  
 And the life of truth from the rot of creeds:  
 On the ladder of God, which upward leads,  
 The steps of progress are human needs.  
 For his judgments still are a mighty deep,  
 And the eyes of his providence never sleep:  
 When the night is darkest he gives the morn;  
 When the famine is sorest, the wine and corn!

In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,  
 Shaping his creed at the forge of thought;  
 And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent  
 The iron links of his argument,  
 Which strove to grasp in its mighty span  
 The purpose of God and the fate of man!  
 Yet faithful still, in his daily round  
 To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,  
 The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art  
 Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.  
 Had he not seen in the solitudes  
 Of his deep and dark Northampton woods  
 A vision of love about him fall?  
 Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,  
 But the tenderer glory that rests on them  
 Who walk in the New Jerusalem.  
 Where never the sun nor moon are known,  
 But the Lord and his love are the light alone!  
 And watching the sweet, still countenance  
 Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,  
 Had he not treasured each broken word  
 Of the mystical wonder seen and heard;  
 And loved the beautiful dreamer more  
 That thus to the desert of earth she bore  
 Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's shore?

As the barley-winner, holding with pain  
 Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,  
 Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze  
 Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,  
 So he who had waited long to hear  
 The sound of the Spirit drawing near,  
 Like that which the son of Iddo heard  
 When the feet of angels the myrtles stirred,  
 Felt the answer of prayer, at last,  
 As over his church the afflatus passed,  
 Breaking its sleep as breezes break  
 To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,  
 The creep of the flesh at danger near,  
 A vague foreboding and discontent,  
 Over the hearts of the people went.  
 All nature warned in sounds and signs:  
 The wind in the tops of the forest pines  
 In the name of the Highest called to prayer,  
 As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.  
 Through coiled chambers of secret sin  
 Sudden and strong the light shone in;  
 A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs  
 Startled the man of title-deeds;  
 The trembling hand of the worldling shook  
 The dust of years from the Holy Book;  
 And the psalms of David, forgotten long,  
 Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course  
 Of waters moved by a central force;  
 The tide of spiritual life rolled down  
 From inland mountains to seacoast town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands  
 Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands  
 And prayer availing, to downward call  
 The fiery answer in view of all.  
 Hearts are like wax in the furnace, who  
 Shall mould, and shape, and cast them anew?  
 Lo! by the Merrimack WHITEFIELD stands  
 In the temple that never was made by hands,—  
 Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,  
 And dome of the sunshine over all,—  
 A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name  
 Blown about on the winds of fame;  
 Now as an angel of blessing classed,  
 And now as a mad enthusiast.  
 Called in his youth to sound and gauge  
 The moral lapse of his race and age,  
 And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw  
 Of human frailty and perfect law;



Possessed by the one dread thought that lent  
Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
Up and down the world he went,  
A John the Baptist crying,—Repent!

No perfect whole can our nature make;  
Here or there the circle will break;  
The orb of life, as it takes the light  
On one side, leaves the other in night.  
Never was saint so good and great  
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate  
For the plea of the Devil's advocate.  
So, incomplete by his being's law,  
The marvellous preacher had his flaw:  
With step unequal, and lame with faults,  
His shade on the path of History halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard:  
Fear is easy, but love is hard,—  
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,  
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage;  
But he is greatest and best who can  
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he,—to whom, in the painful stress  
Of zeal on fire from its own excess,  
Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small  
That man was nothing, since God was all,—  
Forgot, as the best at times have done,  
That the love of the Lord and of man are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod  
The thorny path of the desert trod,  
Careless of pain, so it led to God,  
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor man's  
    wrong,  
The weak ones trodden beneath the strong.  
Should the worm be chooser?—the clay with-  
    stand  
The shaping will of the potter's hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears  
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears:  
"Spare thy pity!" Krishna saith:  
"Not in thy sword is the power of death!  
All is illusion,—loss but seems;  
Pleasure and pain are only dreams;  
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill;  
Who counts as slain is living still.  
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime;  
Nothing dies but the cheats of time;  
Slain or slayer, small the odds  
To each, immortal as Indra's gods!"

So by Savannah's banks of shade,  
The stones of his mission the preacher laid  
On the heart of the negro crushed and rent,  
And made of his blood the wall's cement;  
Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast  
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost;  
And begged, for the love of Christ, the gold  
Coined from the hearts in its groaning hold.  
What could it matter, more or less  
Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?  
Living or dying, bond or free,  
What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes!  
Mission and church are now but dreams;  
Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan  
To honor God through the wrong of man.  
Of all his labors no trace remains  
Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains.  
The woof he wove in the righteous warp  
Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,  
Clothes with curses the goodly land,  
Changes its greenness and bloom to sand;  
And a century's lapse reveals once more  
The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.  
Father of Light! how blind is he

Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee  
With the blood and tears of humanity!

He erred: Shall we count his gifts as naught?  
Was the work of God in him unwrought?  
The servant may through his deafness err,  
And blind may be God's messenger;  
But the errand is sure they go upon,—  
The word is spoken, the deed is done.  
Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good  
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?  
For his tempted heart and wandering feet,  
Were the songs of David less pure and sweet?  
So in light and shadow the preacher went,  
God's erring and human instrument;  
And the hearts of the people where he passed,  
Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,  
Under the spell of a voice which took  
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,  
And the mystical chime of the bells of gold  
On the ephod's hem of the priest of old,—  
Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe  
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd  
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.  
The sailor reeling from out the ships  
Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips,  
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.  
Listened the fisherman rude and hard,  
The calker rough from the builder's yard,  
The man of the market left his load,  
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,  
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt  
Their hearts in a closer union melt,  
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom  
Down the endless vistas of life to come.  
Old age sat feebly brushing away  
From his ears the scanty locks of gray;  
And careless boyhood, living the free  
Unconscious life of bird and tree,  
Suddenly wakened to a sense  
Of sin and its guilty consequence.  
It was as if an angel's voice  
Called the listeners up for their final choice;  
As if a strong hand rent apart  
The veils of sense from soul and heart,  
Showing in light ineffable  
The joys of heaven and woes of hell!  
All about in the misty air  
The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer;  
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,  
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,  
The wailing pines, and, far and faint,  
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,  
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent  
An undertone as of low lament;  
And the robe of the sea from its sandy coast,  
On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,  
Seemed the murmurous sound of the judgment  
    host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good men wept,  
As that storm of passion above them swept,  
And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,  
The priests of the new Evangel came,—  
Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,  
Charged like summer's electric cloud,  
Now holding the listener still as death  
With terrible warnings under breath,  
Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed  
The vision of Heaven's beatitude!  
And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound  
Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,  
Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,  
And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,  
Groaning under the world's despair!  
Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,  
Propheied to the empty pews

That gourds would wither, and mushrooms die,  
 And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,  
 Like the spring that gushed in Newbury Street,  
 Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,  
 A silver shaft in the air and light,  
 For a single day, then lost in night,  
 Leaving only, its place to tell,  
 Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.  
 With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat cool,  
 Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,  
 No longer harried, and cropped, and fleeced,  
 Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,  
 But by wiser counsels left at ease  
 To settle quietly on his lees,  
 And, self-concentred, to count as done  
 The work which his fathers scarce begun,  
 In silent protest of letting alone,  
 The Quaker kept the way of his own,—  
 A non-conductor among the wires,  
 With coat of asbestos proof to fires.  
 And quite unable to mend his pace  
 To catch the falling manna of grace,  
 He hugged the closer his little store  
 Of faith, and silently prayed for more.  
 And vague of creed and barren of rite,  
 But holding, as in his Master's sight,  
 Act and thought to the inner light.  
 The round of his simple duties walked,  
 And strove to live what the others talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went  
 Step by step with the good intent,  
 And with love and meekness, side by side,  
 Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?—  
 That passionate longings and fancies vain  
 Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?—  
 That over the holy oracles  
 Folly sported with cap and bells?—  
 That goodly women and learned men  
 Marvelling told with tongue and pen  
 How unweaned children chirped like birds  
 Texts of Scripture and solemn words,  
 Like the infant seers of the rocky glens  
 In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes:  
 Or baby Lamas who pray and preach  
 From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech?

In the war which Truth or Freedom wages  
 With impious fraud and the wrong of ages,  
 Hate and malice and self-love mar  
 The notes of triumph with painful jar,  
 And the helping angels turn aside  
 Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide.  
 Never on custom's oiléd grooves  
 The world to a higher level moves,  
 But grates and grinds with friction hard  
 On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
 The heart must bleed before it feels,  
 The pool be troubled before it heals;  
 Ever by losses the right must gain,  
 Every good have its birth of pain;  
 The active Virtues blush to find  
 The Vices wearing their badge behind,  
 And Graces and Charities feel the fire  
 Wherein the sins of the age expire:  
 The fiend still rends as of old he rent  
 The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the over-drift  
 And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,  
 Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk?  
 Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk?  
 The tide that loosens the temple's stones,  
 And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,  
 Drives away from the valley-land  
 That Arab robber, the wandering sand,  
 Moistens the fields that know no rain,  
 Fringes the desert with belts of grain,  
 And bread to the sower brings again.

So the flood of emotion deep and strong  
 Troubled the land as it swept along,  
 But left a result of holier lives,  
 Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.  
 The husband and father whose children fled  
 And sad wife wept when his drunken tread  
 Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,  
 And a rock of offence his hearthstone made,  
 In a strength that was not his own, began  
 To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.  
 Old friends embraced, long held apart  
 By evil counsel and pride of heart;  
 And penitence saw through misty tears,  
 In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,  
 The promise of Heaven's eternal years,—  
 The peace of God for the world's annoy,—  
 Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy!

Under the church of Federal Street,  
 Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
 Walled about by its basement stones,  
 Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.  
 No saintly honors to them are shown,  
 No sign nor miracle have they known;  
 But he who passes the ancient church  
 Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,  
 And ponders the wonderful life of him  
 Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.  
 Long shall the traveller strain his eye  
 From the railroad car, as it plunges by,  
 And the vanishing town behind him search  
 For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;  
 And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,  
 And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,  
 By the thought of that life of pure intent,  
 That voice of warning yet eloquent,  
 Of one on the errands of angels sent.  
 And if where he labored the flood of sin  
 Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,  
 And over a life of time and sense  
 The church-spires lift their vain defence,  
 As if to scatter the bolts of God  
 With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—  
 Still, as the gem of its civic crown,  
 Precious beyond the world's renown,  
 His memory hallows the ancient town!

#### THE QUAKER ALUMNI. 70

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-cliffs  
 of Maine,  
 Grave men, sober matrons, you gather again;  
 And, with hearts warmer grown as your heads  
 grow more cool,  
 Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims and  
 complaints,  
 (You were not saints yourselves, if the children  
 of saints!)

All your petty self-seekings and rivalries done,  
 Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts beat as  
 one!

How widely soe'er you have strayed from the  
 fold,  
 Though your "thee" has grown "you," and  
 your drab blue and gold,  
 To the old friendly speech and the garb's sober  
 form,  
 Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan, you  
 warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance round  
 the hall:  
 Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not all:



Through the turf green above them the dead cannot hear ;  
Name by name, in the silence, falls sad as a tear !

In love, let us trust, they were summoned so soon  
From the morning of life, while we toil through  
its noon ;  
They were frail like ourselves, they had needs  
like our own,  
And they rest as we rest in God's mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and frame,  
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is the  
same ;  
Though we sink in the darkness, his arms break  
our fall,  
And in death as in life, he is Father of all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light in the play  
Of the far-away school-time, move slower to-  
day ;—  
Here a beard touched with frost, there a bald,  
shining crown,  
And beneath the cap's border gray mingles with  
brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust should be  
glad,  
And our follies and sins, not our years, make us  
sad.  
Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet grows  
prim,  
And the face grow in length as the hat grows in  
brim ?

Life is brief, duty grave ; but, with rain-folded  
wings,  
Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful heart sings ;  
And we, of all others, have reason to pay  
The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on our way ;

For the counsels that turned from the follies of  
youth ;  
For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of  
truth ;  
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered  
its edge ;  
For the household's restraint, and the discipline's  
hedge ;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to the  
least  
Of the creatures of God, whether human or  
beast,  
Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength to  
the frail,  
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut, and jail ;

For a womanhood higher and holier, by all  
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere her  
fall,—  
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as play,  
Serene as the moonlight and warm as the day ;

And, yet more, for the faith which embraces the  
whole,  
Of the creeds of the ages the life and the soul,  
Wherein letter and spirit the same channel run,  
And man has not severed what God has made  
one !

For a sense of the Goodness revealed everywhere,  
As sunshine impartial, and free as the air ;  
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew,  
And a hope for all darkness The Light shineth  
through.

Who scoffs at our birthright ?—the words of the  
seers,  
And the songs of the bards in the twilight of  
years,

All the foregleams of wisdom in santon and sage,  
In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato discerned ;  
The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra-fire  
burned ;  
The soul of the world which the Stoic but  
guessed,  
In the Light Universal the Quaker confessed !

No honors of war to our worthies belong ;  
Their plain stem of life never flowered into song ;  
But the fountains they opened still gush by the  
way,  
And the world for their healing is better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's groined arches  
curve down,  
To the tomb-crowded transept of England's re-  
nown,  
The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,  
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all owned,—

Who through the world's pantheon walked in his  
pride,  
Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,  
And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,  
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt,—

How vainly he labored to sully with blame  
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his  
fame !  
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity blind :  
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker designed !

For the sake of his true-hearted father before  
him ;  
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore  
him ;  
For the sake of his gifts, and the works that out-  
live him,  
And his brave words for freedom, we freely for-  
give him !

There are those who take note that our numbers  
are small,—  
New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall ;  
But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of his  
own,  
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers  
have sown !

The last of the sect to his fathers may go,  
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show ;  
But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with  
years,  
Till the false dies away, and the wrong disap-  
pears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the  
stone,  
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,  
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores  
run,  
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the  
sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease, to forget  
To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom our  
debt ?—  
Hide their words out of sight, like the garb that  
they wore,  
And for Barclay's Apology offer one more ?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft that glutted  
the shears,  
And festooned the stocks with our grandfathers'  
ears ?—

Talk of Woolman's unsoundness?—count Penn heterodox?  
And take Cotton Mather in place of George Fox?—

Make our preachers war-chaplains?—quote Scripture to take

The hunted slave back, for Onesimus' sake?—  
Go to burning church-candles, and chanting in choir,

And on the old meeting-house stick up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until better are shown,

Credit good where we find it, abroad or our own;  
And while "Lo here" and "Lo there" the multitude call,

Be true to ourselves, and do justice to all.

The good round about us we need not refuse,  
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were Jews;  
But why shirk the badge which our fathers have worn,

Or beg the world's pardon for having been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's prayer,  
Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's share.  
Truth to us and to others is equal and one:  
Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up the sun?

Well know we our birthright may serve but to show

How the meanest of weeds in the richest soil grow;

But we need not disparage the good which we hold;

Though the vessels be earthen, the treasure is gold!

Enough and too much of the sect and the name.  
What matters our label, so truth be our aim?  
The creed may be wrong, but the life may be true,  
And hearts beat the same under drab coats or blue.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship, at will,  
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill.  
When she makes up her jewels, what cares yon good town  
For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the Quaker of BROWN?

And this green, favored island, so fresh and sea-blown,

When she counts up the worthies her annals have known,

Never waits for the pitiful gangers of sect  
To measure her love, and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,

Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand,—

Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling serene

On-prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they need  
Credentials of party, and pass-words of creed:  
The new song they sing hath a threefold accord,  
And they own one baptism, one faith, and one Lord!

But the golden sands run out: occasions like these  
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the seas:  
While we sport with the mosses and pebbles ashore,  
They lessen and fade, and we see them no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my vagrant thoughts seem

Like a school-boy's who idles and plays with his theme.

Forgive the light measure whose changes display  
The sunshine and rain of our brief April day.

There are moments in life when the lip and the eye

Try the question of whether to smile or to cry:  
And scenes and reunions that prompt like our own

The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and the girls  
At the feet of your Slocums, and Cartlands, and Earles,—

By courtesy only permitted to lay

On your festival's altar my poor gift, to-day,—

I would joy in your joy: let me have a friend's part

In the warmth of your welcome of hand and of heart,—

On your play-ground of boyhood unbend the brow's care,

And shift the old burdens our shoulders must bear.

Long live the good School! giving out year by year

Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear:  
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,  
The living epistles and proof of its worth!

In and out let the young life as steadily flow  
As in broad Narragansett the tides come and go;  
And its sons and its daughters in prairie and town

Remember its honor, and guard its renown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was made;  
Not prayerless the stones of its corner were laid:  
The blessing of Him whom in secret they sought  
Has owned the good work which the fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory forever!—We bear  
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat with the tare.

What we lack in our work may He find in our will,

And winnow in mercy our good from the ill!

## BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE spake on his dying day:

"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;

And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;

And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.



That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the  
good intent,  
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's  
aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil  
good!  
Long live the generous purpose unstained with  
human blood!  
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought  
which underlies;  
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Chris-  
tian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern  
rifle hear,  
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the  
negro's spear.  
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guard-  
ed passes scale,  
To teach that right is more than might, and jus-  
tice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;  
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter  
snow with clay.  
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares  
not harm the dove;  
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide  
to Love!

#### FROM PERUGIA.

"The thing which has the most disordered the people  
from the Pope,—the *unforgivable* thing,—the breaking  
point between him and them,—has been the encourage-  
ment and promotion he gave to the officer under whom  
were executed the slughters of Perugia. *That* made  
the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung  
to him before."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Letters from  
Italy."*

The tall, sallow guardsmen their horse-tails have  
spread,  
Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and red;  
And behind go the lackeys in crimson and buff,  
And the chamberlains gorgeous in velvet and ruff;  
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the cardinals  
forth,  
Each a lord of the church and a prince of the  
earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and this batter of  
drum?  
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia  
come,—  
The militant angels, whose sabres drive home  
To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed and  
abhorred,  
The good Father's missives, and "Thus saith the  
Lord!"  
And lend to his logic the point of the sword!

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn  
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled and torn!  
O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards for  
shame!  
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe without name!  
Well ye know how the Holy Church hireling  
behaves,  
And his tender compassion of prisons and graves!

There they stand, the hired stabbers, the blood-  
stains yet fresh,  
That splashed like red wine from the vintage of  
flesh,—

Grim instruments, careless as pincers and rack  
How the joints tear apart, and the strained sinews  
crack;  
But the hate that glares on them is sharp as their  
swords,  
And the sneer and the scowl print the air with  
fierce words!

Off with hats, down with knees, shout your vivas  
like mad!  
Here's the Pope in his holiday righteousness clad,  
From shorn crown to toq-nail, kiss-worn to the  
quick,  
Of sainthood in purple the pattern and pick,  
Who the rôle of the priest and the soldier unites,  
And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua fights!

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for whom  
We sang our hosannas and lighted all Rome;  
With whose advent we dreamed the new era  
began  
When the priest should be human, the monk be  
a man?  
Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and the fox with  
the fowl,  
When freedom we trust to the crozier and cowl!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here's a hangman-  
faced Swiss—  
(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss)—  
Would kneel down the sanctified slipper to kiss.  
Short shrift will suffice him,—he's blest beyond  
doubt;  
But there's blood on his hands which would  
scarcely wash out,  
Though Peter himself held the baptismal spout!

Make way for the next! Here's another sweet  
son!  
What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulets  
done?  
He did, whispers rumor, (its truth God forbid!)  
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem did.  
And the mothers?—Don't name them!—these  
humors of war  
They who keep him in service must pardon him  
for.

Hist! here's the arch-knave in a cardinal's hat,  
With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth of a cat  
(As if Judas and Herod together were rolled),  
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and  
gold,  
Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from  
thence,  
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles ceased  
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is priest?  
When the Church eats and drinks, at its mystical  
board,  
The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its  
sword,  
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the crown on  
his head,  
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead!

There! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed  
way  
That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's  
day.  
Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor women nor  
boys,  
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.  
*Te Deum laudamus!*—All round without stint  
The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in 't!

And now for the blessing! Of little account,  
You know, is the old one they heard on the  
Mount.

Its giver was landless, his raiment was poor,  
 No jewelled tiara his fishermen wore ;  
 No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,  
 No Swiss guards !—We order things better at  
 Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse us the  
 weak ;

Let Austria's vulture have food for her beak ;  
 Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play Bomba again,  
 With his death-cap of silence, and halter, and  
 chain ;

Put reason, and justice, and truth under ban ;  
 For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man !

### FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine  
 Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more ;  
 The woven wreaths of oak and pine  
 Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,  
 And nature holds us still in debt ;  
 And woman's grace and household skill,  
 And manhood's toil, are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
 And fruits, have come to own again  
 The blessings of the summer hours,  
 The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more  
 Reverse for us the plenteous horn  
 Of autumn, filled and running o'er  
 With fruit, flower, and golden corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
 O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;  
 Once more with harvest-song and shout  
 Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
 Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves ;  
 Her lap is full of goodly things,  
 Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new !  
 O gifts with rain and sunshine sent !  
 The bounty overruns our due,  
 The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom on ;  
 We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;  
 We choose the shadow, but the sun  
 That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
 The power to make it Eden-fair,  
 And richer fruits to crown our toil  
 Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?  
 Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?  
 Or sighs for dainties far away,  
 Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm  
 Can change a rocky soil to gold,—  
 That brave and generous lives can warm  
 A clime with Northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers  
 And piled with fruits, awake again  
 Thanksgivings for the golden hours,  
 The early and the latter rain !

## IN WAR TIME.

TO SAMUEL E. SEWALL

AND

HARRIET W. SEWALL,

OF MELROSE.

OLOR ISCANUS queries : "Why should we  
 Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie ?"  
 So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red dawn  
 Of England's civil strife, did careless Vaughan  
 Bemock his times. O friends of many years !  
 Though faith and trust are stronger than our  
 fears,

And the signs promise peace with liberty,  
 Not thus we trifle with our country's tears  
 And sweat of agony. The future's gain  
 Is certain as God's truth ; but, meanwhile, pain  
 Is bitter and tears are salt : our voices take  
 A sober tone ; our very household songs  
 Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs ;  
 And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake  
 Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,  
 The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning  
 feet !

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not ; all our way  
 Is night, with Thee alone is day :  
 From out the torrent's trouble drift,  
 Above the storm our prayers we lift,  
 Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
 But who are we to make complaint,  
 Or dare to plead, in times like these,  
 The weakness of our love of ease ?  
 Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness  
 Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
 And count it joy that even we  
 May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
 Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,  
 We trace Thy picture's wise design,  
 And thank Thee that our age supplies  
 Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
 Thy will be done !



And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wine we press;  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,  
Be Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies!  
The minor of Thy loftier's train  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
Thy will be done!

### A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

THE firmament breaks up. In black eclipse  
Light after light goes out. One evil star,  
Luridly glaring through the smoke of war,  
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,  
Drags others down. Let us not weakly weep  
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace to keep  
Our faith and patience; wherefore should we  
leap

On one hand into fratricidal fight,  
Or, on the other, yield eternal right,  
Frame lies of law, and good and ill confound?  
What fear we? Safe on freedom's vantage-  
ground

Our feet are planted: let us there remain  
In unvengeful calm, no means untried  
Which truth can sanction, no just claim denied,  
The sad spectators of a suicide!  
They break the links of Union: shall we light  
The fires of hell to weld anew the chain  
On that red anvil where each blow is pain?  
Draw we not even now a freer breath,  
As from our shoulders falls a load of death  
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's victim bore  
When kept with life to a dead horror bound?  
Why take we up the accursed thing again?  
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no more  
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt disunion's rag  
With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us press  
The golden cluster on our brave old flag  
In closer union, and, if numbering less,  
Brighter shall shine the stars which still remain.

16th 1st mo., 1861.

### "EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

(LUTHER'S HYMN.)

WE wait beneath the furnace-blast  
The pangs of transformation;  
Not painlessly doth God recast  
And mould anew the nation.  
Hot burns the fire  
Where wrongs expire;  
Nor spares the hand  
That from the land  
Uproots the ancient evil

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared  
Its bloody rain is dropping;  
The poison plant the fathers spared  
All else is overtopping.  
East, West, South, North,  
It curses the earth;  
All justice dies,  
And fraud and lies  
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?  
What points the rebel cannon?  
What sets the roaring rabble's heel  
On the old star-spangled pennon?  
What breaks the oath  
Of the men o' the South?  
What whets the knife  
For the Union's life?—  
Hark to the answer: Slavery!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes  
In strife unworthy freemen.  
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows  
The features of the demon!  
O North and South,  
Its victims both,  
Can ye not cry,  
"Let slavery die!"  
And union find in freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear  
The nation in his going?  
We who have shared the guilt must share  
The pang of his o'erthrowing!  
Whate'er the loss,  
Whate'er the cross,  
Shall they complain  
Of present pain  
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm  
Was ever yet forsaken?  
What righteous cause can suffer harm  
If He its part has taken?  
Though wild and loud,  
And dark the cloud,  
Behind its folds  
His hand unholds  
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,  
Above the wild war-drumming,  
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good  
The evil overcoming.  
Give prayer and purse  
To stay the Curse  
Whose wrong we share,  
Whose shame we bear,  
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring  
Of triumphs and revenges,  
While still is spared the evil thing  
That severs and estranges.  
But blest the ear  
That yet shall hear  
The jubilant bell  
That rings the knell  
Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,  
And hushed the breath of sighing;  
Before the joy of peace must come  
The pains of purifying.  
God give us grace  
Each in his place  
To bear his lot,  
And, murmuring not,  
Endure and wait and labor!

### TO JOHN C. FREMONT.

THY error, Fremont, simply was to act  
A brave man's part, without the statesman's tact,  
And, taking counsel but of common sense,  
To strike at cause as well as consequence.  
O, never yet since Roland wound his horn

At Roncesvalles, has a blast been blown  
 Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine own,  
 Heard from the van of freedom's hope forlorn !  
 It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,  
 To flatter treason, and avoid offence  
 To that Dark Power whose underlying crime  
 Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.  
 But if thine be the fate of all who break  
 The ground for truth's seed, or forerun their years  
 Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts make  
 A lane for freedom through the level spears,  
 Still take thou courage ! God has spoken through  
 thee,  
 Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free !  
 The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull  
 ear  
 Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to hear.  
 Who would recall them now must first arrest  
 The winds that blow down from the free North-  
 west,  
 Ruffling the Gulf ; or like a scroll roll back  
 The Mississippi to its upper springs.  
 Such words fulfil their prophecy, and lack  
 But the full time to harden into things.

### THE WATCHERS.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood ;  
 On the torn turf, on grass and wood,  
 Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,  
 But all the air was quick with pain  
 And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head  
 And folded wings and noiseless tread,  
 Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland  
 And lips of blessing, not command,  
 Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,  
 His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,  
 His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long !"—I knew the voice of Peace,—  
 "Is there no respite ?—no release ?—  
 When shall the hopeless quarrel cease ?

"O Lord, how long !—One human soul  
 Is more than any parchment scroll,  
 Or any flag thy winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave ?  
 How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,  
 Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave ?

"O brother ! if thine eye can see,  
 Tell how and when the end shall be,  
 What hope remains for thee and me."

Then Freedom sternly said : "I shun  
 No strife nor pang beneath the sun,  
 When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,  
 I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,  
 I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,  
 Through Jersey snows the march I led,  
 My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,  
 I watch a vague and aimless fight  
 For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own :  
 One guards through love his ghastly throne,  
 And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed,  
 By open foes, or those afraid  
 To speed thy coming through my aid ?

"Why watch to see who win or fall ?—  
 I shake the dust against them all,  
 I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored : "yet longer wait ;  
 The doom is near, the stake is great :  
 God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch ; the way prepare  
 Where I with folded wings of prayer  
 May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late !" the stern, sad voice replied,  
 "Too late !" its mournful echo sighed,  
 In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,  
 An upward gleam of lessening white,  
 So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell  
 Rung down the listening sky to tell  
 Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang : "the rod  
 Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,  
 But all is possible with God !"

### TO ENGLISHMEN.

You flung your taunt across the wave ;  
 We bore it as became us,  
 Well knowing that the fettered slave  
 Left friendly lips no option save  
 To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. "Mere lack of will,  
 Not lack of power," you told us :  
 We showed our free-state records ; still  
 You mocked, confounding good and ill,  
 Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at Slavery ; to the verge  
 Of power and means we checked it ;  
 Lo !—presto, change ! its claims you urge,  
 Send greetings to it o'er the surge,  
 And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,  
 In slave-aborring rigor,  
 Our Northern palms for conscience' sake :  
 To-day you clasp the hands that ache  
 With "walloping the nigger !" <sup>71</sup>

O Englishmen !—in hope and creed,  
 In blood and tongue our brothers !  
 We too are heirs of Runnymede ;  
 And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed  
 Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill  
 Through centuries of story  
 Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
 We share with you its good and ill,  
 The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave  
 Nor length of years can part us :  
 Your right is ours to shrine and grave,



The common freehold of the brave,  
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach  
Our kindred frail and human:  
We carp at faults with bitterspeech,  
The while, for one unshared by each,  
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,  
To England's Queen, God bless her!  
We praised you when your slaves went free:  
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye  
Join hands with the oppressor?

And is it Christian England cheers  
The bruiser, not the bruised?  
And must she run, despite the tears  
And prayers of eighteen hundred years,  
Amuck in Slavery's crusade?

O black disgrace! O shame and loss  
Too deep for tongue to phrase on!  
Tear from your flag its holy cross,  
And in your van of battle toss  
The pirate's skull-bone blazon!

### ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

#### ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

WHEN first I saw our banner wave  
Above the nation's council-hall,  
I heard beneath its marble wall  
The clanking fetters of the slave!

In the foul market-place I stood,  
And saw the Christian mother sold,  
And childhood with its locks of gold,  
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,  
And, smothering down the wrath and shame  
That set my Northern blood aflame,  
Stood silent,—where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell  
Where wasted one in slow decline  
For uttering simple words of mine,  
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome  
Flapped menace in the morning air;  
I stood a perilled stranger where  
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue: Gown and Sword  
And Law their threefold sanction gave,  
And to the quarry of the slave  
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power;  
And yet I knew that every wrong,  
However old, however strong,  
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—  
Somehow, some time, the end would be;  
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see  
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it! In the sun  
A free flag floats from yonder dome,  
And at the nation's hearth and home  
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,  
The message of deliverance comes,  
But heralded by roll of drums  
On waves of battle-troubled air!—

Midst sounds that madden and appall,  
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew  
The harp of David melting through  
The demon-agonies of Saul!

Not as we hoped;—but what are we?  
Above our broken dreams and plans  
God lays, with wiser hand than man's,  
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him: the voice  
That freedom's blessed gospel tells  
Is sweet to me as silver bells,  
Rejoicing!—yea, I will rejoice!

Dear friends still toiling in the sun,—  
Ye dearer ones who, gone before,  
Are watching from the eternal shore  
The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod  
Blossoms with love; the furnace heat  
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet  
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs  
Are sweetened; on our ground of grief  
Rise day by day in strong relief  
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night  
Are one with God, and one with them  
Who see by faith the cloudy hem  
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

### THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,  
The charging trumpets blow;  
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,  
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps  
Her ancient promise well,  
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps  
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
Through harvest-happy farms,  
And still she wears her fruits and flowers  
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,  
This joy of eve and morn,  
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain  
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,  
And hearts with hate are hot;  
But even-paced come round the ears,  
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
With songs our groans of pain;  
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf  
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear  
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm:  
Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below  
The fires that blast and burn;  
For all the tears of blood we sow  
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours  
The good of suffering born,—  
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,  
And ripen like her corn.

O, give to us, in times like these,  
The vision of her eyes;  
And make her fields and fruited trees  
Our golden prophecies!

O, give to us her finer ear!  
Above this stormy din,  
We too would hear the bells of cheer  
Ring peace and freedom in.

### MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.<sup>72</sup>

KNOW'ST thou, O slave-cursed land!  
How, when the Chian's cup of guilt  
Was full to overflow, there came  
God's justice in the sword of flame  
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,  
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's hand?

The heavens are still and far;  
But, not unheard of awful Jove,  
The sighing of the island slave  
Was answered, when the Ægean wave  
The keels of Mithridates clove,  
And the vines shrivelled in the breath of war.

"Robbers of Chios! hark,"  
The victor cried, "to Heaven's decree!  
Pluck your last cluster from the vine,  
Drain your last cup of Chian wine;  
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall be,  
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling dark."

Then rose the long lament  
From the hoar sea-god's dusky caves:  
The priestess rent her hair and cried,  
"Woe! woe! The gods are sleepless-eyed!"  
And, chained and scourged, the slaves of slaves,  
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"  
So Hellas sang her taunting song,  
"The fisher in his net is caught,  
The Chian hath his master bought;"  
And isle from isle, with laughter long,  
Took up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years  
Bring their avenging cycle round,  
And, more than Hellas taught of old  
Our wiser lesson shall be told,  
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,  
To break, not wield, the scourge wet with their  
blood and tears.

### THE PROCLAMATION.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the herds  
Of Ballymena, awakened with these words:  
"Arise, and flee  
Out from the land of bondage, and be free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from heaven  
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,  
And, wondering, sees  
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,  
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,  
And onward trod  
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;  
And, passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,  
Though back and limb  
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon  
him!"

So went he forth; but in God's time he came  
To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame;  
And, dying, gave  
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb  
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,  
And freedom's song  
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong.

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint  
Of ages; but, like Ballymena's saint,  
The oppressor spare,  
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him! like him return again,  
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain  
Ye toiled at first,  
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed.

### ANNIVERSARY POEM.

[Read before the Alumni of the Friends' Yearly Meeting School, at the Annual Meeting at Newport, R. I., 15th 6th mo., 1863.]

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet beneath  
A clouded sky;  
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,  
And on the sweet spring airs the breath  
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,  
Nor pain from chance;  
The Eternal order circles round,  
And wave and storm find mete and bound  
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways  
Of peace have trod,  
Content with creed and garb and phrase:  
A harder path in earlier days  
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,  
Are made our own;  
Too long the world has smiled to hear  
Our boast of full corn in the ear  
By others sown;

To see us stir the martyr fires  
Of long ago,  
And wrap our satisfied desires  
In the singed mantles that our sires  
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore  
On us is laid;  
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,  
And in the scale of truth once more  
Our faith is weighed.



The cry of innocent blood at last  
Is calling down  
An answer in the whirlwind-blast,  
The thunder and the shadow cast  
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who  
Stands guiltless forth?  
Have *we* been faithful as we knew,  
To God and to our brother true,  
To Heaven and Earth?

How faint, through din of merchandise  
And count of gain,  
Have seemed to us the captive's cries!  
How far away the tears and sighs  
Of souls in pain!

This day the fearful reckoning comes  
To each and all;  
We hear amidst our peaceful homes  
The summons of the conscript drums,  
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain; the war-net draws  
Round us in vain,  
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,  
We keep our fealty to the laws  
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,  
We may not take:  
But, calmly loyal, we can stand  
And suffer with our suffering land  
For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain?  
Shall *we* alone  
Be left to add our gain to gain,  
When over Armageddon's plain  
The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to serve;  
Safe in our Lord  
The rigid lines of law shall curve  
To spare us; from our heads shall swerve  
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,  
And joy with grief;  
Divinest compensations come,  
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom  
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,  
By word and deed,  
The widow in her keen distress,  
The childless and the fatherless,  
The hearts that bleed!

For fields of duty, opening wide,  
Where all our powers  
Are tasked the eager steps to guide  
Of millions on a path untried:  
THE SLAVE IS OURS!

Ours by traditions dear and old,  
Which make the race  
Our wards to cherish and uphold,  
And cast their freedom in the mould  
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors  
Where strong men pine,  
And, down the groaning corridors,  
Pour freely from our liberal stores  
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days  
His lot it cast?  
God's hand within the shadow lays  
The stones whereon His gates of praise  
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand!  
Nor stint, nor stay;  
The years have never dropped their sand  
On mortal issue vast and grand  
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground  
Of man's despair  
Is Freedom's glorious picture found,  
With all its dusky hands unbound  
Upraised in prayer.

O, small shall seem all sacrifice  
And pain and loss,  
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,  
For suffering give the victor's prize,  
The crown for cross!

### AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea;  
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand  
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,  
Our good boats forward swing;  
And while we ride the land-locked tide,  
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song:  
The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please;  
The quaint relief of mirth that plays  
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the West with light,  
Where field and garner, barn and byre,  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast;  
From hand to hand, from gate to gate  
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
Dark faces broad with smiles;  
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,  
They weave in simple lays  
The pathos of remembered wrong,  
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,  
The joy of uncaged birds:  
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue  
Their broken Saxon words.

### SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come  
To set de people free;

An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
 An' we ob jubilee.  
 De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
 He jus' as 'troug as den ;  
 He say de word : we las' night slaves ;  
 To-day, de Lord's freemen.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
 He leaf de land behind ;  
 De Lord's breff blow him funder on,  
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
 We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
 We own de hands dat hold ;  
 We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
 But nebber chile be sold.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs  
 Dat some day we be free ;  
 De norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
 De wild-duck to de sea ;  
 We tink it when de church-bell ring,  
 We dream it in de dream ;  
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
 De eagle when he scream.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,  
 An' nebber lie de word ;  
 So like de 'postles in de jail,  
 We waited for de Lord :  
 An' now he open ebry door,  
 An' 'trow away de key ;  
 He tink we lub him so before,  
 We lub him better free.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 'He 'll gib de rice an' corn ;  
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;  
 And with a secret pain,  
 And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
 We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,  
 Nor yet his hope deny ;  
 We only know that God is just,  
 And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face,  
 Flame-lighted, ruder still :  
 We start to think that hapless race  
 Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
 Oppressor with oppressed ;  
 And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
 We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chant shall be  
 Our sign of blight or bloom,—  
 The Vala-song of Liberty,  
 Or death-rune of our doom !

## BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
 When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,  
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun  
 Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
 She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
 He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt !"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
 "Fire !"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;  
 It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
 And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
 But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
 Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
 To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
 Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
 Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost  
 Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell.  
 On the loyal winds that loved it well ;



And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

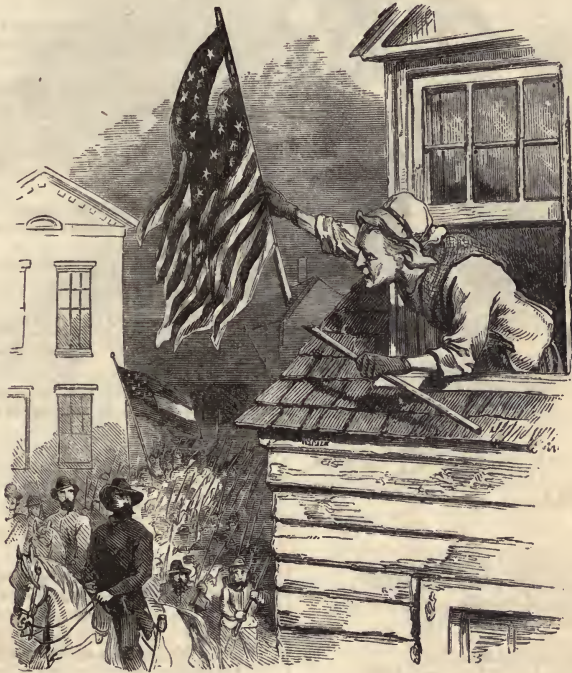
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!



"She leaned far out on the window-sill,"

## BALLADS.

### COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.<sup>73</sup>

THE beaver cut his timber  
With patient teeth that day,  
The minks were fish-wards, and the crows  
Surveyors of highway,—

When Keezar sat on the hillside  
Upon his cobbler's form,  
With a pan of coals on either hand  
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,  
He stitched and hammered and sung;  
In the brook he moistened his leather,  
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton  
Who brewed the stoutest ale,  
And he paid the goodwife's reckoning  
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing  
Who dress the hills of vine,  
The tales that haunt the Brocken  
And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
The swift stream wound away,  
Through birches and scarlet maples  
Flashing in foam and spray,—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges  
Plunging in steep cascade,  
Tossing its white-maned waters  
Against the hemlock's shade.



"Keezar sat on the hillside."

Woodsy and wide and lonesome,  
East and west and north and south ;  
Only the village of fishers  
Down at the river's mouth ;

Only here and there a clearing,  
With its farm-house rude and new,  
And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,  
Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,  
No vintage-song he heard,  
And on the green no dancing feet  
The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said Keezar,  
"When Nature herself is glad,  
And the painted woods are laughing  
At the faces so sour and sad ?"

Small heed had the careless cobbler  
What sorrow of heart was theirs  
Who travelled in pain with the births of God,  
And planted a state with prayers,—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,  
Smiting the heathen horde,—  
One hand on the mason's trowel,  
And one on the soldier's sword !

But give him his ale and cider,  
Give him his pipe and song,  
Little he cared for Church or State,  
Or the balance of right and wrong.

"'T is work, work, work," he muttered,—  
"And for rest a snuffle of psalms !"  
He smote on his leathern apron  
With his brown and waxen palms.

"O for the purple harvests  
Of the days when I was young !  
For the merry grape-stained maidens,  
And the pleasant songs they sung !

"O for the breath of vineyards,  
Of apples and nuts and wine !  
For an oar to row and a breeze to blow  
Down the grand old river Rhine !"

A tear in his blue eye glistened,  
And dropped on his beard so gray.  
"Old, old am I," said Keezar,  
"And the Rhine flows far away !"

But a cunning man was the cobbler ;  
He could call the birds from the trees,  
Charm the black snake out of the ledges,  
And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,  
All the lore of the woods, he knew,  
And the arts of the Old World mingled  
With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,  
And the lapstone on his knee  
Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles  
Or the stone of Doctor Dee.

For the mighty master Agrippa  
Wrought it with spell and rhyme  
From a fragment of mystic moonstone  
In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger  
The marvellous stone gave he,—  
And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,  
Who brought it over the sea.



He held up that mystic lapstone,  
He held it up like a lens,  
And he counted the long years coming  
By twenties and by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar,  
"And fifty have I told :  
Now open the new before me,  
And shut me out the old !"

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness  
Rolled from the magic stone,  
And a marvellous picture mingled  
The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,  
And river and ocean joined ;  
And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-line,  
And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken  
By many a steepled town,  
By many a white-walled farm-house,  
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,  
The stream no more ran free ;  
White sails on the winding river,  
White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village  
The flags were floating gay,  
And shone on a thousand faces  
The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen  
Turned the brown earth from their shares ;  
Here were the farmer's treasures,  
There were the craftsman's wares.

Golden the goodwife's butter,  
Ruby her currant-wine ;  
Grand were the strutting turkeys,  
Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,  
And the ripe pears russet-brown,  
And the peaches had stolen blushes  
From the girls who shook them down.

And with blooms of hill and wild-wood,  
That shame the toil of art,  
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms  
Of the garden's tropic heart.

"What is it I see ?" said Keezar :  
"Am I here, or am I there ?  
Is it a fête at Bingen ?  
Do I look on Frankfort fair ?

"But where are the clowns and puppets,  
And imps with horns and tail ?  
And where are the Rhenish flagons ?  
And where is the foaming ale ?

"Strange things, I know, will happen,—  
Strange things the Lord permits ;  
But that droughty folk should be jolly  
Puzzles my poor old wits.

"Here are smiling manly faces,  
And the maiden's step is gay ;  
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking,  
Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

"Here's pleasure without regretting,  
And good without abuse,  
The holiday and the bridal  
Of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest and there is a Quaker,—  
Do the cat and dog agree ?  
Have they burned the stocks for oven-wood ?  
Have they cut down the gallows-tree

"Would the old folk know their children ?  
Would they own the graceless town,  
With never a ranter to worry  
And never a witch to drown ?"

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,  
Laughed like a school-boy gay ;  
Tossing his arms above him,  
The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,  
It spun like a wheel bewitched,  
It plunged through the leaning willows,  
And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,  
The magic stone lies still,  
Under the leaning willows  
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher  
Sits on the shadowy bank,  
And his dreams make marvellous pictures  
Where the wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,  
When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers  
Beside the charmed stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,  
The rosy signals fly ;  
Her homestead beckons from the cloud,  
And love goes sailing by !

## AMY WENTWORTH.

TO W. B.

As they who watch by sick-beds find relief  
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief  
And anxious care in fantasies outwrought  
From the hearth's embers flickering low, or  
caught

From whispering wind, or tread of passing feet,  
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet  
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or why  
They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou and I,  
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong  
In the endurance which outwearies Wrong,  
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,  
And trusting God against the universe,—  
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share  
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,  
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened eyes,  
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,  
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all  
Who give their loved ones for the living wall  
'Twixt law and treason,—in this evil day  
May haply find, through automatic play  
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,  
And hearten others with the strength we gain.  
I know it has been said our times require  
No play of art, nor dalliance with the lyre,  
No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform  
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,



"She looks across the harbor bar."

But the stern war-blast rather, such as sets  
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,  
And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with these  
Some softer tints may blend, and milder keys  
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us keep  
sweet,

If so we may, our hearts, even while we eat  
The bitter harvest of our own device  
And half a century's moral cowardice.  
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,  
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,  
And through the war-march of the Puritan  
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,  
So let the household melodies be sung,  
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung,—  
So let us hold against the hosts of night  
And slavery all our vantage-ground of light.  
Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake  
From its flag-folds its symbol rattle-snake,  
Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,  
And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones of man,  
And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull  
By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull,—  
But let us guard, till this sad war shall cease,  
(God grant it soon !) the graceful arts of peace  
No foes are conquered who the victors teach  
Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we bear  
Of the great common burden our full share,  
Let none upbraid us that the waves entice  
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint device,  
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away  
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.  
Thus, while the east-wind keen from Labrador  
Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore  
Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar

Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky  
Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try  
To time a simple legend to the sounds  
Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled  
bounds,—

A song for oars to chime with, such as might  
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night  
Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove  
Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love.  
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay  
On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,  
And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that  
rolled

Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)  
Something it has—a flavor of the sea,  
And the sea's freedom—which reminds of thee.  
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down  
From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,  
I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,  
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought  
from pain.

HER fingers shame the ivory keys  
They dance so light along ;  
The bloom upon her parted lips  
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles !  
Her thoughts are not of thee ;  
She better loves the salted wind,  
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship  
That at its anchor swings ;  
The murmur of the stranded shell  
Is in the song she sings.



She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,  
But dreams the while of one  
Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,  
And every fog-wreath dim,  
And bids the sea-birds flying north  
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men  
He perilled life to save,  
And grateful prayers like holy oil  
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack !  
Fair toast of all the town !—  
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems  
The lady's silken gown !

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
For him the blush of shame  
Who dares to set his manly gifts  
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine ;  
Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If love be Fortune's spur ;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights  
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its maple porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown,—  
And this has worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery floor  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador !

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,  
And green are Elliot's bowers ;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar  
To see the white gulls fly ;  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with silken sails  
And masts of beaten gold !

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low made ill ;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will !

## THE COUNTESS.

TO E. W.

I KNOW not, Time and Space so intervene,  
Whether, still waiting with a trust serene,  
Thou hearest up thy fourscore years and ten,  
Or, called at last, art now Heaven's citizen ;  
But, here or there, a pleasant thought of thee,  
Like an old friend, all day has been with me.  
The shy, still boy, for whom thy kindly hand  
Smoothed his hard pathway to the wonder-land  
Of thought and fancy, in gray manhood yet  
Keeps green the memory of his early debt.  
To-day, when truth and falsehood speak their  
words

Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth of  
swords,

Listening with quickened heart and ear intent  
To each sharp clause of that stern argument,  
I still can hear at times a softer note  
Of the old pastoral music round me float,  
While through the hot gleam of our civil strife  
Looms the green mirage of a simpler life.  
As, at his alien post, the sentinel  
Drops the old bucket in the homestead well,  
And hears old voices in the winds that toss  
Above his head the live-oak's beard of moss,  
So, in our trial time, and under skies  
Shadowed by swords like Islam's paradise,  
I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray  
To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian day ;  
And howsoever the pencil dipped in dreams  
Shades the brown woods or tints the sunset  
streams,

The country doctor in the foreground seems,  
Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes  
Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and pains.  
I could not paint the scenery of my song,  
Mindless of one who looked thereon so long,  
Who, night and day, on duty's lonely round,  
Made friends o' the woods and rocks, and knew  
the sound

Of each small brook, and what the hillside trees  
Said to the winds that touched their leafy keys ;  
Who saw so keenly and so well could paint  
The village-folk, with all their humors quaint,—  
The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,  
Grave and erect, with white hair backward blown ;  
The tough old boatman, half amphibious grown ;  
The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale,  
And the loud straggler levying his blackmail,—  
Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,  
All that lies buried under fifty years.  
To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,  
And, grateful, own the debt I cannot pay.

Over the wooded northern ridge,  
Between its houses brown,  
To the dark tunnel of the bridge  
The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse, through birch and pine,  
Of gable, roof, and porch,  
The tavern with its swinging sign,  
The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves  
To meet, in ebb and flow,  
The single broken wharf that serves  
For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores  
The heavy hay-boats crawl,  
The long antennæ of their oars  
In lazy rise and fall.

Along the gray abutment's wall  
The idle shad-net dries ;  
The toll-man, in his cobbler's stall  
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone  
Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;  
You start,—a skipper's horn is blown  
To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds  
With slow and sluggish beat,  
Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds  
Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,  
A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;  
Left by the stream whose waves are years  
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,  
The native dweller clings,  
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,  
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,  
The farmer sows his grain,  
Content to hear the murmuring pines  
Instead of railroad-train.

Go where, along the tangled steep  
That slopes against the west,  
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep  
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,  
The birch's pale-green scarf,  
And break the web of brier and bloom  
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,  
Of pomp and romance shorn,  
The dry, old names that common breath  
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and part  
The wild vines o'er it laced,  
And read the words by rustic art  
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager  
Of fourscore years can say  
What means the noble name of her  
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land  
Found refuge here and rest,  
And loved, of all the village band,  
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morns,  
He worshipped through her eyes,  
And on the pride that doubts and scorns  
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw  
By homeliest duties tried,  
In all things by an untaught law  
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid ;  
He took the hue and tone  
Of lowly life and toil, and made  
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,  
To harvest-field or dance  
He brought the gentle courtesies,  
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not less  
From him she loved in turn  
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness  
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,  
Nor knew the gazing town  
If she looked upward to her lord  
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was o'er,  
His violin's mirth and wail,  
The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore,  
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life is brief, though love be long ;  
The altar and the bier,  
The burial hymn and bridal song,  
Were both in one short year !

Her rest is quiet on the hill,  
Beneath the locust's bloom :  
Far off her lover sleeps as still  
Within his scutcheon'd tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,  
In death still clasp their hands ;  
The love that levels rank and grade  
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside grave,  
Or whose the blazoned stone ?  
Forever to her western wave  
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love !—so hallowing every soil  
That gives thy sweet flower room,  
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,  
The human heart takes bloom !—

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod  
Of sinful earth unripen,  
White blossom of the trees of God  
Dropped down to us from heaven !—

This tangled waste of mound and stone  
Is holy for thy sake ;  
A sweetness which is all thy own  
Breathes out from fern and brake.

And while ancestral pride shall twine  
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,  
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,  
With summer's bloom and showers !

And let the lines that severed seem  
Unite again in thee,  
As western wave and Gallic stream  
Are mingled in one sea !



## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

## NAPLES.

1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF  
BOSTON.

I GIVE thee joy!—I know to thee  
The dearest spot on earth must be  
Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer sea;

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb,  
The land of Virgil gave thee room  
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down  
Behind thee on the gleaming town,  
On Baïæ's baths and Posilippo's crown;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day  
Burned Ischia's mountain lines away,  
And Capri melted in its sunny bay,—

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot  
The sharp pang of a bitter thought  
That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest  
In giving thy beloved rest,  
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast;

That every sweet and saintly grave  
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave  
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear  
The unchained city sends its cheer,  
And, tuned to joy, the muffled bells of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free  
And happy by the summer sea,  
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy!

She smiles above her broken chain  
The languid smile that follows pain,  
Stretching her cramped limbs to the sun again.

O, joy for all, who hear her call  
From gray Camaldoli's convent-wall  
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival!

A new life breathes among her vines  
And olives, like the breath of pines  
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O, my friend, to meet that breath,  
Rejoice as one who witnesseth  
Beauty from ashes rise, and life from death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,  
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,  
Writing the grave with flowers: "Arisen again!"

## THE SUMMONS.

My ear is full of summer sounds,  
Of summer sights my languid eye;  
Beyond the dusty village bounds  
I loiter in my daily rounds,  
And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,  
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,  
The long green lances of the corn  
Are tilting in the winds of morn,  
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,  
A deeper sound that drowns them all,—  
A voice of pleading choked with tears,  
The call of human hopes and fears,  
The Macedonian cry to Paul

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;  
I know the word and countersign;  
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,  
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,  
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,  
And lips that woo the reed's accord,  
When laggard Time the hour has told  
For true with false and new with old  
To fight the battles of the Lord!

O brothers! blest by partial Fate  
With power to match the will and deed,  
To him your summons comes too late  
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,  
And has no answer but God-speed!

## THE WAITING.

I WAIT and watch: before my eyes  
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;  
I wait and watch the eastern skies  
To see the golden spears arise  
Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance  
I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,  
And see across the twilight glance,  
Troop after troop, in swift advance,  
The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,  
I know what mighty work is theirs;  
I can but lift up hands unmeet,  
The threshing-floors of God to beat,  
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for me:  
The puny leverage of a hair  
The planet's impulse well may spare,  
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,  
And yet not mine if understood;  
For one shall grasp and one resign,  
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,  
And God shall make the balance good.

O power to do! O baffled will!  
O prayer and action! ye are one.  
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still,  
And good but wished with God is done!

## MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

## I.

## FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North, unveil  
 Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!  
 And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,  
 Uplift against the blue walls of the sky  
 Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave  
 Its golden net-work in your belting woods,  
 Smile down in rainbows from your falling  
 floods,  
 And on your kingly brows at morn and eve  
 Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive  
 Happily the secret of your calm and strength,  
 Your unforgotten beauty interfuse  
 My common life, your glorious shapes and hues  
 And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding  
 come,  
 Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in  
 billowy length  
 From the sea-level of my lowland home!

They rise before me! Last night's thunder-gust  
 Roared not in vain: for where its lightnings thrust  
 Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so  
 near,  
 Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,  
 I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,  
 The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.  
 The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn walls  
 And splintered on the rocks their spears of  
 rain  
 Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,  
 Making the dust and silence of the woods  
 Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods,  
 And luminous with blown spray and silver  
 gleams,  
 While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams  
 Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.  
 So, let me hope, the battle-storm that beats  
 The land with hail and fire may pass away  
 With its spent thunders at the break of day,  
 Like last night's clouds, and leave, as it retreats,  
 A greener earth and fairer sky behind,  
 Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's Northern wind!

## II.

## MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake  
 Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,  
 A fitting guide, with reverential tread,  
 Into that mountain mystery. First a lake  
 Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines  
 Of far receding hills; and yet more far,  
 Monadnock lifting from his night of pines  
 His rosy forehead to the evening star.  
 Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid  
 His head against the West, whose warm light  
 made  
 His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and clear,  
 Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching  
 stayed,  
 A single level cloud-line, shone upon  
 By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,  
 Menaced the darkness with its golden spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still and black  
 The great woods climbed the mountain at our  
 back;  
 And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day  
 On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,  
 The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest  
 hung.

With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:  
 The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,  
 The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,  
 The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;  
 Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the  
 gate  
 Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry  
 weight  
 Of sun-brown children, listening, while they  
 swung,  
 The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;  
 And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings  
 clear,  
 The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.  
 Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we  
 took,  
 Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,  
 Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,  
 Like one to whom the far-off is most near  
 "Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look;  
 I love it for my good old mother's sake,  
 Who lived and died here in the peace of  
 God!"  
 The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,  
 As silently we turned the eastern flank  
 Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,  
 Doubling the night along our rugged road:  
 We felt that man was more than his abode,—  
 The inward life than Nature's raiment more;  
 And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,  
 The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and  
 dim  
 Before the saintly soul, whose human will  
 Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,  
 Making her homely toil and household ways  
 An earthly echo of the song of praise  
 Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

## OUR RIVER.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE LAURELS"  
ON THE MERRIMACK.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height  
 The summer flowers have budded:  
 Once more with summer's golden light  
 The vales of home are flooded;  
 And once more, by the grace of Him  
 Of every good the Giver,  
 We sing upon its wooded rim  
 The praises of our river:

Its pines above, its waves below,  
 The west-wind down it blowing,  
 As fair as when the young Brissot  
 Beheld it seaward flowing,—  
 And bore its memory o'er the deep,  
 To soothe a martyr's sadness,  
 And fresco, in his troubled sleep,  
 His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams  
 Renowned in song and story,  
 Whose music murmurs through our dreams  
 Of human love and glory:  
 We know that Arno's banks are fair,  
 And Rhine has castled shadows,  
 And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr  
 Go singing down the meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung  
 By painter or by poet,  
 Our river waits the tuneful tongue  
 And cunning hand to show it,—



We only know the fond skies lean  
Above it, warm with blessing,  
And the sweet soul of our Undine  
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks  
That graze its shores in keeping ;  
No icy kiss of Dian mocks  
The youth beside it sleeping :  
Our Christian river loveth most  
The beautiful and human ;  
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,  
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears  
The ripple we are hearing ;  
It whispers soft to homesick ears  
Around the settler's clearing :  
In Sacramento's vales of corn,  
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,  
Our river by its valley-born  
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills  
The summer air with clangor ;  
The war-storm shakes the solid hills  
Beneath its tread of anger ;  
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours  
Now point the rifle's barrel,  
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers  
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,  
And rivers still keep flowing,—  
The dear God still his rain and sun  
On good and ill bestowing.  
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait !"  
His flowers are prophesying  
That all we dread of change or fall  
His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born !—no more  
We ask the wise Allotter  
Than for the firmness of thy shore,  
The calmness of thy water,  
The cheerful lights that overlay  
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,  
To match our spirits to our day  
And make a joy of duty.

#### ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

ANDREW RYKMAN's dead and gone ;  
You can see his leaning slate  
In the graveyard, and thereon  
Read his name and date.

*"Trust is truer than our fears."*  
Runs the legend through the moss,  
*"Gain is not in added years,  
Nor in death is loss."*

Still the feet that thither trod,  
All the friendly eyes are dim ;  
Only Nature, now, and God  
Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,  
Singing birds and soft winds stray ;  
Shall the tender Heart of all  
Be less kind than they ?

What he was and what he is  
They who ask may haply find,

If they read this prayer of his  
Which he left behind.

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare  
Shape in words a mortal's prayer !  
Prayer, that, when my day is done,  
And I see its setting sun,  
Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,  
Sink beneath the horizon's rim,—  
When this ball of rock and clay  
Crumbles from my feet away,  
And the solid shores of sense  
Melt into the vague immense,  
Father ! I may come to Thee  
Even with the beggar's plea,  
As the poorest of Thy poor,  
With my needs, and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home  
With a step assured I come ;  
Still behind the tread I hear  
Of my life-companion, Fear ;  
Still a shadow deep and vast  
From my westerling feet is cast,  
Wavering, doubtful, undefined,  
Never shapen or outlined :  
From myself the fear has grown,  
And the shadow is my own.  
Yet, O Lord, through all a sense  
Of Thy tender providence  
Stays my failing heart on Thee,  
And confirms the feeble knee ;  
And, at times, my worn feet press  
Spaces of cool quietness,  
Lilied whiteness shone upon  
Not by light of moon or sun.  
Hours there be of inmost calm,  
Broken but by grateful psalm,  
When I love Thee more than fear Thee,  
And Thy blessed Christ seems near me,  
With forgiving look, as when  
He beheld the Magdalen.  
Well I know that all things move  
To the spherical rhythm of love,—  
That to Thee, O Lord of all !  
Nothing can of chance befall :  
Child and seraph, mote and star,  
Well Thou knowest what we are ;  
Through Thy vast creative plan  
Looking, from the worm to man,  
There is pity in Thine eyes,  
But no hatred nor surprise.  
Not in blind caprice of will,  
Not in cunning sleight of skill,  
Not for show of power, was wrought  
Nature's marvel in Thy thought.  
Never careless hand and vain  
Smites these chords of joy and pain ;  
No immortal selfishness  
Plays the game of curse and bless :  
Heaven and earth are witnesses  
That Thy glory goodness is.  
Not for sport of mind and force  
Hast Thou made Thy universe,  
But as atmosphere and zone  
Of Thy loving heart alone.  
Man, who walketh in a show,  
Sees before him, to and fro,  
Shadow and illusion go ;  
All things flow and fluctuate,  
Now contract and now dilate.  
In the welter of this sea,  
Nothing stable is but Thee ;  
In this whirl of swooning trance,  
Thou alone art permanence ;  
All without Thee only seems,  
All beside is choice of dreams.  
Never yet in darkest mood  
Doubted I that Thou wast good,

Nor mistook my will for fate,  
 Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—  
 Never dreamed the gates of pearl  
 Rise from out the burning marl,  
 Or that good can only live  
 Of the bad conservative,  
 And through counterpoise of hell  
 Heaven alone be possible.  
 For myself alone I doubt;  
 All is well, I know, without;  
 I alone the beauty mar,  
 I alone the music jar.  
 Yet, with hands by evil stained,  
 And an ear by discord pained,  
 I am groping for the keys  
 Of the heavenly harmonies;  
 Still within my heart I bear  
 Love for all things good and fair.  
 Hands of want or souls in pain  
 Have not sought my door in vain;  
 I have kept my fealty good  
 To the human brotherhood;  
 Scarcely have I asked in prayer  
 That which others might not share.  
 I, who hear with secret shame  
 Praise that paineth more than blame,  
 Rich alone in favors lent,  
 Virtuous by accident,  
 Doubtful where I fain would rest,  
 Frailest where I seem the best,  
 Only strong for lack of test,—  
 What am I, that I should press  
 Special pleas of selfishness,  
 Coolly mounting into heaven  
 On my neighbor unforgiven?  
 Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,  
 Comes a saint unrecognized;  
 Never fails my heart to greet  
 Noble dead with warmer beat;  
 Halt and maimed, I own not less  
 All the grace of holiness;  
 Nor, through shame or self-distrust,  
 Less I love the pure and just.  
 Lord, forgive these words of mine:  
 What have I that is not Thine?—  
 Whatsoe'er I fain would boast  
 Needs Thy pitying pardon most.  
 Thou, O Elder Brother! who  
 In Thy flesh our trial knew,  
 Thou, who hast been touched by these  
 Our most sad infirmities,  
 Thou alone the gulf canst span  
 In the dual heart of man,  
 And between the soul and sense  
 Reconcile all difference,  
 Change the dream of me and mine  
 For the truth of Thee and Thine,  
 And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,  
 Interfuse Thy calm of life.  
 Haply, thus by Thee renewed,  
 In Thy borrowed goodness good,  
 Some sweet morning yet in God's  
 Dim, æonian periods,  
 Joyful I shall wake to see  
 Those I love who rest in Thee,  
 And to them in Thee allied  
 Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me  
 What the future life may be.  
 Other lips may well be bold;  
 Like the publican of old,  
 I can only urge the plea,  
 "Lord, be merciful to me!"  
 Nothing of desert I claim,  
 Unto me belongeth shame.  
 Not for me the crowns of gold,  
 Palms, and harpings manifold;  
 Not for erring eye and feet  
 Jasper wall and golden street.

What thou wilt, O Father, give!  
 All is gain that I receive.  
 If my voice I may not raise  
 In the elders' song of praise,  
 If I may not, sin-defiled,  
 Claim my birthright as a child,  
 Suffer it that I to Thee  
 As an hired servant be;  
 Let the lowliest task be mine,  
 Grateful, so the work be Thine;  
 Let me find the humblest place  
 In the shadow of Thy grace  
 Blest to me were any spot  
 Where temptation whispers not.  
 If there be some weaker one,  
 Give me strength to help him on;  
 If a blinder soul there be,  
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
 Make my mortal dreams come true  
 With the work I fain would do;  
 Clothe with life the weak intent,  
 Let me be the thing I meant;  
 Let me find in Thy employ  
 Peace that dearer is than joy  
 Out of self to love be led  
 And to heaven acclimated,  
 Until all things sweet and good  
 Seem my natural habitude.

So we read the prayer of him  
 Who, with John of Labadie,  
 Trod, of old, the oozy rim  
 Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.  
 Are we better, wiser grown,  
 That we may not, in our day,  
 Make his prayer our own?

#### THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.<sup>74</sup>

In that black forest, where, when day is done,  
 With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon  
 Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,  
 The long, despairing moan of solitude  
 And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,  
 So full of hopeless agony and fear,  
 His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,  
 Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,  
 Crosses himself, and whispers, "A lost soul!"

"No, Senor, not a bird. I know it well,—  
 It is the pained soul of some infidel  
 Or curséd heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,  
 He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air  
 For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother  
 hath  
 No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,  
 Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,  
 Lending new horror to that mournful cry,  
 The voyager listens, making no reply.



Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows deepen  
round,  
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,  
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense  
Of nature plastic to benign intents,  
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;  
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,  
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,  
"Thou lovest all: thy erring child may be  
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear  
None from that Presence which is everywhere,  
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,  
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and  
shame and ill,  
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal!  
In thy long years, life's broken circle whole,  
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?"

### ITALY.

ACROSS the sea I heard the groans  
Of nations in the intervals  
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones  
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,  
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of Freedom slowly gained  
By martyr meekness, patience, faith,  
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,  
With corded muscles battle-strained,  
Shouting it from the fields of death!

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,  
Among the clamoring thousands mute,  
I only know that God is right,  
And that the children of the light  
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,  
That sultry skies the bolt will form  
To smite them clear; that Nature must  
The balance of her powers adjust,  
Though with the earthquake and the storm.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!  
I bow before His sterner plan.  
Dumb are the organs of my choice;  
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,  
His praise is in the wrath of man!

Yet, surely as He lives, the day  
Of peace He promised shall be ours,  
To fold the flags of war, and lay  
Its sword and spear to rust away,  
And sow its ghastly fields with flowers!

### THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,  
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,  
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,  
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,  
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom:  
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,  
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,  
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.  
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore  
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear  
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;  
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,  
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;  
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied  
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near  
The river dark, with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh chill with dew,  
O Father! let thy light break through!"

"So let the hills of doubt divide,  
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

"So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On thy eternal hills look forth;

"And in thy beckoning angels know  
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

### A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

O, THICKER, deeper, darker growing,  
The solemn vista to the tomb  
Must know henceforth another shadow,  
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,  
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;  
And, looking back o'er fifty summers,  
Our footprints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing  
To make the world within our reach

Somewhat the better for our living,  
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heard'st with me the far-off voices,  
The old beguiling song of fame,  
But life to thee was warm and present,  
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships  
Thy genial nature fondly clung;  
And so the shadow on the dial  
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weakness  
Which, only to thyself unjust,  
So overprized the worth of others,  
And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence  
Of one who, seeking not his own,  
Gave freely for the love of giving,  
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude  
Of generous deeds and kindly words;  
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,  
Open to sunrise and the birds!

The task was thine to mould and fashion  
Life's plastic newness into grace:  
To make the boyish heart heroic,  
And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,  
With bended beads of mourning, stand  
The living forms that owe their beauty  
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,  
The noonday calm of heart and mind,  
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining  
To mourn me, linger still behind:

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,  
A debt of love still due from me,—  
The vain remembrance of occasions,  
Forever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred  
To join the silent funeral prayers,  
But all that long sad day of summer  
My tears of mourning dropped with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,  
The birds forgot their merry trills:  
All day I heard the pines lamenting  
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines forever,  
And green the meadowy lowlands be,  
And green the old memorial beeches,  
Name-carven in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy life companions  
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,  
In every mossy line recalling  
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not  
To know thee henceforth as thou art,  
That all is well with thee forever  
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,  
Thine the green pastures, blossom-sown,  
And smiles of saintly recognition,  
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow  
To meet us, but to thee we come;  
With thee we never can be strangers,  
And where thou art must still be home.

# HYMN,

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS OF ST.  
HELENA'S ISLAND, S. C.

O NONE in all the world before  
Were ever glad as we!  
We're free on Carolina's shore,  
We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor,  
Who suffered for our sake,  
To open every prison door,  
And every yoke to break!

Bend low Thy pitying face and mild,  
And help us sing and pray;  
The hand that blessed the little child,  
Upon our foreheads lay.

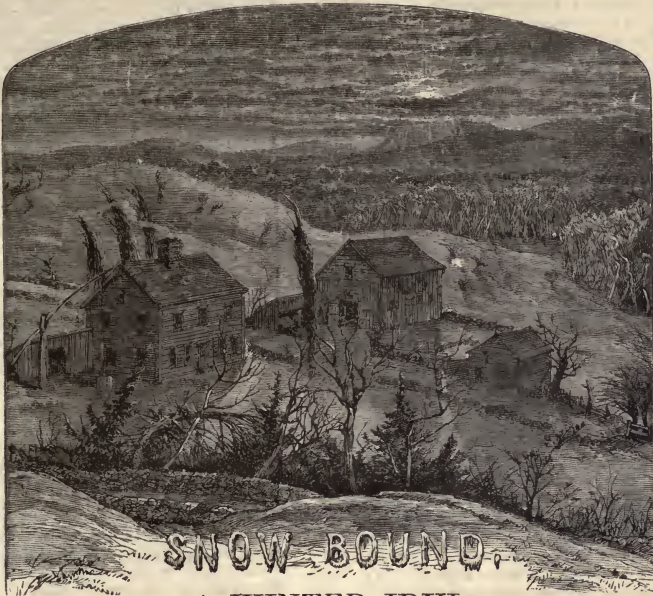
We hear no more the driver's horn,  
No more the whip we fear,  
This holy day that saw Thee born  
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,  
The waters brighter smile;  
O never shone a day so glad  
On sweet St. Helen's Isle.

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,  
To thee in prayer we call,  
Make swift the feet and straight the way  
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord!  
Come walking on the sea!  
And let the mainlands hear the word  
That sets the islands free!





## A WINTER IDYL.

1865.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same."—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON.

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,

And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—  
Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
The cock his crested helmet bent  
And down his querulous challenge sent.  
Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm,  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:  
And ere the early bedtime came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell;

And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and  
towers

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile  
showed,

A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"  
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy?)  
Our huskins on our feet we drew;

With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And, where the drift was deepest, made  
A tunnel walled and overlaid  
With dazzling crystal: we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
We reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out,  
And grave with wonder gazed about;  
The cock his lusty greeting said,  
And forth his speckled harem led;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
And mild reproach of hunger looked;  
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,  
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before;  
Low circling round its southern zone,  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.  
No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
A solitude made more intense  
By dreary-voiced elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.  
Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.  
We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back,—

The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;  
While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,  
Whispered the old rhyme: *Under the tree,  
When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed,  
The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And, close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north-wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray  
As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Are left of all that circle now,—  
The dear home faces whereupon  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!



Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
 (Since He who knows our need is just,)   
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
 Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees !  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play !  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That Life is ever lord of Death,  
 And Love can never lose its own !

We sped the time with stories old,  
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,  
 Or stammered from our school-book lore  
 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."  
 How often since, when all the land  
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,  
 As if a trumpet called, I've heard  
 Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word :  
*"Does not the voice of reason cry,  
 Claim the first right which Nature gave,  
 From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave !"*  
 Our father rode again his ride  
 On Memphremagog's wooded side ;  
 Sat down again to moose and samp  
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp ;  
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease  
 Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees ;  
 Again for him the moonlight shone  
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;  
 Again he heard the violin play  
 Which led the village dance away,  
 And mingled in its merry whirl  
 The grandam and the laughing girl.  
 Or, nearer home, our steps he led  
 Where Salisbury's level marshes spread  
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee ;  
 Where merry mowers, hale and strong,  
 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along  
 The low green prairies of the sea.  
 We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,  
 And around the rocky Isles of Shoals  
 The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals ;  
 The chowder on the sand-beach made,  
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,  
 With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.  
 We heard the tales of witchcraft old,  
 And dream and sign and marvel told  
 To sleepy listeners as they lay  
 Stretched idly on the salted hay,  
 Adrift along the winding shores,  
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow  
 The square sail of the gundelow  
 And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel  
 Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,  
 Told how the Indian hordes came down  
 At midnight on Cochecho town,  
 And how her own great-uncle bore  
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.  
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,  
 So rich and picturesque and free,  
 (The common unrhymed poetry  
 Of simple life and country ways,)   
 The story of her early days,—  
 She made us welcome to her home ;  
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room ;  
 We stole with her a frightened look  
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,  
 The fame whereof went far and wide  
 Through all the simple country side ;  
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,  
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,  
 The loon's weird laughter far away ;  
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew  
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew,

What sunny hillsides autumn-brown  
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,  
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay  
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,  
 And heard the wild-geese calling loud  
 Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,  
 And soberer tone, some tale she gave  
 From painful Sewell's ancient tome,  
 Beloved in every Quaker home,  
 Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,  
 Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—  
 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint !—  
 Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,  
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed,  
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued  
 His portly presence mad for food,  
 With dark hints muttered under breath  
 Of casting lots for life or death,  
 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,  
 To be himself the sacrifice.  
 Then, suddenly, as if to save  
 The good man from his living grave,  
 A ripple on the water grew,  
 A school of porpoise flashed in view.  
 "Take, cat," he said, "and be content ;  
 These fishes in my stead are sent  
 By Him who gave the tangled ram  
 To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,  
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,  
 The ancient teachers never dumb  
 Of Nature's unhousted lyceum.  
 In moons and tides and weather wise,  
 He read the clouds as prophecies,  
 And foul or fair could well divine,  
 By many an occult hint and sign,  
 Holding the cunning-warded keys  
 To all the woodcraft mysteries ;  
 Himself to Nature's heart so near  
 That all her voices in his ear  
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,  
 Like Apollonius of old,  
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,  
 Or Hermes who interpreted  
 What the sage cranes of Nilus said ;  
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,  
 Content to live where life began ;  
 Strong only on his native grounds,  
 The little world of sights and sounds  
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,  
 Whereof his fondly partial pride  
 The common features magnified,  
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew  
 In White of Selborne's loving view,—  
 He told how teal and loon he shot,  
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,  
 The feats on pond and river done,  
 The prodigies of rod and gun ;  
 Till, warming with the tales he told,  
 Forgotten was the outside cold,  
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,  
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,  
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink  
 Went fishing down the river-brink.  
 In fields with bean or clover gay,  
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,  
 Peered from the doorway of his cell ;  
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,  
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid ;  
 And from the shagbark overhead  
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer  
 And voice in dreams I see and hear,  
 The sweetest woman ever Fate  
 Perverse denied a household mate,

Who, lonely, homeless, not the less  
 Found peace in love's unselfishness,  
 And welcome wheresoe'er she went,  
 A calm and gracious element,  
 Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
 And womanly atmosphere of home,—  
 Called up her girlhood memories,  
 The huskings and the apple-bees,  
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,  
 Weaving through all the poor details  
 And homespun warp of circumstance  
 A golden woof-thread of romance.  
 For well she kept her genial mood  
 And simple faith of maidenhood ;  
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,  
 The mirage loomed across her way ;  
 The morning dew, that dries so soon  
 With others, glistened at her noon ;  
 Through years of toil and soil and care,  
 From glossy tress to thin gray hair,  
 All unprofaned she held apart  
 The virgin fancies of the heart.  
 Be shame to him of woman born  
 Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied  
 Her evening task the stand beside ;  
 A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
 Truthful and almost sternly just,  
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
 And make her generous thought a fact,  
 Keeping with many a light disguise  
 The secret of self-sacrifice.  
 O heart sore-tried ! thou hast the best  
 That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,  
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and things !

How many a poor one's blessing went  
 With thee beneath the low green tent  
 Whose curtain never outward swings !

As one who held herself a part  
 Of all she saw, and let her heart  
 Against the household bosom lean,  
 Upon the motley-braided mat  
 Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
 Now bathed within the fadeless green  
 And holy peace of Paradise.  
 O, looking from some heavenly hill,  
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
 Or silver reach of river calms,  
 Do those large eyes behold me still ?  
 With me one little year ago :—  
 The chill weight of the winter snow  
 For months upon her grave has lain ;  
 And now, when summer south-winds blow  
 And brier and harebell bloom again,  
 I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
 I see the violet-sprinkled sod  
 Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak  
 The hillside flowers she loved to seek  
 Yet following me where'er I went  
 With dark eyes full of love's content.  
 The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills  
 The air with sweetness ; all the hills  
 Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;  
 But still I wait with ear and eye  
 For something gone which should be nigh,  
 A loss in all familiar things,  
 In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.  
 And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,  
 Am I not richer than of old ?  
 Safe in thy immortality,  
 What change can reach the wealth I hold ?  
 What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
 Thy love hath left in trust with me ?  
 And while in life's late afternoon,  
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
 I walk to meet the night that soon  
 Shall shape and shadow overflow,

I cannot feel that thou art far,  
 Since near at need the angels are :  
 And when the sunset gates unbar,  
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
 And, white against the evening star,  
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
 The master of the district school  
 Held at the fire his favored place,  
 Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
 Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
 The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
 He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,  
 Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
 In classic Dartmouth's college halls.  
 Born the wild Northern hills among,  
 From whence his yeoman father swung  
 By patient toil subsistence scant,  
 Not competence and yet not want,  
 He early gained the power to pay  
 His cheerful, self-reliant way ;  
 Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
 To peddle wares from town to town ;  
 Or through the long vacation's reach  
 In lonely lowland districts teach,  
 Where all the droll experience found  
 At stranger hearths in boarding round,  
 The moonlit skater's keen delight,  
 The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,  
 The rustic party, with its rough  
 Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,  
 And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,  
 His winter task a pastime made.  
 Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
 He tuned his merry violin,  
 Or played the athlete in the barn,  
 Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,  
 Or mirth-provoking versions told  
 Of classic legends rare and old,  
 Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome  
 Had all the commonplace of home,  
 And little seemed at best the odds  
 'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods ;  
 Where Pindus-born Araxes took  
 The guise of any grist-mill brook,  
 And dread Olympus at his will  
 Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed ;  
 But at his desk he had the look  
 And air of one who wisely schemed,  
 And hostage from the future took  
 In trained thought and lore of book.  
 Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as he  
 Shall Freedom's young apostles be,  
 Who, following in War's bloody trail,  
 Shall every lingering wrong assail ;  
 All chains from limb and spirit strike,  
 Uplift the black and white alike ;  
 Scatter before their swift advance  
 The darkness and the ignorance,  
 The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,  
 Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,  
 Made murder pastime, and the hell  
 Of prison-torture possible ;  
 The cruel lie of caste refute,  
 Old forms remould, and substitute  
 For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,  
 For blind routine, and wise-handed skill ;  
 A school-house plant on every hill,  
 Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence  
 The quick wires of intelligence ;  
 Till North and South together brought  
 Shall own the same electric thought,  
 In peace a common flag salute,  
 And, side by side in labor's free  
 And unresentful rivalry,  
 Harvest the fields wherein they fought.





"We saw the half-buried oxen."

Another guest that winter night  
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.  
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,  
The honeyed music of her tongue  
And words of meekness scarcely told  
A nature passionate and bold,  
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,  
Its milder features dwarfed beside  
Her unbent will's majestic pride.  
She sat among us, at the best,  
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,  
Rebuking with her cultured phrase  
Our homeliness of words and ways.

A certain pard-like, treacherous grace  
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,  
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;  
And under low brows, black with night,  
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;

The sharp heat-lightnings of her face  
Presaging ill to him whom Fate  
Condemned to share her love or hate,  
A woman tropical, intense  
In thought and act, in soul and sense,  
She blended in a like degree  
The vixen and the devotee,  
Revealing with each freak or feint

The temper of Petruchio's Kate,  
The raptures of Siena's saint.  
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist  
Had facile power to form a fist;  
The warm, dark languish of her eyes  
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.  
Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
Knew every change of scowl and pout;  
And the sweet voice had notes more high  
And shrill for social battle-cry.  
Since then what old cathedral town  
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,  
What convent-gate has held its lock  
Against the challenge of her knock!  
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thorough-  
fares,

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem  
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
Or startling on her desert throne  
The crazy Queen of Lebanon  
With claims fantastic as her own,

Her tireless feet have held their way;  
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,  
She watches under Eastern skies,  
With hope each day renewed and fresh,  
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!  
The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
Through what ancestral years had run  
The sorrow with the woman born,  
What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her mute,  
What mingled madness in the blood,  
A life-long discord and annoy,  
Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate  
The tangled skein of will and fate,  
To show what metes and bounds should stand  
Upon the soul's debatable land,  
And between choice and Providence  
Divide the circle of events;

But He who knows our frame is just,  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances  
And hope for all the language is,  
That He remembereth we are dust!  
At last the great logs, crumbling low,  
Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,  
Ticking its weary circuit through,  
Pointed with mutely warning sign  
Its black hand to the hour of nine.  
That sign the pleasant circle broke:  
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,  
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,  
And laid it tenderly away,  
Then roused himself to safely cover  
The dull red brands with ashes over.  
And while, with care, our mother laid  
The work aside, her steps she stayed

One moment, seeking to express  
 Her grateful sense of happiness  
 For food and shelter, warmth and health,  
 And love's contentment more than wealth,  
 With simple wishes (not the weak,  
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,  
 But such as warm the generous heart,  
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)  
 That none might lack, that bitter night,  
 For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard  
 The wind that round the gables roared,  
 With now and then a ruder shock,  
 Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
 We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
 The board-nails snapping in the frost;  
 And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
 Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.  
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
 When hearts are light and life is new;  
 Faint and more faint the murmurs grew;  
 Till in the summer-land of dreams  
 They softened to the sound of streams,  
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout  
 Of merry voices high and clear;  
 And saw the teamsters drawing near  
 To break the drifted highways out.  
 Down the long hillside treading slow  
 We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
 Shaking the snow from heads upstost,  
 Their straining nostrils white with frost.  
 Before our door the straggling train  
 Drew up, an added team to gain.  
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,  
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes  
 From lip to lip; the younger folks  
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,  
 Then toiled again the cavalcade  
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,  
 And woodland paths that wound between  
 Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighted,  
 From every barn a team afoot,  
 At every house a new recruit,  
 Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law  
 Haply the watchful young men saw  
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls  
 And curious eyes of merry girls,  
 Lifting their hands in mock defence  
 Against the snow-ball's compliments,  
 And reading in each missive tost  
 The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;  
 And, following where the teamsters led,  
 The wise old Doctor went his round,  
 Just pausing at our door to say,  
 In the brief autocratic way  
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
 Was free to urge her claim on all,  
 That some poor neighbor sick abed  
 At night our mother's aid would need.  
 For, one in generous thought and deed,  
 What mattered in the sufferer's sight  
 The Quaker matron's inward light,  
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?  
 All hearts confess the saints elect  
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,  
 And melt not in an acid sect  
 The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed  
 Since the great world was heard from last.  
 The Almanac we studied o'er,  
 Read and reread our little store,  
 Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;  
 One harmless novel, mostly hid  
 From younger eyes, a book forbid,  
 And poetry, (or good or bad,

A single book was all we had,)  
 Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,  
 A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
 Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,  
 The wars of David and the Jews.  
 At last the floundering carrier bore  
 The village paper to our door.

Lo! broadening outward as we read,  
 To warmer zones the horizon spread;  
 In panoramic length unrolled  
 We saw the marvels that it told.  
 Before us passed the painted Creeks,  
 And daft McGregor on his raids  
 In Costa Rica's everglades,  
 And up Taygetos winding slow  
 Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
 A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!  
 Welcome to us its week-old news,  
 Its corner for the rustic Muse,  
 Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,  
 Its record, mingling in a breath  
 The wedding knell and dirge of death;  
 Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
 The latest culprit sent to jail;  
 Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,  
 Its vendue sales and goods at cost,  
 And traffic calling loud for gain.  
 We felt the stir of hall and street,  
 The pulse of life that round us beat;  
 The chill embargo of the snow  
 Was melted in the genial glow;  
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
 And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look  
 And folded wings of ashen gray  
 And voice of echoes far away,  
 The brazen covers of thy book;  
 The weird palimpsest old and vast,  
 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;  
 Where, closely mingling, pale and glow  
 The characters of joy and woe;  
 The monographs of outlived years,  
 Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,  
 Green hills of life that slope to death,  
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees  
 Shade off to mournful cypresses  
 With the white amaranths underneath.  
 Even while I look, I can but heed  
 The restless sands' incessant fall,  
 Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
 Each clamorous with its own sharp need,  
 And duty keeping pace with all.  
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;  
 I hear again the voice that bids  
 The dreamer leave his dream midway  
 For larger hopes and graver fears:  
 Life greatens in these later years,  
 The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,  
 Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,  
 The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,  
 Dreaming in throngful city ways  
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew;  
 And dear and early friends—the few  
 Who yet remain—shall pause to view  
 These Flemish pictures of old days;  
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,  
 And stretch the hands of memory forth  
 To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!  
 And thanks untraced to lips unknown  
 Shall greet me like the odors blown  
 From unseen meadows newly mown,  
 Or lilies floating in some pond,  
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;  
 The traveller owns the grateful sense  
 Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
 And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
 The benediction of the air.



## THE TENT ON THE BEACH, AND OTHER POEMS.

1867.

I WOULD not sin, in this half-playful strain,—  
 Too light perhaps for serious years, though born  
 Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—  
 Against the pure ideal which has drawn  
 My feet to follow its far-shining gleam.  
 A simple plot is mine : legends and runes  
 Of credulous days, old fancies that have lain  
 Silent from boyhood taking voice again,  
 Warmed into life once more, even as the tunes  
 That, frozen in the fabled hunting-horn,  
 Thawed into sound :—a winter fireside dream  
 Of dawns and sunsets by the summer sea,  
 Whose sands are traversed by a silent throng  
 Of voyagers from that vaster mystery  
 Of which it is an emblem ;—and the dear  
 Memory of one who might have tuned my song  
 To sweeter music by her delicate ear.

1st mo., 1867.

### THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

WHEN heats as of a tropic clime  
 Burned all our inland valleys through,  
 Three friends, the guests of summer time,  
 Pitched their white tent where sea-winds  
 blew.  
 Behind them, marshes, seamed and crossed  
 With narrow creeks, and flower-embossed,  
 Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose leafy arms  
 Screened from the stormy East the pleasant in-  
 land farms.

At full of tide their bolder shore  
 Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat ;  
 At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor  
 They touched with light, receding feet.  
 Northward a green bluff broke the chain  
 Of sand-hills ; southward stretched a plain  
 Of salt grass, with a river winding down,  
 Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples of the  
 town,

Whence sometimes, when the wind was light  
 And dull the thunder of the beach,  
 They heard the bells of morn and night  
 Swing, miles away, their silver speech.  
 Above low scarp and turf-grown wall  
 They saw the fort-flag rise and fall ;  
 And, the first star to signal twilight's hour,  
 The lamp-fire glimmer down from the tall light-  
 house tower.

They rested there, escaped awhile  
 From cares that wear the life away,  
 To eat the lotus of the Nile  
 And drink the poppies of Cathay,—  
 To fling their loads of custom down,  
 Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes brown,  
 And in the sea waves drown the restless pack  
 Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon  
 their track.

One, with his beard scarce silvered, bore  
 A ready credence in his looks,  
 A lettered magnate, lording o'er  
 An ever-widening realm of books.

In him brain-currents, near and far,  
 Converged as in a Leyden jar ;  
 The old, dead authors thronged him round about,  
 And Elzevir's gray ghosts from leathern graves  
 looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,  
 Could weigh the gifts of him or her,  
 And well the market value tell  
 Of poet and philosopher.  
 But if he lost, the scenes behind,  
 Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,  
 Finding the actors human at the best,  
 No reader lips than his the good he saw con-  
 fessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,  
 He loved himself the singer's art ;  
 Tenderly, gently, by his own  
 He knew and judged an author's heart.  
 No Rhadamanthine brow of doom  
 Bowed the dazed pedant from his room ;  
 And bards, whose name is legion, if denied,  
 Bore off alike intact their verses and their pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about  
 The lettered world as he had done,  
 And see the lords of song without  
 Their singing robes and garlands on.  
 With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere,  
 Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed beer,  
 And with the ears of Rogers, at four-score,  
 Hear Garrick's buskined tread and Walpole's wit  
 once more.

And one there was, a dreamer born,  
 Who, with a mission to fulfil,  
 Had left the Muses' haunts to turn  
 The crank of an opinion-mill,  
 Making his rustic reed of song  
 A weapon in the war with wrong,  
 Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plough  
 That beam-deep turned the soil for truth to  
 spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride  
 The winged Hippogriff Reform ;  
 Was his a voice from side to side  
 To pierce the tumult of the storm ?  
 A silent, shy, peace-loving man,  
 He seemed no fiery partisan  
 To hold his way against the public frown,  
 The ban of Church and State, the fierce mob's  
 bounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous will  
 The work his hands had found to do,  
 He heard the fitful music still  
 Of winds that out of dream-land blew.  
 The din about him could not drown  
 What the strange voices whispered down ;  
 Along his task-field weird processions swept,  
 The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

The common air was thick with dreams,—  
 He told them to the toiling crowd ;  
 Such music as the woods and streams  
 Sang in his ear he sang aloud ;

In still, shut bays, on windy capes,  
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,  
And, as the gray old shadows prompted him,  
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their  
legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,  
And lightly moralized and laughed,  
As, tracing on the shifting sands  
A burlesque of his paper-craft,  
He saw the careless waves o'errun  
His words, as time before had done,  
Each day's tide-water washing clean away,  
Like letters from the sand, the work of yesterday.

And one, whose Arab face was tanned  
By tropic sun and boreal frost,  
So travelled there was scarce a land  
Or people left him to exhaust,  
In idling mood had from him hurled  
The poor squeezed orange of the world,  
And in the tent-shade, as beneath a palm,  
Smoked, cross-legged like a Turk, in Oriental  
calm.

The very waves that washed the sand  
Below him, he had seen before  
Whitening the Scandinavian strand  
And sultry Mauritanian shore.  
From ice-rimmed isles, from summer seas  
Palm-fringed, they bore him messages;  
He heard the plaintive Nubian songs again,  
And mule-bells tinkling down the mountain-  
paths of Spain.

His memory round the ransacked earth  
On Ariel's girdle slid at ease;  
And, instant, to the valley's girth  
Of mountains, spice isles of the seas,  
Faith flowered in minster stones, Art's guess  
At truth and beauty, found access;  
Yet loved the while, that free cosmopolite,  
Old friends, old ways, and kept his boyhood's  
dreams in sight.

Untouched as yet by wealth and pride,  
That virgin innocence of beach:  
No shingly monster, hundred-eyed,  
Stared its gray sand-birds out of reach;  
Unhoused, save where, at intervals,  
The white tents showed their canvas walls,  
Where brief sojourners, in the cool, soft air,  
Forgot their inland heats, hard toil, and year-  
long care.

Sometimes along the wheel-damp sand  
A one-horse wagon slowly crawled,  
Deep laden with a youthful band,  
Whose look some homestead old recalled;  
Brother perchance, and sisters twain,  
And one whose blue eyes told, more plain  
Than the free language of her rosy lip,  
Of the still dearer claim of love's relationship.

With cheeks of russet-orchard tint,  
The light laugh of their native rills,  
The perfume of their garden's mint,  
The breezy freedom of the hills,  
They bore, in unrestrained delight,  
The motto of the Garter's knight,  
Careless as if from every gazing thing  
Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by his ring.

The clanging sea-fowl came and went,  
The hunter's gun in the marshes rang;  
At nightfall from a neighboring tent  
A flute-voiced woman sweetly sang,  
Loose-haired, barefooted, hand-in-hand,  
Young girls went tripping down the sand;

And youths and maidens, sitting in the moon,  
Dreamed o'er the old fond dream from which we  
wake too soon.

At times their fishing-lines they plied,  
With an old Triton at the oar,  
Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried  
As a lean cusk from Labrador.  
Strange tales he told of wreck and storm,—  
Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,  
And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle complain,  
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to old  
Spain!

And there, on breezy morns, they saw  
The fishing-schooners outward run,  
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw  
Turned white or dark to shade and sun.  
Sometimes, in calms of closing day,  
They watched the spectral mirage play,  
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,  
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea  
the sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder black,  
Stooped low upon the darkening main,  
Piercing the waves along its track  
With the slant javelins of rain.  
And when west-wind and sunshine warm  
Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,  
They saw the prismatic hues in thin spray showers  
Where the green buds of waves burst into white  
froth flowers.

And when along the line of shore  
The mists crept upward chill and damp,  
Stretched, careless, on their sandy floor  
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,  
They talked of all things old and new,  
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do;  
And in the unquestioned freedom of the tent,  
Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful ease  
unbent.

Once, when the sunset splendors died,  
And, trampling up the sloping sand,  
In lines outreaching far and wide,  
The white-maned billows swept to land,  
Dim seen across the gathering shade,  
A vast and ghostly cavalcade,  
They sat around their lighted kerosene,  
Hearing the deep bass roar their every pause  
between.

Then, urged thereto, the Editor  
Within his full portfolio dipped,  
Feigning excuse while searching for  
(With secret pride) his manuscript.  
His pale face flushed from eye to beard,  
With nervous cough his throat he cleared,  
And, in a voice so tremulous it betrayed  
The anxious fondness of an author's heart, he  
read:

## THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair too see,  
By dawn or sunset shone across,  
When the ebb of the sea has left them free,  
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:  
For there the river comes winding down  
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,  
And waves on the outer rocks afam  
Shout to its waters, "Welcome home!"



And fair are the sunny isles in view  
 East of the grisly Head of the Boar,  
 And Agamenticus lifts its blue  
 Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;  
 And southerly, when the tide is down,  
 'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,  
 The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel  
 Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,  
 Two hundred years ago and more,  
 A boat sailed down through the winding ways  
 Of Hampton River to that low shore,  
 Full of a goodly company  
 Sailing out on the summer sea,  
 Veering to catch the land-breeze light,  
 With the Boar to left and the Rocks to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid  
 Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass,  
 "Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!"  
 A young man sighed, who saw them pass.  
 Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand  
 Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,  
 Hearing a voice in a far-off song,  
 Watching a white hand beckoning long.

"Fie on the witch!" cried a merry girl,  
 As they rounded the point where Goody Cole  
 Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,  
 A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.  
 "Oho!" she muttered, "ye're brave to-day!  
 But I hear the little waves laugh and say,  
 'The broth will be cold that waits at home;  
 For it's one to go, but another to come!'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper; "speak her  
 fair:

I'm scary always to see her shake  
 Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,  
 And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."  
 But merrily still, with laugh and shout,  
 From Hampton River the boat sailed out,  
 Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed nigh,  
 And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,  
 Drawing up haddock and mottled cod;  
 They saw not the Shadow that walked beside,  
 They heard not the feet with silence shod.  
 But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,  
 Shot by the lightnings through and through;  
 And muffled growls, like the growl of a beast,  
 Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea  
 Up to the dimmed and wading sun;  
 But he spake like a brave man cheerily,  
 "Yet there is time for our homeward run."  
 Veering and tacking, they backward wore;  
 And just as a breath from the woods ashore  
 Blew out to whisper of danger past,  
 The wrath of the storm came down at last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail:  
 "God be our help!" he only cried,  
 As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a flail,  
 Smote the boat on its starboard side.  
 The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone  
 Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,  
 Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's glare,  
 The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door:  
 The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,  
 Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar  
 Toss the foam from tusks of stone.  
 She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,  
 The tear on her cheek was not of rain;

"They are lost!" she muttered, "boat and crew!  
 Lord, forgive me! my words were true!"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall;  
 The low sun smote through cloudy rack;  
 The Shoals stood clear in the light, and all  
 The trend of the coast lay hard and black.  
 But far and wide as eye could reach,  
 No life was seen upon wave or beach;  
 The boat that went out at morning never  
 Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,  
 Look from the meadows green and low:  
 The wind of the sea is a waft of death,  
 The waves are singing a song of woe!  
 By silent river, by moaning sea,  
 Long and vain shall thy watching be:  
 Never again shall the sweet voice call,  
 Never the white hand rise and fall!

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight  
 Ye saw in the light of breaking day!  
 Dead faces looking up cold and white  
 From sand and sea-weed where they lay.  
 The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,  
 And cursed the tide as it backward crept:  
 "Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake!  
 Leave your dead for the hearts that break!"

Solemn it was in that old day  
 In Hampton town and its log-built church,  
 Where side by side the coffins lay  
 And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.  
 In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,  
 The voices faltered that raised the hymn,  
 And Father Dalton, grave and stern,  
 Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray,  
 Because of his sin at fourscore years:  
 He stood apart, with the iron-gray  
 Of his strong brows knitted to hide his tears.  
 And a wretched woman, holding her breath  
 In the awful presence of sin and death,  
 Covered and shrank, while her neighbors thronged  
 To look on the dead her shame had wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,  
 Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,  
 As, two by two, with their faces hid,  
 The mourners walked to the burying-ground.  
 She let the staff from her clasped hands fall:  
 "Lord, forgive us! we're sinners all!"  
 And the voice of the old man answered her:  
 "Amen!" said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore  
 In the calm of a closing summer day,  
 And the broken lines of Hampton shore  
 In purple mist of cloudland lay,  
 The Rivermouth Rocks their story told;  
 And waves aglow with sunset gold,  
 Rising and breaking in steady chime,  
 Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once more  
 With a softer, tenderer after-glow;  
 In the east was moon-rise, with boats off-shore  
 And sails in the distance drifting slow.  
 The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,  
 The White Isle kindled its great red star;  
 And life and death in my old-time lay  
 Mingled in peace like the night and day!

"Well!" said the Man of Books, "your story  
 Is really not ill told in verse.  
 As the Celt said of purgatory,  
 One might go farther and fare worse."

The Reader smiled ; and once again  
 With steadier voice took up his strain,  
 While the fair singer from the neighboring tent  
 Drew near, and at his side a graceful listener  
 bent.

### THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny smiles  
 Dimple round its hundred isles,  
 And the mountain's granite ledge  
 Cleaves the water like a wedge,  
 Ringed about with smooth, gray stones,  
 Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,  
 Laughs and ripples Melvin stream ;  
 Melvin water, mountain-born,  
 All fair flowers its banks adorn ;  
 All the woodland's voices meet,  
 Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,  
 Over waters island-strown,  
 Over silver-sanded beach,  
 Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,  
 Melvin stream and burial-heap,  
 Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills ?  
 Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills ?  
 Knight who on the birchen tree  
 Carved his savage heraldry ?  
 Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,  
 Prophet, sage, or wizard grim ?

Rugged type of primal man,  
 Grim utilitarian,  
 Loving woods for hunt and prowl,  
 Lake and hill for fish and fowl,  
 As the brown bear blind and dull  
 To the grand and beautiful :

Not for him the lesson drawn  
 From the mountains smit with dawn.  
 Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,  
 Sunset's purple bloom of day,—  
 Took his life no hue from thence,  
 Poor amid such affluence ?

Haply unto hill and tree  
 All too near akin was he :  
 Unto him who stands afar  
 Nature's marvels greatest are ;  
 Who the mountain purple seeks  
 Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows in winter tramp,  
 Or the midnight of the camp,  
 What revealings faint and far,  
 Stealing down from moon and star,  
 Kindled in that human clod  
 Thought of destiny and God ?

Stateliest forest patriarch,  
 Grand in robes of skin and bark,  
 What sepulchral mysteries,  
 What weird funeral-rites, were his ?  
 What sharp wail, what drear lament,  
 Back scared wolf and eagle sent ?

Now, whate'er he may have been,  
 Now he lies as other men ;  
 On his mound the partridge drums,  
 There the noisy blue-jay comes ;  
 Rank nor name nor pomp has he  
 In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake !  
 Moss-grown rocks, your silence break !  
 Tell the tale, thou ancient tree !  
 Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee !  
 Speak, and tell us how and when  
 Lived and died this king of men !

Wordless moans the ancient pine ;  
 Lake and mountain give no sign ;  
 Vain to trace this ring of stones ;  
 Vain the search of crumbling bones :  
 Deepest of all mysteries,  
 And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay  
 Mingles slowly day by day ;  
 But somewhere, for good or ill,  
 That dark soul is living still ;  
 Somewhere yet that atom's force  
 Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod  
 Harebells bloom, and golden-rod.  
 While the soul's dark horoscope  
 Holds no starry sign of hope !  
 Is the Unseen with sight at odds ?  
 Nature's pity more than God's ?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,  
 While the summer eventide  
 Made the woods and inland sea  
 And the mountains mystery ;  
 And the hush of earth and air  
 Seemed the pause before a prayer,—

Prayer for him, for all who rest,  
 Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—  
 Lapped on Christian turf, or hid  
 In rock-cave or pyramid :  
 All who sleep, as all who live,  
 Well may need the prayer, "Forgive !"

Desert-smothered caravan,  
 Knee-deep dust that once was man,  
 Battle-trenches ghastly piled,  
 Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,  
 Crowded tomb and mounded sod,  
 Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

O the generations old  
 Over whom no church-bells tolled,  
 Christless, lifting up blind eyes  
 To the silence of the skies !  
 For the innumerable dead  
 Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts ?  
 Where the camping-ground of ghosts ?  
 Where the spectral conscripts led  
 To the white tents of the dead ?  
 What strange shore or chartless sea  
 Holds the awful mystery ?

Then the warm sky stooped to make  
 Double sunset in the lake ;  
 While above I saw with it,  
 Range on range, the mountains lit ;  
 And the calm and splendor stole  
 Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,  
 What to thee the mountain saith,  
 What is whispered by the trees !—  
 "Cast on God thy care for these ;  
 Trust him, if thy sight be dim ?  
 Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes  
 Where like night the sunshine lies,



Fiery-linked, the self-forged chain  
Binding ever sin to pain,  
Strong their prison-house of will,  
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow  
Doth the Love Eternal flow;  
Every chain that spirits wear  
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;  
And the penitent's desire  
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,  
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!  
Through all depths of sin and loss  
Drops the plummet of Thy cross!  
Never yet abyss was found  
Deeper than that cross could sound!"

Therefore well may Nature keep  
Equal faith with all who sleep,  
Set her watch of hills around  
Christian grave and heathen mound,  
And to cairn and kirkyard lend  
Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,  
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam!  
On the Indian's grassy tomb  
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom!  
Deep below, as high above,  
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

He paused and questioned with his eye  
The hearers' verdict on his song.  
A low voice asked: Is't well to pry  
Into the secrets which belong  
Only to God?—The life to be  
Is still the unguessed mystery:  
Unscaled, unpierced the cloudy walls remain,  
We beat with dream and wish the soundless doors  
in vain.

"But faith beyond our sight may go."  
He said: "The gracious Fatherhood  
Can only know above, below,  
Eternal purposes of good.  
From our free heritage of will,  
The bitter springs of pain and ill  
Flow only in all worlds. The perfect day  
Of God is shadowless, and love is love alway."

"I know," she said, "the letter kills;  
That on our arid fields of strife  
And heat of clashing texts distils  
The dew of spirit and of life.  
But, searching still the written Word,  
I fain would find, Thus saith the Lord,  
A voucher for the hope I also feel  
That sin can give no wound beyond love's power  
to heal."

"Pray," said the Man of Books, "give o'er  
A theme too vast for time and place.  
Go on, Sir Poet, ride once more  
Your hobby at his old free pace.  
But let him keep, with step discreet,  
The solid earth beneath his feet.  
In the great mystery which around us lies,  
The wisest is a fool, the fool Heaven-helped is  
wisest."

The Traveller said: "If songs have creeds,  
Their choice of them let singers make;  
But Art no other sanction needs  
Than beauty for its own fair sake.  
It grinds not in the mill of use,  
Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse;

It makes the flexile laws it deigns to own,  
And gives its atmosphere its color and its tone.

"Confess, old friend, your austere school  
Has left your fancy little chance;  
You square to reason's rigid rule  
The flowing outlines of romance.  
With conscience keen from exercise,  
And chronic fear of compromise,  
You check the free play of your rhymes, to clap  
A moral underneath, and spring it like a trap."

The sweet voice answered: "Better so  
Than bolder flights that know no check;  
Better to use the bit, than throw  
The reins all loose on fancy's neck.  
The liberal range of Art should be  
The breadth of Christian liberty,  
Restrained alone by challenge and alarm  
Where its charmed footsteps tread the border  
land of harm

"Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives  
The eternal epic of the man.  
He wisest is who only gives,  
True to himself, the best he can;  
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,  
The inward monitor obeys;  
And, with the boldness that confesses fear,  
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his conscience  
steer.

"Thanks for the fitting word he speaks,  
Nor less for doubtful word unspoken;  
For the false model that he breaks,  
As for the moulded grace unbroken;  
For what is missed and what remains,  
For losses which are truest gains,  
For reverence conscious of the Eternal eye,  
And truth too fair to need the garnish of a lie."

Laughing, the Critic bowed. "I yield  
The point without another word;  
Who ever yet a case appealed  
Where beauty's judgment had been heard?  
And you, my good friend, owe to me  
Your warmest thanks for such a plea,  
As true withal as sweet. For my offence  
Of cavil, let her words be ample recompense."

Across the sea one lighthouse star,  
With crimson ray that came and went,  
Revolving on its tower afar,  
Looked through the doorway of the tent.  
While outward, over sand-slopes wet,  
The lamp flashed down its yellow jet  
On the long wash of waves, with red and green  
Tangles of weltering weed through the white  
foam-wreaths seen.

"Sing while we may,—another day  
May bring enough of sorrow";—thus  
Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,  
His Crimean camp-song, hints to us,  
The lady said. "So let it be;  
Sing us a song," exclaimed all three.  
She smiled: "I can but marvel at your choice  
To hear our poet's words through my poor bor-  
rowed voice."

Her window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day

In prayer she kneels:  
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come;  
I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,  
Before me glide;  
They come, they go, but nevermore,  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore  
The waves divide.

"O Thou! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on yon gray waste, and say  
Where lingers he.  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech  
Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale.  
Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear,—  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail!

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out  
The fears that haunt me round about;  
O God! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread:  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death!

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees,  
It might have been the sound of seas  
That rose and fell;  
But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:  
"I wait to meet thee: be of cheer,  
For all is well!"

The sweet voice into silence went,  
A silence which was almost pain  
As through it rolled the long lament,  
The cadence of the mournful main.  
Glancing his written pages o'er,  
The Reader tried his part once more;  
Leaving the land of hackmatack and pine  
For Tuscan valleys glad with olive and with vine.

### THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town  
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall  
Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,  
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down  
His last sad burden, and beside his mat  
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden  
drifted,  
Soft sunset lights through green Val d'Arno  
sifted;  
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted  
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,  
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life:  
But when at last came upward from the street  
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,  
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,  
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.

And the monk said, "'Tis but the Brotherhood  
Of Mercy going on some errand good:  
Their black masks by the palace-wall I see."  
Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!  
This day for the first time in forty years  
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,  
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,  
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task  
Of love or pity,—haply from the street  
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet  
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,  
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,  
Down the long twilight of the corridors,  
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.  
I loved the work: it was its own reward.  
I never counted on it to offset  
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt  
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;  
But somehow, father, it has come to be  
In these long years so much a part of me,  
I should not know myself, if lacking it,  
But with the work the worker too would die,  
And in my place some other self would sit  
Joyful or sad,—what matters, if not I?  
And now all's over. Woe is me!"—"My son,"  
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;  
And no more as a servant, but the guest  
Of God thou interest thy eternal rest.  
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost,  
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down  
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown  
Forever and forever."—Piero tossed  
On his sick-pillow: "Miserable me!  
I am too poor for such grand company;  
The crown would be too heavy for this gray  
Old head; and God forgive me if I say  
It would be hard to sit there night and day,  
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught  
With these hard hands, that all my life have  
wrought,  
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.  
I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,  
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,  
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.  
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,  
God knows he leaves behind his better part.  
I love my fellow-men: the worst I know  
I would do good to. Will death change me so  
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints  
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet  
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,  
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less  
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?  
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)  
The world of pain were better, if therein  
One's heart might still be human, and desires  
Of natural pity drop upon its fires  
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed  
His brow, and, muttering, "Madman! thou art  
lost!"

Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,  
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan  
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,  
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,  
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,  
Tender and most compassionate: "Never fear!  
For heaven is love, as God himself is love;  
Thy work below shall be thy work above."  
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place  
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

The Traveller broke the pause. "I've seen  
The Brothers down the long street steal,  
Black, silent, masked, the crowd between,  
And felt to doff my hat and kneel





"And the cloud of her soul was lifted."

With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,  
For blessings on their pious care."  
The Reader wiped his glasses: "Friends of  
mine,  
We'll try our home-brewed next, instead of  
foreign wine."

### THE CHANGELING.

For the fairest maid in Hampton  
They needed not to search,  
Who saw young Anna Favor  
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,  
At set of harvest-day,  
The frolic of the blackbirds,  
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,  
The saddest two-years bride,  
She scowls in the face of her husband,  
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,—  
For there the child shall lie,  
Till the black witch comes to fetch her  
And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,  
It's never my own," she said;  
"The witches have stolen my Anna,  
And left me an imp instead.

"O, fair and sweet was my baby,  
Blue eyes, and hair of gold;  
But this is ugly and wrinkled,  
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,  
I hate the feel of her skin;

It's not the milk from my bosom,  
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;  
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—  
Rake open the red coals, goodman,  
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,  
In the shape of an owl or bat,  
And she'll bring us our darling Anna  
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,  
Laid his hand upon her head:  
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!  
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,  
And never but one sure way  
Leads out to the light beyond it:  
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,  
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;  
Let her sight come back, and clothe her  
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,  
Out of these fancies wild;  
Let the holy love of the mother  
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary  
Kissing her blessed Son;  
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,  
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid  
Open her prison-door,  
And thine shall be all the glory  
And praise for evermore."

Then into the face of its mother  
The baby looked up and smiled;  
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,  
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine  
Made the wan face almost fair,  
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,  
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,  
She kissed it on cheek and chin,  
And she bared her snow-white bosom  
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning  
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,  
But fairer to Ezra Dalton  
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness  
He stooped to her worn young face,  
And the nursing child and the mother  
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.  
"Blessed be God!" she said;  
"For I see, who once was blinded,—  
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,  
As thou lovest thy own soul!  
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies  
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,  
And into the night rode he,—  
Now through the great black woodland,  
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,  
He came to the ferry wide,  
And thrice he called to the boatman  
Asleep on the other side.

He set h's horse to the river,  
He swam to Newbury town,  
And he called up Justice Sewall  
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice  
(Upon whose soul be peace!)  
Set his name to the jailer's warrant  
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats  
Went sounding like a flail;  
And Goody Cole at cockerow  
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

"Here is a rhyme:—I hardly dare  
To venture on its theme worn out;  
What seems so sweet by Doon and Ayr  
Sounds simple silly hereabout;  
And pipes by lips Arcadian blown  
Are only tin horns at our own.  
Yet still the muse of pastoral walks with us,  
While Hosea Biglow sings, our new Theocritus."

#### THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

In sky and wave the white clouds swam,  
And the blue hills of Nottingham  
Through gaps of leafy green  
Across the lake were seen,—

When, in the shadow of the ash  
That dreams its dream in Attitash,  
In the warm summer weather,  
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched an idle mood  
The gleam and shade of lake and wood,—  
The beach the keen light smote,  
The white sail of a boat,—

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,  
In sweetness, not in music, dying,—  
Hardhack, and virgin's-bower,  
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash  
And breezy wash of Attitash,  
The wood-bird's plaintive cry,  
The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful hand,  
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,  
Whose uncouth frolic spilled  
Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes  
Was evermore a great surprise,  
Tossed back her queenly head,  
And, lightly laughing, said,—

"No bridegroom's hand be mine to hold  
That is not lined with yellow gold;  
I tread no cottage-floor;  
I own no lover poor.

"My love must come on silken wings,  
With bridal lights of diamond rings,—  
Not foul with kitchen smirch,  
With tallow-dip for torch."

The other, on whose modest head  
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,  
With look for home-hearths meet,  
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered,— "We will not rivals be;  
Take thou the gold, leave love to me;  
Mine be the cottage small,  
And thine the rich man's hall.

"I know, indeed, that wealth is good;  
But lowly roof and simple food,  
With love that hath no doubt,  
Are more than gold without."

Hard by a farmer hale and young  
His cradle in the rye-field swung,  
Tracking the yellow plain  
With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, when'er he paused to whet  
His scythe, the sidelong glance he met  
Of large dark eyes, where strove  
False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain;  
That love shall overmatch disdain,  
Its instincts soon or late  
The heart shall vindicate.

In blouse of gray, with fishing-rod,  
Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod  
The margin of the pond,  
Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come;  
Unfelt the turning tides of doom;  
And so the maids laughed on,  
Nor dreamed what Fate had done,—



Nor knew the step was Destiny's  
That rustled in the birchen trees,  
As, with their lives forecast,  
Fisher and mower passed.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side  
The summer roses faded and died,  
And Autumn's fingers shed  
The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed afternoon,  
Alone, but for the diving loon,  
The partridge in the brake,  
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash  
Sat man and maid by Attitash;  
And earth and air made room  
For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,  
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod  
With blushes and with smiles  
Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,  
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant  
Attempered and low-toned,  
The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers dreamed  
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights streamed;  
The sunshine seemed to bless,  
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,  
With scornful toss of midnight hair,  
Her dark, disdainful eyes,  
And proud lip worldly-wise.

Her haughty vow is still unsaid,  
But all she dreamed and coveted  
Wears, half to her surprise,  
The youthful farmer's guise!

With more than all her old-time pride  
She walks the rye-field at his side,  
Careless of cot or hall,  
Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-ground  
Of life is gained; her hands have found  
The talisman of old  
That changes all to gold.

While she who could for love dispense  
With all its glittering accidents,  
And trust her heart alone,  
Finds love and gold her own.

What wealth can buy or art can build  
Awaits her; but her cup is filled  
Even now unto the brim;  
Her world is love and him!

The while he heard, the Book-man drew  
A length of make-believing face,  
With smothered mischief laughing through:  
"Why, you shall sit in Ramsay's place,  
And, with his Gentle Shepherd, keep  
On Yankee hills immortal sheep,  
While lovelorn swains and maids the seas beyond  
Hold dreamy tryst around your huckleberry-  
pond."

The Traveller laughed: "Sir Galahad  
Singing of love the Trouver's lay!  
How should he know the blindfold lad  
From one of Vulcan's forge-boys?"—"Nay,

He better sees who stands outside  
Than they who in procession ride,"  
The Reader answered: "selectmen and squire  
Miss, while they make, the show that wayside  
folks admire.

"Here is a wild tale of the North,  
Our travelled friend will own as one  
Fit for a Norland Christmas hearth  
And lips of Christian Andersen.  
They tell it in the valleys green  
Of the fair island he has seen,  
Low lying off the pleasant Swedish shore,  
Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched by Elsi-  
nore."

## KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

"Tie stille, barn min!  
Imorgen kommer Fin,  
Fa'er din,  
Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at lege med!"  
*Zealand Rhyme.*

"BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea  
A church as stately as church may be,  
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"  
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,  
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"  
And off he strode, in his pride of will,  
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me  
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;  
Build it stately, and build it fair,  
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought  
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.  
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"  
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,  
Thou must the name of its builder tell,  
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."  
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;  
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;  
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,  
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,  
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;  
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,  
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide  
A rumor ran through the country-side;  
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,  
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;  
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;  
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!  
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,  
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank  
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll  
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;  
Before him the church stood large and fair:  
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,  
When he heard a light step at his side :  
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice said,  
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,  
He held her fast, and he held her long ;  
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,  
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look to-day  
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away ;  
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart  
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !  
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"  
But fast as she prayed, and faster still  
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart  
Was somehow baffling his evil art ;  
For more than spell of Elf or Troll  
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound  
Of a Troll-wife singing underground :  
"To-morrow comes Fine, father thine :  
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine !

"Lie still, my darling! next sunrise  
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and  
eyes!"

"Ho! ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?  
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on  
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.  
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare ;  
And Troll and pillar vanished in air !

That night the harvesters heard the sound  
Of a woman sobbing underground,  
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame  
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune  
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon ;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch  
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,  
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare !

"What," asked the Traveller, "would our sires,  
The old Norse story-tellers, say,  
Of sun-graved pictures, ocean wires,  
And smoking steamboats of to-day ?  
And this, O lady, by your leave,  
Recalls your song of yester eve :  
Pray, let us have that Cable-hymn once more."  
"Hear, hear!" the Book-man cried, "the lady  
has the floor.

"These noisy waves below perhaps  
To such a strain will lend their ear,  
With softer voice and lighter lapse  
Come stealing up the sands to hear,  
And what they once refused to do  
For old King Knut accord to you.  
Nay, even the fishes shall your listeners be,  
As once, the legend runs, they heard St. Anthony."

O lonely bay of Trinity,  
O dreary shores, give ear!  
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea  
The voice of God to hear !

From world to world his couriers fly,  
Thought winged and shod with fire ;  
The angel of His stormy sky  
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord ?  
"The world's long strife is done ;  
Close wedded by that mystic cord,  
Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,  
Shall all her peoples be ;  
The hands of human brotherhood  
Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain  
And Asian mountains borne,  
The vigor of the Northern brain  
Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Shall thrill the magic thread ;  
The new Prometheus steals once more  
The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder ! beat  
From answering beach to beach ;  
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,  
And melt the chains of each !

Wild terror of the sky above,  
Glide tamed and dumb below !  
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,  
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,  
Beneath the deep so far,  
The bridal robe of earth's accord,  
The funeral shroud of war !

For lo ! the fall of Ocean's wall  
Space mocked and time outrun ;  
And round the world the thought of all  
Is as the thought of one !

The poles unite, the zones agree,  
The tongues of striving cease ;  
As on the Sea of Galilee  
The Christ is whispering, Peace !

"Glad prophecy! to this at last,"  
The Reader said, "shall all things come.  
Forgotten be the bugle's blast,  
And battle-music of the drum.  
A little while the world may run  
Its old mad way, with needle-gun  
And iron-clad, but truth, at last, shall reign :  
The cradle-song of Christ was never sung in  
vain !"

Shifting his scattered papers, "Here,"  
He said, as died the faint applause,  
"Is something that I found last year  
Down on the island known as Orr's.  
I had it from a fair-haired girl  
Who, oddly, bore the name of Pearl,  
(As if by some dull freak of circumstance,) Classic, or wellnigh so, in Harriet Stowe's romance."

## THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond  
The sundown's golden trail ?  
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,  
Or gleam of slanting sail ?



Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,  
And sea-worn elders pray,—  
The ghost of what was once a ship  
Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,  
From peril and from pain,  
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,  
O hundred-harbored Maine!  
But many a keel shall seaward turn,  
And many a sail outstand,  
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms  
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling pines;  
She threads the isle-set bay;  
No spur of breeze can speed her on,  
Nor ebb of tide delay.  
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr  
Who tell her date and name,  
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards  
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,  
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?  
What makes thee in the haunts of home  
A wonder and a sign?  
No foot is on thy silent deck?  
Upon thy helm no hand;  
No ripple hath the soundless wind  
That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port,  
Howe'er the breeze may be;  
Just when she nears the waiting shore  
She drifts again to sea.  
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,  
Nor sheer of veering side;  
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,  
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star  
Of evening guides her in;  
In vain for her the lamps are lit  
Within thy tower, Seguin!  
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,  
In vain the pilot call;  
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,  
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,  
Your gray-head hints of ill;  
And, over sick-beds whispering low,  
Your prophecies fulfil.  
Some home amid yon birchen trees  
Shall drape its door with woe;  
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails,  
The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,  
From island and from main,  
From sheltered cove and tidal creek,  
Shall glide the funeral train.  
The dead-boat with the bearers four,  
The mourners at her stern,—  
And one shall go the silent way  
Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women weep,  
Whose dear ones pale and pine,  
And sadly over sunset seas  
Await the ghostly sign.  
They know not that its sails are filled  
By pity's tender breath,  
Nor see the Angel at the helm  
Who steers the Ship of Death!

"Chill as a down-east breeze should be,"  
The Book-man said. "A ghostly touch

The legend has. I'm glad to see  
Your flying Yankee beat the Dutch."  
"Well, here is something of the sort  
Which one midsummer day I caught  
In Narragansett Bay, for lack of fish."  
"We wait," the Traveller said; "serve hot or  
cold your dish."

### THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,  
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;  
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,  
With never a tree for Spring to waken,  
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,  
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,  
Lieth the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold  
The coast lights up on its turret old,  
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet  
At its doors and windows howl and beat,  
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

But in summer time, when pool and pond,  
Held in the laps of valley fond,  
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with brier-rose,  
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose  
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing go,  
And, held to the wind and slanting low,  
Whitening and darkening the small sails show,—

Then is that lonely island fair;  
And the pale health-seeker findeth there  
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,  
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,  
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

There, circling ever their narrow range,  
Quaint tradition and legend strange  
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,  
Or rocking weirdly to and fro  
In and out the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,  
Talk together of dream and sign,  
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

The ship that, a hundred years before,  
Freighted deep with its goodly store,  
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one  
Counted the shots of her signal gun,  
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped:  
(May God forgive the hands that fed  
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!  
White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!  
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey  
Tearing the heart of the ship away,  
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine  
Over the rocks and the seething brine,  
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,  
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said :  
"There 'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more  
Along their foam-white curves of shore  
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold ! again, with shimmer and shine,  
Over the rocks and the seething brine,  
The flaming wreck of the Palatine !

So, haply in fitter words than these,  
Mending their nets on their patient knees  
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray ;  
"It is known to us all," they quietly say ;  
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken ?  
Was never a deed but left its token  
Written on tables never broken ?

Do the elements subtle reflections give ?  
Do pictures of all the ages live  
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,  
She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,  
Phantom and shadow in photograph ?

For still, on many a moonless night,  
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light  
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,  
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,  
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,  
Reef their sails when they see the sign  
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine !

"A fitter tale to scream than sing,"  
The Book-man said. "Well, fancy, then,"  
The Reader answered, "on the wing  
The sea-birds shriek it, not for men,  
But in the ear of wave and breeze !"  
The Traveller mused : "Your Manisees  
Is fairy-land : off Narragansett shore  
Who ever saw the isle or heard its name before ?

"'T is some strange land of Flyaway,  
Whose dreamy shore the ship beguiles,  
St. Brandan's in its sea-mist gray,  
Or sunset loom of Fortunate Isles !"  
"No ghost, but solid turf and rock  
Is the good island known as Block,"  
The Reader said. "For beauty and for ease  
I chose its Indian name, soft-flowing Manisees !

"But let it pass ; here is a bit  
Of unrhymed story, with a hint  
Of the old preaching mood in it,  
The sort of sidelong moral squint

Our friend objects to, which has grown,  
I fear, a habit of my own.  
'T was written when the Asian plague drew near,  
And the land held its breath and paled with sudden fear."

## ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside  
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent  
Their wisest men to make the public laws.  
And so, from a brown homestead, where the  
Sound

Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,  
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,  
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,  
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State  
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year  
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell  
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,  
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,  
A horror of great darkness, like the night  
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—  
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky  
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its  
rim

Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which  
climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls  
Roosted ; the cattle at the pasture bars  
Lowed, and looked homeward ; bats on leathern  
wings

Flitted abroad ; the sounds of labor died ;  
Men prayed, and women wept ; all ears grew  
sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter  
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ  
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked  
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as  
ghosts,  
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
"It is the Lord's Great Day ! Let us adjourn,"  
Some said ; and then, as if with one accord,  
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.  
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice  
The intolerable hush. "This well may be  
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits ;  
But be it so or not, I only know  
My present duty, and my Lord's command  
To occupy till he come. So at the post  
Where he hath set me in his providence,  
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,—  
No faithless servant frightened from my task,  
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ;  
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,  
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.  
Bring in the candles." And they brought them  
in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,  
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,  
An act to amend an act to regulate  
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon  
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,  
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech  
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without  
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man :  
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,  
Between the pauses of his argument,



To hear the thunder of the wrath of God  
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,  
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen  
Against the background of unnatural dark,  
A witness to the ages as they pass,  
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

He ceased : just then the ocean seemed  
To lift a half-faced moon in sight ;  
And, shore-ward, o'er the waters gleamed,  
From crest to crest, a line of light,  
Such as of old, with solemn awe,  
The fishers by Gennesaret saw,  
When dry-shod o'er it walked the Son of God,  
Tracking the waves with light where'er his sandals trod.

Silently for a space each eye  
Upon the sudden glory turned :  
Cool from the land the breeze blew by,  
The tent-ropes flapped, the long beach churned  
Its waves to foam ; on either hand  
Stretched, far as sight, the hills of sand ;  
With bays of marsh and capes of bush and tree,  
The wood's black shore-line loomed beyond the meadowy sea.

The lady rose to leave. "One song,  
Or hymn," they urged, "before we part."  
And she, with lips to which belong  
Sweet intuitions of all art,  
Give to the winds of night a strain  
Which they who heard would hear again ;  
And to her voice the solemn ocean lent,  
Touching its harp of sand, a deep accompaniment.

The harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play ;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far ;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,  
As kneels the human knee,  
Their white locks bowing to the sand,  
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour their glittering treasures forth,  
Their glits of pearl they shrine,  
And all the listening hills of earth  
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine ;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer ;  
The altar-curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,  
Or low with sobs of pain,—  
The thunder-organ of the cloud,  
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its starry march  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.

The singer ceased. The moon's white rays  
Fell on the rapt, still face of her.  
"Allah il Allah!" He hath praise  
From all things," said the Traveller.  
"Off from the desert's silent nights,  
And mountain hymns of sunset lights,  
My heart has felt rebuke, as in his tent  
The Moslem's prayer has shamed my Christian knee unbent."

He paused, and lo ! far, faint, and slow  
The bells in Newbury's steeples tolled  
The twelve dead hours ; the lamp burned low ;  
The singer sought her canvas fold.  
One sadly said, "At break of day  
We strike our tent and go our way."  
But one made answer cheerily, "Never fear,  
We'll pitch this tent of ours in type another year."

## NATIONAL LYRICS.

### THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA,

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE,"  
A. D. 1154-1864.

A STRONG and mighty Angel,  
Calm, terrible, and bright,  
The cross is blended red and blue  
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling,  
Each on his broken chain,  
Sang praise to God who raiseth  
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,  
"Wear this," the Angel said ;  
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its sign,—  
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha  
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,  
And begged through all the land of France  
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle  
Before him open flew,  
The drawbridge at his coming fell,  
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,  
And paid his righteous tax;  
And the hearts of lord and peasant  
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,  
His bark her anchor weighed,  
Freighted with seven-score Christian souls  
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,  
Her sails in tatters hung;  
And on the wild waves, rudderless,  
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us!" cried the captain,  
"For naught can man avail;  
O, woe betide the ship that lacks  
Her rudder and her sail!"

"Behind us are the Moormen;  
At sea we sink or strand:  
There's death upon the water,  
There's death upon the land!"

Then up spake John de Matha:  
"God's errands never fail!  
Take thou the mantle which I wear,  
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,  
The blue, the white, the red;  
And straight before the wind off-shore  
The ship of Freedom sped.

"God help us!" cried the seamen,  
"For vain is mortal skill:  
The good ship on a stormy sea  
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha:  
"My mariners, never fear!  
The Lord whose breath has filled her sail  
May well our vessel steer!"

So on through storm and darkness  
They drove for weary hours;  
And lo! the third gray morning shone  
On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers  
The ship of mercy knew,—  
They knew far off its holy cross,  
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples  
Rang out in glad accord,  
To welcome home to Christian soil  
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend  
By bard and painter told;  
And lo! the cycle rounds again,  
The new is as the old!

With rudder foully broken,  
And sails by traitors torn,  
Our country on a midnight sea  
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror;  
Behind, the pirate foe;  
The clouds are black above her,  
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong,  
She drifts in darkness and in storm,  
How long, O Lord! how long?

But courage, O my mariners!  
Ye shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the freedman's prayers  
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner  
Which God hath blest anew,  
The mantle that De Matha wore,  
The red, the white, the blue?

Its hues are all of heaven,—  
The red of sunset's dye,  
The whiteness of the moon-lit cloud,  
The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,  
For daylight and for land;  
The breath of God is in your sail,  
Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted  
With blessings and with hopes;  
The saints of old with shadowy hands  
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs  
Uplift the palm and crown;  
Before ye unborn ages send  
Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha!—  
God's errands never fail!  
Sweep on through storm and darkness,  
The thunder and the hail!

Sail on! The morning cometh,  
The port ye yet shall win;  
And all the bells of God shall ring  
The good ship bravely in!

#### WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

THE birds against the April wind  
Flew northward, singing as they flew;  
They sang, "The land we leave behind  
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the South,  
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?  
"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,  
The sickened camp, the blazing town!"

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,  
We saw your march-worn children die;  
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,  
We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's sighs,  
And saw, from line and trench, your sons  
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes  
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong  
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"  
"We heard," they sang, "the freedman's song,  
The crash of Slavery's broken locks!"



"We saw from new, uprising States  
The treason-nursing mischief spurned,  
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,  
The long-estranged and lost returned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,  
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,  
With hope in every rustling fold,  
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And struggling up through sounds accursed,  
A grateful murmur clomb the air;  
A whisper scarcely heard at first,  
It filled the listening heavens with prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,  
Replied a voice which shall not cease,  
Till, drowning all the noise of war,  
It sings the blessed song of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day  
Of chill and slowly greening spring,  
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,  
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,  
The song went with them in their flight;  
But lo! they left the sunset fair,  
And in the evening there was light.

### LAUS DEO!

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE PASSAGE  
OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOL-  
ISHING SLAVERY.

It is done!  
Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!  
Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:  
God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord  
On the whirlwind is abroad;  
In the earthquake he has spoken;  
He has smitten with his thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long  
Lift the old exulting song;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea  
He has cast the mighty down;  
Horse and rider sink and drown;  
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,  
In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done?  
When was ever his right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!  
All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!  
In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad!  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!

### THE PEACE AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY AGRICUL-  
TURAL FESTIVAL, 1865.

THANK God for rest, where none molest,  
And none can make afraid,—  
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest  
Beneath the homestead shade!

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red scourge,  
The negro's broken chains,  
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge  
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,  
And vales where cotton flowers;  
All streams that flow, all winds that blow,  
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry  
Be knightly honors paid;  
For nobler than the sword's shall be  
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,  
O grateful hearts of ours!  
And shape it of the greenest sward  
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,  
And there the orchard fruits;  
Bring golden grain from sun and air,  
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,  
The stars uprising and fall;  
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,  
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan  
And rough-shod feet applaud,  
Who died to make the slave a man,  
And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep time  
To such an anthem sung  
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,  
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,  
Of peace and long annoy;  
The passion of our mighty grief  
And our exceeding joy!

A song of praise to Him who filled  
The harvests sown in tears,  
And gave each field a double yield  
To feed our battle-years!

A song of faith that trusts the end  
To match the good begun,  
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend  
The hearts of men as one!

#### TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN! are ye not  
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,  
To do his will and speak his word?

From the loud thunder-storm of war  
Not man alone hath called ye forth,  
But he, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands  
He quenches; unto Him belongs  
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,  
And not by cell or gallows-stair  
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers,—Keep  
Your manhood, bend no suppliant knees,  
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail  
Of starving men; we shut in vain  
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry?  
What tears wash out that stain of death?  
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty/  
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim;  
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours;  
We bend above our triumphs won  
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all  
By one brave, generous action; trust  
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,  
Take hands from off the negro's throat,  
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,  
But give the common law's redress  
To labor's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will;  
Be in the right as brave and strong  
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,  
Your loss the wealth of full amends,  
And hate be love, and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,  
Its common slain be mourned, and let  
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart  
Her lost and wandering ones recall,  
Forgiving and restoring all,—

And Freedom break her marble trance  
Above the Capitolian dome,  
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome home!

## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

### THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds:  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God! He needeth not  
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such  
His pitying love I deem:  
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods  
A world of pain and loss;  
I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within  
Myself, alas! I know;  
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes of pain and loss,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.



I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above:  
I know not of His hate,—I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea,  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!

### OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away!  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,  
The strife of tongues forbear;  
Why forward reach, or backward look,  
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steep  
To bring the Lord Christ down:  
In vain we search the lowest deep,  
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,  
The lineaments restore  
Of him we know in outward shape  
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign;  
The world's long hope is dim;  
The weary centuries watch in vain  
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye  
And ear are answerless;  
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky  
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,  
And every symbol wanes;  
The Spirit over-brooding all  
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above  
Or earth below they look,  
Who know with John his smile of love,  
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense  
Of sorrow over sin,  
He is his own best evidence,  
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
Nor dream of bards and seers,  
No dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame,  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn;  
The love that draws us nearer thee  
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;  
And, naked to thy glance,  
Our secret sins are in the light  
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress  
Thy tender light shines in;  
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,  
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own;  
We bring our varying gifts to thee,  
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,  
Its joys and pains, belong;  
The wrong of man to man on thee  
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves becomes  
Therein to thee allied;  
All sweet accords of hearts and homes  
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,  
Within our earthly sod,  
Most human and yet most divine,  
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight  
Thy presence maketh one:  
As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in thee the fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray;  
But, dim or clear, we own in thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee  
Is still our Father's own;  
Nor jealous claim or rivalry  
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,  
And simple trust can find thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,  
No place for me and mine;  
Our human strength is weakness, death  
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,  
All labor vainly done;  
The solemn shadow of thy Cross  
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!  
Thy saving name is given;  
To turn aside from thee is hell,  
To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,  
Our noisy championship!—  
The sighing of the contrite heart  
Is more than flattering lip.

Not mine the bigot's partial plea,  
Nor thine the zealot's ban;  
Thou well canst spare a love of thee  
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may thy service be?—  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,  
We pile no graven stone;  
He serves thee best who loveth most  
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices  
Of love and gratitude;  
Thy sacramental liturgies,  
The joy of doing-good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift  
The vaulted nave around,  
In vain the minster turret lift  
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,  
Thy inward altars raise;  
Its faith and hope thy canticles,  
And its obedience praise!

### THE VANISHERS.

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams  
In the sweet Indian lore,  
Still to me the legend seems  
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,  
Never reached nor found at rest,  
Baffling search, but beckoning on  
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,  
Through the dark of lowland firs,  
Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,  
And the hunter on the moss,  
Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green  
Twilight of the clustered pines,  
In their faces rarely seen  
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow  
On the slopes of westerling knolls;  
In the wind they whisper low  
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine!  
Thou and I have seen them too;  
On before with beck and sign  
Still they glide and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail  
In the gold of setting day;  
More than gleams of wing or sail,  
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
Gleams and glories seen and flown,  
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,  
Airs from viewless Eden blown,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
Sweetness that transcends our taste,  
Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us, as they go  
On and onward, still before.



Guided thus, O friend of mine !  
 Let us walk our little way,  
 Knowing by each beckoning sign  
 That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,  
 Smiling eye and waving hand,  
 Sought and seeker soon shall meet,  
 Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

# REVISITED.

READ AT THE "LAURELS," ON THE MERRIMACK,  
 6TH MONTH, 1865.

The roll of drums and the bugle's wailing  
 Vex the air of our vales no more ;  
 The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,  
 The share is the sword the soldiers wore !

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,  
 Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;  
 Softly and sweet, as the hour beseebeth,  
 Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature  
 Temper the triumph and chasten mirth,  
 Full of the infinite love and pity  
 For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,  
 And the oil of joy for mourning long,  
 Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters  
 Break into jubilant waves of song !

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,  
 The sweet aroma of birch and pine,  
 Give us a waft of the north-wind laden  
 With sweetbrier odors and breath of kine !

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,  
 Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,  
 The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,  
 The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,  
 Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,  
 The winding ways of Pemigewasset,  
 And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,  
 Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall ;  
 Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken  
 Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains  
 Here in thy glory and strength repeat ;  
 Give us a taste of thy upland music,  
 Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses  
 Pour the music and weave the flowers ;  
 With the song of birds and bloom of meadows  
 Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on ! bring down, O lowland river,  
 The joy of the hills to the waiting sea ;  
 The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,  
 The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,  
 Mirth and labor shall hold their truce ;  
 Dance of water and mill of grinding,  
 Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and glory,  
 Pride and hope of our home and race,—  
 Freedom lending to rugged labor  
 Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,  
 Hear our greetings and take our thanks ;  
 Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims  
 Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,  
 Though never his word has stilled thy waves,  
 Well for us may thy shores be holy,  
 With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token  
 Of fairer valleys and streams than these,  
 Where the rivers of God are full of water,  
 And full of sap are his healing trees !

# THE COMMON QUESTION.

BEHIND us at our evening meal  
 The gray bird ate his fill,  
 Swung downward by a single claw,  
 And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,  
 And set his head askant,  
 And, in his sharp, impatient way,  
 Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird !" I answered, "tuck  
 Your head beneath your wing,  
 And go to sleep";—but o'er and o'er  
 He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said :—  
 How like are men and birds !  
 We all are saying what he says,  
 In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,  
 The girl with hoop and doll,  
 And men with lands and houses, ask  
 The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more  
 We fain the bag would cram ;  
 We sigh above our crowded nets  
 For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven  
 The vague desire can stay ;  
 Self-love is still a Tartar mill  
 For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all ;  
 He knoweth all our wants ;  
 And what we blindly ask of him  
 His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers  
 Might well be merged in one ;  
 And nest and perch and hearth and church  
 Repeat, "Thy will be done."

# BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

We praise not now the poet's art,  
 The rounded beauty of his song ;  
 Who weighs him from his life apart  
 Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown  
 With charms to common sight denied,—  
 The marvellous gift he shares alone  
 With him who walked on Rydal-side;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay  
 Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears;  
 We speak his praise who wears to-day  
 The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her train,  
 Let happy lips his songs rehearse;  
 His life is now his noblest strain,  
 His manhood better than his verse!

Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys  
 Its cunning keeps at life's full span;  
 But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,  
 The poet seems beside the man!

So be it! let the garlands die,  
 The singer's wroath, the painter's meed,  
 Let our names perish, if thereby  
 Our country may be saved and freed!

### HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR KING'S  
 HOUSE OF WORSHIP, 1864.

AMIDST these glorious works of Thine,  
 The solemn minarets of the pine,  
 And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—

Where swell Thy hymns from wave and gale,  
 And organ-thunders never fail,  
 Behind the cataract's silver veil,—

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,  
 Our poor reed-music sounds Thy praise:  
 Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways!

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,  
 We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,  
 Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,  
 Our country's bleeding heart we lay,  
 And dare not ask Thy hand to stay;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to Thee  
 For union, but a union free,  
 With peace that comes of purity!

That Thou wilt bare thy arm to save  
 And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,  
 Make broad a pathway for the slave!

For us, confessing all our need,  
 We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,  
 Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good  
 To each, as to the multitude,  
 Eternal Love and Fatherhood,—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,  
 Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel  
 Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even  
 We wait to see with thy forgiven  
 The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. In time to be  
 Shall holier altars rise to thee,—  
 Thy Church our broad humanity!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,  
 Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,  
 Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,—  
 The music of the world's accord  
 Confessing Christ, the Inward Word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,  
 One hope, one faith, one love, restore  
 The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

### THOMAS STARR KING.

THE great work laid upon his twoscore years  
 Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears,  
 Who loved him as few men were ever loved,  
 We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan  
 With him whose life stands rounded and ap-  
 proved

In the full growth and stature of a man.  
 Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,  
 With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!  
 Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,  
 From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!  
 Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell  
 Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell  
 That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.  
 O East and West! O morn and sunset twain  
 No more forever!—has he lived in vain  
 Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told  
 Your bridal service from his lips of gold?



## AMONG THE HILLS,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

1868.

TO ANNIE FIELDS

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

DESCRIPTIVE OF SCENES WITH WHICH SHE IS FAMILIAR,

IS GRATEFULLY OFFERED.

## PRELUDE.

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,  
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers  
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.  
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
Confesses it. The locust by the wall  
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,  
The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still  
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,  
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—  
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long overworn  
To task their strength: and (unto Him be praise  
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain  
Of years that did the work of centuries  
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once  
more

Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms  
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,  
I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn  
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming  
o'er

Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,  
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

And yet no all. A farmer's son,  
Proud of field-lore and harvest craft and feeling  
All their fine possibilities, how rich  
And restful even poverty and toil  
Become when beauty, harmony, and love  
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man  
Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock  
The symbol of a Christian chivalry  
Tender and just and generous to her  
Who clothes with grace all duty; still, I know  
Too well the picture has another side,—  
How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear  
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude  
Of nature, and how hard and colorless

Is life without an atmosphere. I look  
Across the lapse of half a century,  
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower  
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,  
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place  
Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose  
And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed  
Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine  
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves  
Across the curtainless windows from whose panes  
Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness;  
Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor, unwashed  
(Broom-clean I think they called it); the best  
room

Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air  
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless  
Save the inevitable sampler hung  
Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,  
A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath  
Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth  
Bristling with faded pine-boughs half concealing  
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;  
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,  
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,  
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
With scarce a human interest save their own  
Monotonous round of small economies,  
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;  
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;  
For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink  
Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;  
For them in vain October's holocaust  
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,  
The sacramental mystery of the woods.  
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,  
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,  
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls  
And winter pork with the least possible outlay  
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life  
Showing as little actual comprehension  
Of Christian charity and love and duty,  
As if the Sermon on the Mount had been  
Outdated like a last year's almanac:  
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,  
And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,  
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,  
The sun and air his sole inheritance,  
Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,  
And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

Nor such should be the homesteads of a land  
Where whose wisely wills and acts may dwell  
As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,  
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make  
His hour of leisure richer than a life

Of fourscore to the barons of old time,  
 Our yeoman should be equal to his home  
 Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled,  
 A man to match his mountains, not to creep  
 Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain  
 In this light way (of which I needs must own  
 With the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings,  
 "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you!")  
 Invite the eye to see and heart to feel  
 The beauty and the joy within their reach,—  
 Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes  
 Of nature free to all. Haply in years  
 That wait to take the places of our own,  
 Heard where some breezy balcony looks down  
 On happy homes, or where the lake in the moon  
 Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,  
 In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet  
 Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine  
 May seem the burden of a prophecy,  
 Finding its late fulfilment in a change  
 Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up  
 Through broader culture, finer manners, love,  
 And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,  
 And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
 Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee  
 bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things  
 Are pure and honest and of good repute,  
 But add thereto whatever bard has sung  
 Or seer has told of when in trance and dream  
 They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
 Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide  
 Between the right and wrong; but give the heart  
 The freedom of its fair inheritance;  
 Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so  
 long,

At Nature's table feast his ear and eye  
 With joy and wonder; let all harmonies  
 Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon  
 The princely guest, whether in soft attire  
 Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,  
 And, lending life to the dead form of faith,  
 Give human nature reverence for the sake  
 Of One who bore it, making it divine  
 With the ineffable tenderness of God;  
 Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
 The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
 The unsolved mystery round about us, make  
 A man more precious than the gold of Ophir.  
 Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
 Should minister, as outward types and signs  
 Of the eternal beauty which fulfils  
 The one great purpose of creation, Love,  
 The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

#### AMONG THE HILLS.

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
 And vexed the vales with raining,  
 And all the woods were sad with mist,  
 And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
 The mountain veils asunder,  
 And swept the valley clean before  
 The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west-wind sang  
 Good morrow to the cotter;  
 And once again Chocorua's horn  
 Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,  
 Once more the sunshine wearing,  
 Stooped, tracing on that silver shield  
 His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky  
 The peaks had winter's keenness;  
 And, close on autumn's frost, the vales  
 Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors  
 With golden lights were checkered,  
 Once more rejoicing leaves in wind  
 And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late  
 Atoning for its sadness  
 Had borrowed every season's charm  
 To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales  
 Of shadow and of shining,  
 Through which, my hostess at my side,  
 I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above  
 The river's whitening rapids,  
 By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns  
 Swept through and through by swallows,—

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
 And larches climbing darkly  
 The mountain slopes, and, over all,  
 The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range  
 With gaps of brightness riven,—  
 How through each pass and hollow streamed  
 The purpling lights of heaven,—

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
 From far celestial fountains,—  
 The great sun flaming through the rifts  
 Beyond the wall of mountains!

We paused at last where home-bound cows  
 Brought down the pasture's treasure,  
 And in the barn the rhythmic flails  
 Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night-hawk's sullen plunge,  
 The crow his tree-mates calling:  
 The shadows lengthening down the slopes  
 About our feet were falling.

And through them smote the level sun  
 In broken lines of splendor,  
 Touched the gray rocks and made the green  
 Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,  
 Their arch of leaves just tinted  
 With yellow warmth, the golden glow  
 Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house showed,  
 And smiled on porch and trellis,  
 The fair democracy of flowers  
 That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,  
 'Twixt chidings and caresses,  
 A human flower of childhood shook  
 The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs  
 Of fancy and of shrewdness,  
 Where taste had wound its arms of vines  
 Round thrift's uncemely rudeness.



The sun-brown farmer in his frock  
Shook hands, and called to Mary :  
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,  
White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
Of womanly completeness ;  
A music as of household songs  
Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not beautiful in curve and line,  
But something more and better,  
The secret charm eluding art,  
Its spirit, not its letter ;—

An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance,—  
The warmth of genial courtesies,  
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood  
How dared our hostess utter  
The paltry errand of her need  
To buy her fresh-churned butter ?

She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls  
With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills  
We watched the changeful glory

Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
I heard her simple story.

The early crickets sang ; the stream  
Plashed through my friend's narration :  
Her rustic patois of the hills  
Lost in my free translation.

"More wise," she said, "than those who swarm  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June's first roses blow,  
To greet the early comer.

"From school and ball and rout she came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

"Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over ;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing :  
There's iron in our Northern winds ;  
Our pines are trees of healing.

"She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.



"Upon his pitchfork leaning."

"Beside her, from the summer heat  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

"Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
Had nothing mean or common,—  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

"She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said: 'You lack a wife,  
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread  
You do not need a lady:  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
Is some one waiting ready,—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys,  
Or danced the polka's measure.

"He bent his black brows to a frown,  
He set his white teeth tightly.

"'T is well,' he said, 'for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude  
I take no note of sweetness:  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.

"'Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
When silken zone or homespun frock  
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind: you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,  
The spells you weave around me  
You cannot at your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,  
Your life is well without me;  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison-walls before me?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother:  
Who loves you loses in that love  
All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
Without a word of pleading.'

"She looked up in his face of pain  
So arch, yet so tender:  
'And if I lend you mine,' she said,  
'Will you forgive the lender?'

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman waits  
Behind this silken armor?

"I love you: on that love alone,  
And not my worth, presuming,  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May-day blooming?"

"Alone the hangbird overhead,  
His hair-swung cradle straining,  
Looked down to see love's miracle,—  
The giving that is gaining.

"And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter:  
There looks no happier home than hers  
On pleasant Bearcamp water.

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks  
The careful ways of duty;  
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
Are flowing curves of beauty

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake,  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.

"Unspoken homilies of peace  
Her daily life is preaching;  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching.

"And never tenderer hand than hers  
Unknits the brow of ailing;  
Her garments to the sick man's ear  
Have music in their trailing.

"And when, in pleasant harvest moons,  
The youthful huskers gather,  
Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways  
Defy the winter weather,—

"In sugar-camps, when south and warm  
The winds of March are blowing,  
And sweetly from its thawing veins  
The maple's blood is flowing,—

"In summer, where some lily pond  
Its virgin zone is bearing,  
Or where the ruddy autumn fire  
Lights up the apple-paring,—

"The coarseness of a ruder time  
Her finer mirth displaces,  
A subtler sense of pleasure fills  
Each rustic sport she graces.

"Her presence lends its warmth and health  
To all who come before it.  
If woman lost us Eden, such  
As she alone restore it

"For larger life and wiser aims  
The farmer is her debtor;  
Who holds to his another's heart  
Must needs be worse or better.

"Through her his civic service shows  
A purer-toned ambition;  
No double consciousness divides  
The man and politician.

"In party's doubtful ways he trusts  
Her instincts to determine;  
At the loud polls, the thought of her  
Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.

"He owns her logic of the heart,  
And wisdom of unreason,  
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,  
The needed word in season.



"He sees with pride her richer thought,  
Her fancy's freer ranges;  
And love thus deepened to respect  
Is proof against all changes.

"And if she walks at ease in ways  
His feet are slow to travel,  
And if she reads with cultured eyes  
What his may scarce unravel,

"Still clearer, for her keener sight  
Of beauty and of wonder,  
He learns the meaning of the hills  
He dwelt from childhood under.

"And higher, warmed with summer lights,  
Or winter-crowned and hoary,  
The ridged horizon lifts for him  
Its inner veils of glory.

"He has his own free, bookless lore,  
The lessons nature taught him,  
The wisdom which the woods and hills  
And toiling men have brought him:

"The steady force of will whereby  
Her flexile grace seems sweeter;  
The sturdy counterpoise which makes  
Her woman's life completer:

"A latent fire of soul which lacks  
No breath of love to fan it;  
And wit, that, like his native brooks,  
Plays over solid granite.

"How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies, born  
Of fashion and convention!

"How life behind its accidents  
Stands strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all  
The losing and the gaining.

"And so, in grateful interchange  
Of teacher and of hearer,  
Their lives their true distinctness keep  
While daily drawing nearer.

"And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong light discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers,

"Why need we care to ask?—who dreams  
Without their thorns of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses?

"For still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living:  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

"We send the Squire to General Court,  
He takes his young wife thither;  
No prouder man election day  
Rides through the sweet June weather.

"He sees with eyes of manly trust  
All hearts to her inclining;  
Not less for him his household light  
That others share its shining."

Thus while my hostess spake, there grew  
Before me, warmer tinted  
And outlined with a tenderer grace,  
The picture that she hinted.

The sunset smouldered as we drove  
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.  
Below us wreaths of white fog walked  
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars  
Dropped down their golden plummetts;  
The pale arc of the Northern lights  
Rose o'er the mountain summits,—

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,  
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,  
And saw across the maple lawn  
The welcome home-lights glowing;—

And, musing on the tale I heard,  
'T were well, thought I, if often  
To rugged farm-life came the gift  
To harmonize and soften;—

If more and more we found the troth  
Of fact and fancy plighted,  
And culture's charm and labor's strength  
In rural homes united,—

The simple life, the homely hearth  
With beauty's sphere surrounding,  
And blessing toil where toil abounds  
With graces more abounding.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream! I never knew  
What charms our sternest season wore,  
Was never yet the sky so blue,  
Was never earth so white before.  
Till now I never saw the glow  
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,  
And never learned the bough's designs  
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break  
As that my eastern windows see?  
Did ever such a moonlight take  
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?

Rang ever bells so wild and fleet  
The music of the winter street?  
Was ever yet a sound by half  
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught,  
No added charm thy face hath found;  
Within my heart the change is wrought,  
My footsteps make enchanted ground.  
Forth couch of pain and curtained room  
Forth to thy light and air I come,  
To find in all that meets my eyes  
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon  
Shall blow the warm west-winds of spring

To set the unbound rills in tune,  
 And hither urge the bluebird's wing.  
 The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods  
 Grow misty green with leafing buds,  
 And violets and wind-flowers sway  
 Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
 The wiser love severely kind;  
 Since, richer for its chastening grown,  
 I see, whereas I once was blind.  
 The world, O Father! hath not wronged  
 With loss the life by thee prolonged;  
 But still, with every added year,  
 More beautiful thy works appear!

As thou hast made thy world without,  
 Make thou more fair my world within;  
 Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;  
 Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;  
 Fill, brief or long, my granted span  
 Of life with love to thee and man;  
 Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,  
 But let my last days be my best!

2d mo., 1868.

### THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL.

THE land was pale with famine  
 And racked with fever-pain;  
 The frozen fiords were fishless,  
 The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja  
 Before them come and go,  
 And, through their dreams, the Urdar-moon  
 From west to east sailed slow!

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera  
 At Yule-time made his vow;  
 On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone  
 He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her;  
 To Skuld, the younger Norn,  
 Who watches over birth and death,  
 He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter  
 Took up the sprinkling-rod,  
 And smeared with blood the temple  
 And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water  
 Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er;  
 Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,  
 Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,  
 Aloft in icy space,  
 Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones  
 And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer  
 Beneath its baleful light  
 The Jotun shapes of mountains  
 Came crowding through the night.

The gray-haired Hersir trembled  
 As a flame by wind is blown;  
 A weird power moved his white lips,  
 And their voice was not his own!

"The Æsir thirst!" he muttered;  
 "The gods must have more blood  
 Before the tun shall blossom  
 Or fish shall fill the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,  
 And hence are blight and ban;  
 The mouths of the strong gods water  
 For the flesh and blood of man!

"Whom shall we give the strong ones?  
 Not warriors, sword on thigh;  
 But let the nursing infant  
 And bedrid old man die."

"So be it!" cried the young men,  
 "There needs nor doubt nor parle";  
 But, knitting hard his red brows,  
 In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping  
 At the temple door was heard,  
 But the old men bowed their white heads,  
 And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,  
 A Vala young and fair,  
 Sang softly, stirring with her breath  
 The veil of her loose hair.

She sang: "The winds from Alfheim  
 Bring never sound of strife;  
 The gifts for Frey the meekest  
 Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,  
 The grazing kine's sweet breath;  
 He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,  
 Your gifts that smell of death.

"No wrong by wrong is righted,  
 No pain is cured by pain;  
 The blood that smokes from Doom-rings  
 Falls back in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make them,  
 As earth shall Asgard prove;  
 And hate will come of hating,  
 And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black bread  
 That old and young may live;  
 And look to Frey for favor  
 When first like Frey you give.

"Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows  
 The summer dawn begins:  
 The tun shall have its harvest,  
 The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell:  
 "By Gimli and by Hel,  
 O Vala of Thingvalla,  
 Thou singest wise and well!

"Too dear the Æsir's favors  
 Bought with our children's lives;  
 Better die than shame in living  
 Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion  
 To him who hath most need;  
 Of curdled skyr and black bread  
 Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from off his neck-chain  
 Three links of beaten gold;  
 And each man, at his bidding  
 Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children.  
 And daughters fed their sires,  
 And Health sat down with Plenty  
 Before the next Yule fires.



The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal;  
The Doom-ring still remains;  
But the snows of a thousand winters  
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now; the Æsir  
Have found their twilight dim;  
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old  
The Vala sang of Him!

### THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,  
Walked blameless through the evil world, and  
then,

Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,  
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,  
And miserably sinned. So, adding not  
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught  
No more among the elders, but went out  
From the great congregation girt about  
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,  
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,  
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid  
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,  
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,  
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend  
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;  
And for the evil day thy brother lives."  
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives  
Counsel in need. At Ecobatana dwells  
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels  
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees  
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees  
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay  
My sins before him."

And he went his way  
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;  
But even as one who, followed unawares,  
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand  
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek  
fanned

By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near  
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,  
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low  
The wail of David's penitential woe,  
Before him still the old temptation came,  
And mocked him with the motion and the shame  
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred  
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord  
To free his soul and cast the demon out,  
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,  
The towers of Ecobatana far away  
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint  
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint  
The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,  
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom  
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One  
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon  
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,  
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men  
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence  
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the  
sense

Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore  
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more  
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,  
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.  
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,  
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.  
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind  
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare  
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.

"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,  
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not  
read,  
'Better the eye should see than that desire  
Should wander'? Burning with a hidden fire  
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee  
For pity and for help, as thou to me.  
Pray for me, O my friend!" but Nathan cried,  
"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone  
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,  
Forgetting, in the agony and stress  
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;  
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;  
His prayers were answered in another's name;  
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,  
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,  
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos  
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read  
"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;  
Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;  
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;  
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

### THE MEETING.

THE elder folks shook hands at last,  
Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
To simple ways like ours unused,  
Half solemnized and half amused,  
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest  
His sense of glad relief expressed.  
Outside the hills lay warm in sun;  
The cattle in the meadow-run  
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird  
The green repose above us stirred.  
"What part or lot have you," he said,  
"In these dull rites of drowsy-head?  
Is silence worship? Seek it where  
It soothes with dreams the summer air,  
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,  
But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours  
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!  
From time and place and form apart,  
Its holy ground the human heart,  
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!  
Our common Master did not pen  
His followers up from other men;  
His service liberty indeed,  
He built no church, he framed no creed;  
But while the saintly Pharisee  
Made broader his phylactery,  
As from the synagogue was seen  
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene  
Through ripening cornfields lead the way  
Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
His sermons were the healthful talk  
That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
Where mingled with His gracious words  
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;  
"Unmeasured and unlimited,  
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
The mystic Church of God has grown.  
Invisible and silent stands  
The temple never made with hands,  
Unheard the voices still and small  
Of its unseen confessional.

He needs no special place of prayer  
 Whose hearing ear is everywhere ;  
 He brings not back the childish days  
 That ringed the earth with stones of praise,  
 Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid  
 The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.  
 Still less He owns the selfish good  
 And sickly growth of solitude,—  
 The worthless grace that, out of sight,  
 Flowers in the desert anchorite ;  
 Dissevered from the suffering whole,  
 Love hath no power to save a soul.  
 Not out of Self, the origin  
 And native air and soil of sin,  
 The living waters spring and flow,  
 The trees with leaves of healing grow.  
 " Dream not, O friend, because I seek  
 This quiet shelter twice a week,  
 I better deem its pine-laid floor  
 Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore ;  
 But nature is not solitude :  
 She crowds us with her thronging wood ;  
 Her many hands reach out to us,  
 Her many tongues are garrulous ;  
 Perpetual riddles of surprise  
 She offers to our ears and eyes ;  
 She will not leave our senses still,  
 But drags them captive at her will :  
 And, making earth too great for heaven,  
 She hides the Giver in the given.

" And so, I find it well to come  
 For deeper rest to this still room,  
 For here the habit of the soul  
 Feels less the outer world's control ;  
 The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
 More earnestly our common needs ;  
 And from the silence multiplied  
 By these still forms on either side,  
 The world that time and sense have known  
 Falls off and leaves us God alone.

" Yet rarely through the charmed repose  
 Unmixed the stream of motive flows,  
 A flavor of its many springs,  
 The tints of earth and sky it brings ;  
 In the still waters needs must be  
 Some shade of human sympathy ;  
 And here, in its accustomed place,  
 I look on memory's dearest face ;  
 The blind by-sister guesseth not  
 What shadow haunts that vacant spot ;  
 No eyes save mine alone can see  
 The love wherewith it welcomes me !  
 And still, with those alone my kin,  
 In doubt and weakness, want and sin,  
 I bow my head, my heart I bare  
 As when that face was living there,  
 And strive (too oft, alas ! in vain !)  
 The peace of simple trust to gain,  
 Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay  
 The idols of my heart away.

" Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
 Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—  
 Such golden words as hers for whom  
 Our autumn flowers have just made room ;  
 Whose hopeful utterance through and through  
 The freshness of the morning blew ;  
 Who loved not less the earth that light  
 Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
 But saw in all fair forms more fair  
 The Eternal beauty mirrored there.  
 Whose eighty years but added grace  
 And saintlier meaning to her face,—  
 The look of one who bore away  
 Glad tidings from the hills of day,  
 While all our hearts went forth to meet  
 The coming of her beautiful feet !

Or haply hers, whose pilgrim tread  
 Is in the path where Jesus led ;  
 Who dreams her childhood's sabbath dream  
 By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,  
 And, of the hymns of hope and faith,  
 Sung by the monks of Nazareth,  
 Hears pious echoes, in the call  
 To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,  
 Repeating where his works were wrought  
 The lesson that her Master taught,  
 Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,  
 The prophecies of Cumæ's cave !

" I ask no organ's soulless breath  
 To drone the themes of life and death,  
 No altar candle-lit by day,  
 No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,  
 No cool philosophy to teach  
 Its bland audacities of speech  
 To double-tasked idolaters  
 Themselves their gods and worshippers,  
 No pulpit hammered by the fist  
 Of loud-asserting dogmatist,  
 Who borrows from the hand of love  
 The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.  
 I know how well the fathers taught,  
 What work the later schoolmen wrought ;  
 I reverence old-time faith and men,  
 But God is near us now as then ;  
 His force of love is still unspent,  
 His hate of sin as imminent ;  
 And still the measure of our needs  
 Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds ;  
 The manna gathered yesterday  
 Already savors of decay ;  
 Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown  
 Question us now from star and stone ;  
 Too little or too much we know,  
 And sight is swift and faith is slow ;  
 The power is lost to self-deceive  
 With shallow forms of make-believe.  
 We walk at high noon, and the bells  
 Call to a thousand oracles,  
 But the sound deafens, and the light  
 Is stronger than our dazzled sight ;  
 The letters of the sacred Book  
 Glimmer and swim beneath our look ;  
 Still struggles in the Age's breast  
 With deepening agony of quest  
 The old entreaty : ' Art thou He,  
 Or look we for the Christ to be ?'

" God should be most where man is least :  
 So, where is neither church nor priest,  
 And never rag of form or creed  
 To clothe the nakedness of need,—  
 Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—  
 I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ;  
 I lay the critic's glass aside,  
 I tread upon my lettered pride,  
 And, lowest-seated, testify  
 To the oneness of humanity ;  
 Confess the universal want,  
 And share whatever Heaven may grant.  
 He findeth not who seeks his own,  
 The soul is lost that's saved alone.  
 Not on one favored forehead fell  
 Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
 But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
 The baptism of the holy Ghost ;  
 Heart answers heart : in one desire  
 The blending lines of prayer aspire ;  
 ' Where, in my name, meet two or three,  
 Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be !'

" So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
 The feeling which is evidence  
 That very near about us lies  
 The realm of spiritual mysteries.



The sphere of the supernal powers  
 Impinges on this world of ours.  
 The low and dark horizon lifts,  
 To light the scenic terror shifts;  
 The breath of a diviner air  
 Blows down the answer of a prayer:  
 That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
 A great compassion clasps about,  
 And law and goodness, love and force,  
 Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
 Then duty leaves to love its task,  
 The beggar Self forgets to ask;  
 With smile of trust and folded hands,  
 The passive soul in waiting stands  
 To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
 The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought  
 The innermost of truth is taught,  
 The mystery dimly understood,  
 That love of God is love of good,  
 And, chiefly, its divineness trace  
 In Him of Nazareth's holy face;  
 That to be saved is only this,—  
 Salvation from our selfishness,  
 From more than elemental fire,  
 The soul's unsanctified desire,  
 From sin itself, and not the pain  
 That warns us of its chafing chain;  
 That worship's deeper meaning lies  
 In mercy, and not sacrifice,  
 Not proud humilities of sense  
 And posturing of penitence,  
 But love's unforced obedience;  
 That Book and Church and Day are given  
 For man, not God,—for earth, not heaven,—  
 The blessed means to holiest ends,  
 Not masters, but benignant friends;  
 That the dear Christ dwells not afar,  
 The king of some remoter star,  
 Listening, at times, with flattered ear  
 To homage wrung from selfish fear,  
 But here, amidst the poor and blind,  
 The bound and suffering of our kind,  
 In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
 Life of our life, he lives to-day."

### THE ANSWER.

SPARE me, dread angel of reproof,  
 And let the sunshine weave to-day  
 Its gold-threads in the warp and woof  
 Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile; the flesh is weak.  
 These lingering feet, that fain would stray  
 Among the flowers, shall some day seek  
 The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,  
 The awe of thy rebuking frown;  
 The dullest slave at times must sigh  
 To fling his burdens down;

To drop his galley's straining oar,  
 And press, in summer warmth and calm,  
 The lap of some enchanted shore  
 Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,  
 My heart its taste of blind desire;  
 This day be mine; be those to come  
 As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,  
 Smiting my selfish prayers away;  
 "To-morrow is with God alone,  
 And man hath but to-day.

"Say not, thy fond, vain heart within,  
 The Father's arm shall still be wide,  
 When from these pleasant ways of sin  
 Thou turn'st at eventide.

"'Cast thyself down,' the tempter saith,  
 'And angels shall thy feet upbear.'  
 He bids thee make a lie of faith,  
 And blasphemy of prayer.

"Though God be good and free be Heaven,  
 No force divine can love compel;  
 And, though the song of sins forgiven  
 May sound through lowest hell,

"The sweet persuasion of His voice  
 Respects thy sanctity of will.  
 He giveth day; thou hast thy choice  
 To walk in darkness still;

"As one who, turning from the light,  
 Watches his own gray shadow fall,  
 Doubting, upon his path of night,  
 If there be day at all!

"No word of doom may shut thee out,  
 No wind of wrath may downward whirl,  
 No swords of fire keep watch about  
 The open gates of pearl;

"A tenderer light than moon or sun,  
 Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,  
 May shine and sound forever on,  
 And thou be deaf and dim.

"Forever round the Mercy-seat  
 The guiding lights of Love shall burn;  
 But what if, habit-bound, thy feet  
 Shall lack the will to turn?

"What if thine eye refuse to see,  
 Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,  
 And thou a willing captive be,  
 Thyself thy own dark jail?

"O doom beyond the saddest guess,  
 As the long years of God unroll  
 To make thy dreary selfishness  
 The prison of a soul!

"To doubt the love that fain would break  
 The fetters from thy self-bound limb;  
 And dream that God can thee forsake  
 As thou forsakest him!"

### G. L. S.

HE has done the work of a true man,—  
 Crown him, honor him, love him.  
 Weep over him, tears of woman,  
 Stoop manliest brows above him!

O dusky mothers and daughters,  
 Vigils of mourning keep for him!  
 Up in the mountains, and down by the waters,  
 Lift up your voices and weep for him!

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,  
 The freest of hands is still;  
 And the gap in our picked and chosen  
 The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,  
 No need his will outrun;  
 Or ever our lips could ask him,  
 His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,  
Himself to his neighbor lending ;  
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,  
And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,  
Whence he saw the doors wide swung  
Against whose bolted iron  
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened  
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,  
And knew while his ear yet hearkened  
The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well !—The world is discreet ;  
There are plenty to pause and wait ;  
But here was a man who set his feet  
Sometimes in advance of fate,—

Plucked off the old bark when the inner  
Was slow to renew it,  
And put to the Lord's work the sinner  
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing  
A worthier paladin.  
Shall he not hear the blessing,  
" Good and faithful, enter in ! "

#### FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South, shine  
forth

In blue Brazilian skies ;  
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth  
From sunset to sunrise,  
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves  
Thy joy's long anthem pour.  
Yet a few days (God make them less ! ) and  
slaves

Shall shame thy pride no more.  
No fettered feet thy shaded margins press ;  
But all men shall walk free

Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,  
Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose  
mouth

The word of God is said,  
Once more, " Let there be light ! "—Son of the  
South,

Lift up thy honored head,  
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert  
More than by birth thy own,  
Careless of watch and ward ; thou art begirt  
By grateful hearts alone.

The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,  
But safe shall justice prove ;  
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail  
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's  
grace,

Thy future is secure ;  
Who frees a people makes his statue's place  
In Time's Valhalla sure.

Lo ! from his Neva's banks the Scythian Czar  
Stretches to thee his hand,  
Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,  
Wrote freedom on his land.

And he whose grave is holy by our calm  
And prairied Sangamon,  
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm  
To greet thee with " Well done ! "

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make  
sweet,

And let thy wail be stilled,  
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat  
Her promise half fulfilled.  
The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,  
No sound thereof hath died ;  
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will  
Shall yet be satisfied.

The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,  
And far the end may be ;  
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong  
Go out and leave thee free.

#### DIVINE COMPASSION.

LONG since, a dream of heaven I had,  
And still the vision haunts me oft ;  
I see the saints in white robes clad,  
The martyrs with their palms aloft ;  
But hearing still, in middle song,  
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong ;  
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the strain  
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and  
pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,  
The harp sinks to low lament ;  
Before the still uplifted veil  
I see the crowned foreheads bent,  
Making more sweet the heavenly air,  
With breathings of unselfish prayer ;  
And a Voice saith : " O Pity which is pain,  
O Love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which  
remain ! "

" Shall souls redeemed by me refuse  
To share my sorrow in their turn ?  
Or, sin-forgiven, my gift abuse  
Of peace with selfish unconcern ?  
Has saintly ease no pitying care ?  
Has faith no work, and love no prayer ?  
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell,  
Can heaven itself be heaven, and look unmoved  
on hell ? "

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,  
A wind of heaven blows coolly in ;  
Fainter the awful discords seem,  
The smoke of torment grows more thin,  
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence  
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence ;  
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,  
Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo ! God's  
hope is there !

Is it a dream ? Is heaven so high  
That pity cannot breathe its air ?  
Its happy eyes forever dry,  
Its holy lips without a prayer !  
My God ! my God ! if thither led  
By thy free grace unmerited,  
No crown nor palm be mine, but let me keep  
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still  
can weep.

#### Lines on a Fly-leaf.

I NEED not ask thee, for my sake,  
To read a book which well may make  
Its way by native force of wit  
Without my manual sign to it.  
Its piquant writer needs from me  
No gravely masculine guaranty.



And well might laugh her merriest laugh  
 At broken spears in her behalf ;  
 Yet, spite of all the critics tall,  
 I frankly own I like her well.  
 It may be that she wields a pen  
 Too sharply nibbed for thin-skinned men,  
 That her keen arrows search and try  
 The armor joints of dignity,  
 And, though alone for error meant,  
 Sing through the air irreverent.  
 I blame her not, the young athlete  
 Who plants her woman's tiny feet,  
 And dares the chances of debate  
 Where bearded men might hesitate,  
 Who, deeply earnest, seeing well  
 The ludicrous and laughable,  
 Mingling in eloquent excess  
 Her anger and her tenderness,  
 And, chiding with a half-caress,  
 Strives, less for her own sex than ours,  
 With principalities and powers,  
 And points us upward to the clear  
 Sanned heights of her new atmosphere.

Heaven mend her faults !—I will not pause  
 To weigh and doubt and peck at flaws,  
 Or waste my pity when some fool  
 Provokes her measureless ridicule.  
 Strong-minded is she ? Better so  
 Than dulness set for sale or show,  
 A household folly, capped and belled  
 In fashion's dance of puppets held,  
 Or poor pretence of womanhood,  
 Whose formal, flavorless platitude  
 Is warranted from all offence  
 Of robust meaning's violence.  
 Give me the wine of thought whose bead  
 Sparkles along the page I read.  
 Electric words in which I find  
 The tonic of the northwest wind,—  
 The wisdom which itself allies  
 To sweet and pure humanities,  
 Where scorn of meanness, hate of wrong,  
 Are underlaid by love as strong ;  
 The genial play of mirth that lights  
 Grave themes of thought, as, when on nights  
 Of summer-time, the harmless blaze  
 Of thunderless heat-lightning plays,  
 And tree and hill-top resting dim  
 And doubtful on the sky's vague rim,  
 Touched by that soft and lambent gleam,  
 Start sharply outlined from their dream.

Talk not to me of woman's sphere,  
 Nor point with Scripture texts a sneer,  
 Nor wrong the manliest saint of all  
 By doubt, if he were here, that Paul  
 Would own the heroines who have lent  
 Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,  
 Foregone the praise to woman sweet,  
 And cast their crowns at Duty's feet ;

Like her, who by her strong Appeal  
 Made Fashion weep and Mammon feel,  
 Who, earliest summoned to withstand  
 The color-madness of the land,  
 Counted her life-long losses gain,  
 And made her own her sisters' pain ;  
 Or her who, in her greenwood shade,  
 Heard the sharp call that Freedom made,  
 And, answering, struck from Sappho's lyre  
 Of love the Tyrtæan carmen's fire :  
 Or that young girl,—Domrémy's maid  
 Revived a nobler cause to aid,—  
 Shaking from warning finger-tips  
 The doom of her apocalypse ;  
 Or her, who world-wide entrance gave  
 To the log-cabin of the slave,  
 Made all his want and sorrow known,  
 And all earth's languages his own.

# HYMN

FOR THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP AT GEORGETOWN.

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF A MOTHER.

THOU dwellest not, O Lord of all !  
 In temples which thy children raise ;  
 Our work to thine is mean and small,  
 And brief to thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride,  
 If marred thereby our gift may be,  
 For love, at least, has sanctified  
 The altar that we rear to thee.

The heart and not the hand has wrought  
 From sunken base to tower above  
 The image of a tender thought,  
 The memory of a deathless love !

And though should never sound of speech  
 Or organ echo from its wall,  
 Its stones would pious lessons teach,  
 Its shades in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be found,  
 And blessings and not curses given ;  
 Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound,  
 The mingled loves of earth and heaven.

Thou, who didst soothe with dying breath  
 The dear one watching by thy cross,  
 Forgetful of the pains of death  
 In sorrow for her mighty loss,

In memory of that tender claim,  
 O Mother-born, the offering take,  
 And make it worthy of thy name,  
 And bless it for a mother's sake !

## MIRIAM,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

## TO FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD.

THE years are many since, in youth and hope,  
Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope  
We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars.  
Now, with gray beards, and faces seamed with  
scars

From life's hard battle, meeting once again,  
We smile, half sadly, over dreams so vain;  
Knowing, at last, that it is not in man  
Who walketh to direct his steps, or plan  
His permanent house of life. Alike we loved  
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies moved  
To measures of old song. How since that day  
Our feet have parted from the path that lay  
So fair before us! Rich, from lifelong search  
Of truth, within thy Academic porch  
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of fact,  
Thy servitors the sciences exact;  
Still listening with thy hand on Nature's keys,  
To hear the Samian's spherul harmonies  
And rhythm of law. I called from dream and song,  
Thank God! so early to a strife so long,  
That, ere it closed, the black, abundant hair  
Of boyhood rested silver-sown and spare  
On manhood's temples, now at sunset-chime  
Tread with fond feet the path of morning time.  
And if perchance too late I linger where  
The flowers have ceased to blow, and trees are  
bare,

Thou, wiser in thy choice, wilt scarcely blame  
The friend who shields his folly with thy name.  
AMESBURY, 10th mo., 1870.

## MIRIAM.

ONE Sabbath day my friend and I  
After the meeting, quietly  
Passed from the crowded village lanes,  
White with dry dust for lack of rains,  
And climbed the neighboring slope, with feet  
Slackened and heavy from the heat,  
Although the day was wellnigh done,  
And the low angle of the sun  
Along the naked hillside cast  
Our shadows as of giants vast.  
We reached, at length, the topmost swell,  
Whence, either way, the green turf fell  
In terraces of nature down  
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town  
With white, pretenceless houses, tall  
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing all,  
Huge mills whose windows had the look  
Of eager eyes that ill could brook  
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track  
Of the sea-seeking river back  
Glistening for miles above its mouth,  
Through the long valley to the south,  
And, looking eastward, cool to view,  
Stretched the illimitable blue  
Of ocean, from its curved coast-line;  
Sombred and still, the warm sunshine  
Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach  
Of slumberous woods from hill to beach,—

Slanted on walls of thronged retreats  
From city toil and dusty streets,  
On grassy bluff, and dune of sand,  
And rocky islands miles from land;  
Touched the far-glancing sails, and showed  
White lines of foam where long waves flowed  
Dumb in the distance. In the north,  
Dim through their misty hair, looked forth  
The space-dwarfed mountains to the sea,  
From mystery to mystery!

So, sitting on that green hill-slope,  
We talked of human life, its hope  
And fear, and unsolved doubts, and what  
It might have been, and yet was not.  
And, when at last the evening air  
Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer  
Ringing in steeples far below,  
We watched the people churchward go,  
Each to his place, as if thereon  
The true shekinah only shone;  
And my friend queried how it came  
To pass that they who owned the same  
Great Master still could not agree  
To worship Him in company.  
Then, broadening in his thought, he ran  
Over the whole vast field of man,—  
The varying forms of faith and creed  
That somehow served the holders' need;  
In which, unquestioned, undenied,  
Uncounted millions lived and died;  
The bibles of the ancient folk,  
Through which the heart of nations spoke;  
The old moralities which lent  
To home its sweetness and content,  
And rendered possible to bear  
The life of peoples everywhere:  
And asked if we, who boast of light,  
Claim not a too exclusive right  
To truths which must for all be meant,  
Like rain and sunshine freely sent.  
In bondage to the letter still,  
We give it power to cramp and kill,—  
To tax God's fulness with a scheme  
Narrower than Peter's house-top dream,  
His wisdom and his love with plans  
Poor and inadequate as man's.  
It must be that He witnesses  
Somehow to all men that He is:  
That something of His saving grace  
Reaches the lowest of the race,  
Who, through strange creed and rite, may draw  
The hints of a diviner law.  
We walk in clearer light;—but then,  
Is He not God?—are they not men?  
Are His responsibilities  
For us alone and not for these?

And I made answer: "Truth is one;  
And, in all lands beneath the sun,  
Whoso hath eyes to see may see  
The tokens of its unity.  
No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,  
We trace it not by school-boy maps,  
Free as the sun and air it is  
Of latitudes and boundaries.  
In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,  
Are messages of good to man;



The angels to our Aryan sires  
Talked by the earliest household fires ;  
The prophets of the elder day,  
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,  
Read not the riddle all amiss  
Of higher life evolved from this.

"Nor doth it lessen what He taught,  
Or make the gospel Jesus brought  
Less precious, that His lips retold  
Some portion of that truth of old ;  
Denying not the proven seers,  
The tested wisdom of the years ;  
Confirming with his own impress  
The common law of righteousness.  
We search the world for truth ; we cull  
The good, the pure, the beautiful,  
From gravea stone and written scroll,  
From all old flower-fields of the soul ;  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest,  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mothers read,  
And all our treasure of old thought  
In His harmonious fullness wrought  
Who gathers in one sheaf complete  
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,  
The common growth that maketh good  
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

"Wherever through the ages rise  
The altars of self-sacrifice,  
Where love its arms has opened wide,  
Or man for man has calmly died,  
I see the same white wings outspread  
That hovered o'er the Master's head !  
Up from undated time they come,  
The martyr souls of heathendom,  
And to His cross and passion bring  
Their fellowship of suffering.  
I trace His presence in the blind  
Pathetic gropings of my kind,—  
In prayers from sin, and sorrow wrung,  
In cradle-hymns of life they sung,  
Each, in its measure, but a part  
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart ;  
And with a stronger faith confess  
The greater that it owns the less.  
Good cause it is for thankfulness  
That the world-blessing of His life  
With the long past is not at strife ;  
That the great marvel of His death  
To the one order witnesseth,  
No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,  
No link of cause and sequence breaks,  
But, one with nature, rooted is  
In the eternal verities ;  
Whereby, while differing in degree  
As finite from infinity,  
The pain and loss for others borne,  
Love's crown of suffering meekly worn,  
The life man giveth for his friend  
Become vicarious in the end ;  
Their healing place in nature take,  
And make life sweeter for their sake.

"So welcome I from every source  
The tokens of that primal Force,  
Older than heaven itself, yet new  
As the young heart it reaches to,  
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls  
The tidal wave of human souls ;  
Guide, comforter, and inward word,  
The eternal spirit of the Lord !  
Nor fear I aught that science brings  
From searching through material things ;  
Content to let its glasses prove,  
Not by the letter's oldness move,  
The myriad worlds on worlds that course  
The spaces of the universe ;

Since everywhere the Spirit walks  
The garden of the heart, and talks  
With man, as under Eden's trees,  
In all his varied languages.  
Why mourn above some hopeless flaw  
In the stone tables of the law,  
When scripture every day afresh  
Is traced on tablets of the flesh ?  
By inward sense, by outward signs,  
God's presence still the heart divines ;  
Through deepest joy of Him we learn,  
In sorest grief to Him we turn,  
And reason stoops its pride to share  
The child-like instinct of a prayer."

And then, as is my wont, I told  
A story of the days of old,  
Not found in printed books,—in sooth,  
A fancy, with slight hint of truth,  
Showing how differing faiths agree  
In one sweet law of charity.  
Meanwhile the sky had golden grown,  
Our faces in its glory shone ;  
But shadows down the valley swept,  
And gray below the ocean slept,  
As time and space I wandered o'er  
To tread the Mogul's marble floor,  
And see a fairer sunset fall  
On Jumna's wave and Agra's wall.

THE good Shah Akbar (peace be his alway !)  
Came forth from the Divan at close of day  
Bowed with the burden of his many cares,  
Worn with the hearing of unnumbered prayers,—  
Wild cries for justice, the importunate  
Appeals of greed and jealousy and hate,  
And all the strife of sect and creed and rite,  
Santon and Gourou waging holy fight ;  
For the wise monarch, claiming not to be  
Allah's avenger, left his people free,  
With a faint hope, his Book scarce justified,  
That all the paths of faith, though severed wide,  
O'er which the feet of prayerful reverence passed,  
Met at the gate of Paradise at last.

He sought an alcove of his cool hareem,  
Where, far beneath, he heard the Jumna's stream  
Lapse soft and low along his palace wall,  
And all about the cool sound of the fall  
Of fountains, and of water circling free  
Through marble ducts along the balcony ;  
The voice of women in the distance sweet,  
And, sweeter still, of one who, at his feet,  
Soothed his tired ear with songs of a far land  
Where Tagus shatters on the salt sea-sand  
The mirror of its cork-grown hills of drouth  
And vales of vine, at Lisbon's harbor-mouth.

The date-palms rustled not ; the peepul laid  
It; to postmost boughs against the balustrade,  
Motionless as the mimic leaves and vines  
That, light and graceful as the shawl-designs  
Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone ;  
And the tired monarch, who aside had thrown  
The day's hard burden, sat from care apart,  
And let the quiet steal into his heart  
From the still hour. Below him Agra slept,  
By the long light of sunset overswept :  
The river flowing through a level land,  
By mango-groves and banks of yellow sand,  
Skirted with lime and orange, gay kiosks,  
Fountains at play, tall minarets of mosques,  
Fair pleasure-gardens, with their flowering trees  
Relieved against the mournful cypresses ;  
And, air-poised lightly as the blown sea-foam,  
The marble wonder of some holy dome  
Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,  
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

Silent the monarch gazed, until the night  
 Swift-falling hid the city from his sight,  
 Then to the woman at his feet he said :  
 " Tell me, O Miriam, something thou hast read  
 In childhood of the Master of thy faith,  
 Whom Islam also owns. Our Prophet saith :  
 ' He was a true apostle, yea,—a Word  
 And Spirit sent before me from the Lord.'  
 Thus the Book witnesseth ; and well I know  
 By what thou art, O dearest, it is so.  
 As the lute's tone the maker's hand betrays,  
 The sweet disciple speaks her Master's praise."

Then Miriam, glad of heart, (for in some sort  
 She cherished in the Moslem's liberal court  
 The sweet traditions of a Christian child ;  
 And, through her life of sense, the undefiled  
 And chaste ideal of the sinless One  
 Gazed on her with an eye she might not shun,—  
 The sad, reproachful look of pity, born  
 Of love that hath no part in wrath or scorn.)  
 Began, with low voice and moist eyes, to tell  
 Of the all-loving Christ, and what befell  
 When the fierce zealots, thirsting for her blood,  
 Dragged to his feet a shame of womanhood.  
 How, when his searching answer pierced within  
 Each heart, and touched the secret of its sin,  
 And her accusers fled his face before,  
 He bade the poor one go and sin no more,  
 And Akbar said, after a moment's thought,  
 " ' Wise is the lesson by thy prophet taught ;  
 Woe unto him who judges and forgets  
 What hidden evil his own heart besets !  
 Something of this large charity I find  
 In all the sects that sever human kind ;  
 I will to Allah that their lives agreed  
 More nearly with the lesson of their creed !  
 Those yellow Lamas who at Merut pray  
 By wind and water power, and love to say :  
 ' He who forgiveth not shall, unforgiven,  
 Fail of the rest of Buddha,' and who even  
 Spare the black gnat that stings them, vex my ears  
 With the poor hates and jealousies and fears  
 Nursed in their human hives. That lean, fierce  
 priest  
 Of thy own people, (be his heart increased  
 By Allah's love !) his black robes smelling yet  
 Of Goa's roasted Jews, have I not met  
 Meek-faced, barefooted, crying in the street  
 The saying of his prophet true and sweet,—  
 ' He who is merciful shall mercy meet ! ' "

But, next day, so it chanced, as night began  
 To fall, a murmur through the harem ran  
 That one, recalling in her dusky face  
 The full-lipped, mild-eyed beauty of a race  
 Known as the blameless Ethiops of Greek song,  
 Plotting to do her royal master wrong,  
 Watching, reproachful of the lingering light,  
 The evening shadows deepen for her flight,  
 Love-guided, to her home in a far land,  
 Now waited death at the great Shah's command.

Shapely as that dark princess for whose smile  
 A world was bartered, daughter of the Nile  
 Herself, and veiling in her large, soft eyes  
 The passion and the languor of her skies,  
 The Abyssinian knelt low at the feet  
 Of her stern lord : " O king, if it be meet,  
 And for thy honor's sake," she said, " that I,  
 Who am the humblest of thy slaves, should die,  
 I will not tax thy mercy to forgive.  
 Easier it is to die than to outlive  
 All that life gave me,—him whose wrong of thee  
 Was but the outcome of his love for me,  
 Cherished from childhood, when, beneath the  
 shade  
 Of templed Axum, side by side we played.  
 Stolen from his arms, my lover followed me  
 Through weary seasons over land and sea ;

And two days since, sitting disconsolate  
 Within the shadow of the harem gate,  
 Suddenly, as if dropping from the sky,  
 Down from the lattice of the balcony  
 Fell the sweet song by Tigre's cow-herds sung  
 In the old music of his native tongue.  
 He knew my voice, for love is quick of ear,  
 Answering in song.

This night he waited near  
 To fly with me. The fault was mine alone ;  
 He knew thee not, he did but seek his own ;  
 Who, in the very shadow of thy throne,  
 Sharing thy bounty, knowing all thou art,  
 Greatest and best of men, and in her heart  
 Grateful to tears for favor undeserved,  
 Turned ever homeward, nor one moment swerved  
 From her young love. He looked into my eyes,  
 He heard my voice, and could not otherwise  
 Than he hath done ; yet, save one wild embrace  
 When first we stood together face to face,  
 And all that fate had done since last we met  
 Seemed but a dream that left us children yet,  
 He hath not wronged thee nor thy royal bed ;  
 Spare him, O king ! and slay me in his stead !"

But over Akbar's brows the frown hung black,  
 And, turning to the eunuch at his back,  
 " Take them," he said, " and let the Jumna's  
 waves  
 Hide both my shame and these accursed slaves !"  
 His loathly length the unsexed bondman bowed :  
 " On my head be it !"

Straightway from a cloud  
 Of dainty shawls and veils of woven mist  
 The Christian Miriam rose, and, stooping, kissed  
 The monarch's hand. Loose down her shoulders  
 bare  
 Swept all the rippled darkness of her hair,  
 Veiling the bosom that, with high, quick swell  
 Of fear and pity, through it rose and fell.

" Alas !" she cried, " hast thou forgotten quite  
 The words of Him we spake of yesternight ?  
 Or thy own prophet's,—' Whoso doth endure  
 And pardon, of eternal life is sure' ?  
 O great and good ! be thy revenge alone  
 Felt in thy mercy to the erring shown ;  
 Let thwarted love and youth their pardon plead,  
 Who sinned but in intent, and not in deed !"

One moment the strong frame of Akbar shook  
 With the great storm of passion. Then his look  
 Softened to her uplifted face, that still  
 Pleaded more strongly than all words, until  
 Its pride and anger seemed like overblown,  
 Spent clouds of thunder left to tell alone  
 Of strife and overcoming. With bowed head,  
 And smiting on his bosom : " God," he said,  
 " Alone is great, and let His holy name  
 Be honored, even to His servant's shame !  
 Well spake thy prophet, Miriam,—he alone  
 Who hath not sinned is meet to cast a stone  
 At such as these, who here their doom await,  
 Held like myself in the strong grasp of fate.  
 They sinned through love, as I through love for-  
 give ;  
 Take them beyond my realm, but let them live !"

And, like a chorus to the words of grace,  
 The ancient Fakir, sitting in his place,  
 Motionless as an idol and as grim,  
 In the pavilion Akbar built for him  
 Under the court-yard trees, (for he was wise,  
 Knew Menu's laws, and through his close-shut  
 eyes  
 Saw things far off, and as an open book  
 Into the thoughts of other men could look.)  
 Began, half chant, half howling, to rehearse  
 The fragment of a holy Vedic verse ;





“And, momentarily, the beacon's star,”

And thus it ran : “He who all things forgives  
Conquers himself and all things else, and lives  
Above the reach of wrong or hate or fear,  
Calm as the gods, to whom he is most dear.”

Two leagues from Agra still the traveller sees  
The tomb of Akbar through its cypress-trees ;  
And, near at hand, the marble walls that hide  
The Christian Begum sleeping at his side.  
And o'er her vault of burial (who shall tell  
If it be chance alone or miracle ?)  
The Mission press with tireless hand unrolls  
The words of Jesus on its lettered scrolls,—  
Tells, in all tongues, the tale of mercy o'er  
And bids the guilty, “Go and sin no more !”

It now was dew-fall ; very still  
The night lay on the lonely hill,  
Down which our homeward steps we bent,  
And, silent, through great silence went,  
Save that the tireless crickets played  
Their long, monotonous serenade.

A young moon, at its narrowest,  
Curved sharp against the darkening west ;  
And, momentarily, the beacon's star,  
Slow wheeling o'er its rock afar,  
From out the level darkness shot  
One instant and again was not.  
And then my friend spake quietly  
The thought of both : “Yon crescent see !  
Like Islam's symbol moon it gives  
Hints of the light whereby it lives :  
Somewhat of goodness, something true  
From sun and spirit shining through  
All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark  
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,  
Attests the presence everywhere  
Of love and providential care.  
The faith the old Norse heart confessed  
In one dear name,—the hopefulest  
And tenderest heard from mortal lips  
In pangs of birth or death, from ships  
Ice-bitten in the winter sea,  
Or lisped beside a mother's knee,—  
The wiser world hath not outgrown,  
And the All-Father is our own !”

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## NOREMBEGA.

[Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp, in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.]

THE winding way the serpent takes  
The mystic water took,  
From where, to count its beaded lakes,  
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,  
For sun or stars to fall,  
While evermore, behind, before,  
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath  
Wan flowers without a name;  
Life tangled with decay and death,  
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill  
The rounding shadow lay,  
Save where the river cut at will  
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,  
Weak as a child unweaned,  
At shut of day a Christian knight  
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires  
Along the clouds burned down;  
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires  
Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,  
Are golden clouds on high;  
Yon spire is but the branchless pine  
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark! What sounds are these  
But chants and holy hymns?"  
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees  
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills  
The air with its low tone?"  
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,  
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised!—He sets for me  
A blessed cross in sight!"  
"Now, nay, 't is but yon blasted tree  
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,  
It mattereth not, my knave;  
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,  
The cross is for my grave!"

"My life is sped; I shall not see  
My home-set sails again;

The sweetest eyes of Normandie  
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye  
The baffling marvel calls;  
I fain would look before I die  
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part  
At Christian feet to lay  
But, through the desert's heart  
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou  
And look from yonder heights;  
Perchance the valley even now  
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,  
He saw nor tower nor town,  
But, through the drear woods, lone and still,  
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things  
Whose shapes he could not see,  
A flutter as of evil wings,  
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,  
A sword of fire beyond;  
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon  
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear,  
We are but men misled;  
And thou hast sought a city here  
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where  
A true man's cross may stand,  
So Heaven be o'er it here as there  
In pleasant Norman land?"

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide  
Of lordly tower and hall;  
Yon river in its wanderings wide  
Has washed no city wall;"

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream  
The holy stars are given:  
Is Norembega, then, a dream  
Whose waking is in Heaven?"

"No builded wonder of these lands  
My weary eyes shall see;  
A city never made with hands  
Alone awaiteth me—

"*Urbs Syon mystica*': I see  
Its mansions passing fair,  
'*Condita celo*': let me be,  
Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung  
The vision of the bard,  
As faltered on his failing tongue  
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave  
Beneath the hemlocks brown,  
And to the desert's keeping gave  
The lord of fief and town.



Years after, when the Sieur Champlain  
Sailed up the unknown stream,  
And Norembea proved again  
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave  
Within the hemlock's shade,  
And, stretching wide its arms to save,  
The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot  
And made it holy ground :  
He needs the earthly city not  
Who hath the heavenly found.

### NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who of old  
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing  
Cape  
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds  
And the relentless smiting of the waves,  
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream  
Of a good angel dropping in his hand  
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day  
Far inland, where the voices of the waves  
Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,  
As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods,  
He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor  
bird

He found ; though meanwhile in the reedy pools  
The otter plashed, and underneath the pines  
The partridge drummed : and as his thoughts  
went back

To the sick wife and little child at home,  
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith  
Too weak to bear its burden,—like a rope  
That, strand by strand, uncoiling, breaks above  
The hand that grasps it. “Even now, O Lord!  
Send me,” he prayed, “the angel of my dream!  
Nauhaught is very poor ; he cannot wait.

Even as he spake he heard at his bare feet  
A low, metallic clink, and, looking down,  
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold  
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held  
The treasure up before his eyes, alone  
With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins  
Slide through his eager fingers, one by one.  
So then the dream was true. The angel brought  
One broad piece only ; should he take all these ?  
Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods ?  
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss  
This dropped crumb from a table always full.  
Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry  
Of a starved child ; the sick face of his wife  
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt  
Urged the wild license of his savage youth  
Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,  
Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and pitiless eyes  
To watch his halting,—had he lost for these  
The freedom of the woods ;—the hunting-grounds  
Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven  
Of everlasting psalms ? One healed the sick  
Very far off thousands of moons ago :  
Had he not prayed him night and day to come  
And cure his bed-bound wife ? Was there a hell ?  
Were all his fathers' people writhing there—  
Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive—  
Forever, dying never ? If he kept  
This gold, so needed, would the dreadful God  
Torment him like a Mohawk's captive stuck  
With slow-consuming splinters ? Would the  
saints

And the white angels dance and laugh to see him  
Burn like a pitch-pine torch ? His Christian  
garb  
Seemed falling from him ; with the fear and  
shame

Of Adam naked at the cool of day,  
He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil  
On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye  
Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian lore  
Of evil blending with a convert's faith  
In the supernal terrors of the Book,  
He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake  
And ominous, black-winged bird ; and all the  
while

The low rebuking of the distant waves  
Stole in upon him like the voice of God  
Among the trees of Eden. Girding up  
His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust  
The base thought from him : “Nauhaught, be a  
man !

Starve, if need be ; but, while you live, look out  
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.  
God help me ! I am a deacon of the church,  
A baptized, praying Indian ! Should I do  
This secret meanness, even the barken knots  
Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it,  
The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves  
Whisper above me : ‘Nauhaught is a thief !’  
The sun would know it, and the stars that hide  
Behind his light would watch me, and at night  
Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.  
Yea, thou, God, seest me !” Then Nauhaught  
drew

Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus  
The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back  
To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea ;  
And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked :  
“Who hath lost aught to-day ?”

“I,” said a voice ;  
“Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,  
My daughter's handiwork.” He looked, and lo !  
One stood before him in a coat of frieze,  
And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,  
Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of  
wings.  
Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's  
hand

The silken web, and turned to go his way.  
But the man said : “A tithe at least is yours ;  
Take it in God's name as an honest man.”  
And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed  
Over the golden gift, “Yea, in God's name  
I take it, with a poor man's thanks,” he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand,  
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,  
He sought his home, singing and praising God ;  
And when his neighbors in their careless way  
Spoke of the owner of the silken purse—  
A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port  
That the Cape opens in its sandy wall—  
He answered, with a wise smile, to himself :  
“I saw the angel where they see a man.”

### IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning ;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official ;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled:  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.

### GARIBALDI

In trance and dream of old, God's prophet saw  
The casting down of thrones. Thou, watching  
lone

The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hilled,  
Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky zone  
With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,  
Behold'st the vision of the seer fulfilled,  
And hear'st the sea-winds burdened with a  
sound

Of falling chains, as, one by one, unbound,  
The nations lift their right hands up and swear  
Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-white  
wall

Of England, from the black Carpathian range,  
Along the Danube and the Theiss, through all  
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,  
And from the Seine's thronged banks, a murmur  
strange

And glad floats to thee o'er thy summer seas  
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair,—  
The song of freedom's bloodless victories!  
Rejoice, O Garibaldi! Though thy sword  
Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed vainly  
poured

Where, in Christ's name, the crowned infidel  
Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell  
On that sad mountain slope whose ghostly dead,  
Unmindful of the gray exorcist's ban,  
Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,

And draw the curtains of Napoleon's bed!  
God's providence is not blind, but, full of eyes,  
It searches all the refuges of lies;  
And in His time and way, the accursed things  
Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage  
Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age  
Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings,—  
One royal brotherhood, one church made free  
By love, which is the law of liberty!

1869.

### AFTER ELECTION.

THE day's sharp strife is ended now,  
Our work is done, God knoweth how!  
As on the thronged, unrestful town  
The patience of the moon looks down,  
I wait to hear, beside the wire,  
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first:  
Be strong, my heart, to know the worst!  
Hark!—there the Alleghanies spoke;  
That sound from lake and prairie broke,  
That sunset-gun of triumph rent  
The silence of a continent!

That signal from Nebraska sprung.  
This, from Nevada's mountain tongue!  
Is that thy answer, strong and free,  
O loyal heart of Tennessee?  
What strange, glad voice is that which calls  
From Wagner's grave and Sumter's walls?

From Mississippi's fountain-head  
A sound as of the bison's tread!  
There rustled freedom's Charter Oak!  
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke!  
Cheer answers cheer from rise to set  
Of sun. We have a country yet!

The praise, O God, be thine alone!  
Thou givest not for bread a stone;  
Thou hast not led us through the night  
To blind us with returning light;  
Not through the furnace have we passed,  
To perish at its mouth at last.

O night of peace, thy flight restrain!  
November's moon, be slow to wane!  
Shine on the freedman's cabin floor,  
On brows of prayer a blessing pour;  
And give, with full assurance blest,  
The weary heart of Freedom rest!

1868.

### MY TRIUMPH.

THE autumn-time has come;  
On woods that dream of bloom,  
And over purpling vines,  
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,  
The hazel's gold is paling;  
Yet overhead more near  
The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude  
Insures the future's good,  
And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be;



That in the paths untrod,  
And the long days of God,  
My feet shall still be led,  
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me !  
O dear ones gone above me !  
Careless of other fame,  
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,  
Save it from evil phrases:  
Why, when dear lips that spake it  
Are dumb, should strangers wake it ?

Let the thick curtain fall ;  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted  
Let life be banned or sainted :  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung  
My songs that found no tongue ;  
Nobler than any fact  
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they ?  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made ?

Hail to the coming singers !  
Hail to the brave light-bringers !  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me :  
A glory shines before me  
Of what mankind shall be,—  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman  
Diviner but still human,  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold !

The love of God and neighbor ;  
An equal-handed labor ;  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples !  
Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own !

Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Fore-reach the good to be,  
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take, by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

## THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,  
So terrible alive,  
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind, became  
The wandering wild bees' hive ;  
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore  
Those jaws of death apart,  
In after time drew forth their honeyed store  
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend : but it only slept  
To wake beneath our sky ;  
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason crept  
Back to its lair to die,  
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain  
bounds,  
A stained and shattered drum  
Is now the hive where, on their flowery rounds,  
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,  
They wander wide and far,  
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and shell,  
Through vales once choked with war.  
The low reveille of their battle-drum  
Disturbs no morning prayer ;  
With deeper peace in summer noons their hum  
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,  
Of sweetness from the strong,  
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked away  
From the rent jaws of wrong.  
From Treason's death we draw a purer life,  
As, from the beast he slew,  
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife  
The old-time athlete drew !

## HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

RIGHT in the track where Sherman  
Ploughed his red furrow,  
Out of the narrow cabin,  
Up from the cellar's burrow,  
Gathered the little black people,  
With freedom newly dowered,  
Where, beside their Northern teacher,  
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children  
Of the poor and long-enslaved  
Reading the words of Jesus,  
Singing the songs of David.  
Behold !—the dumb lips speaking,  
The blind eyes seeing !  
Bones of the Prophet's vision  
Warmed into being !

Transformed he saw them passing  
Their new life's portal !  
Almost it seemed the mortal  
Put on the immortal.  
No more with the beasts of burden,  
No more with stone and clod,  
But crowned with glory and honor  
In the image of God !

There was the human chattel  
Its manhood taking ;  
There, in each dark, brown statue.  
A soul was waking !  
The man of many battles,  
With tears his eyelids pressing,  
Stretched over those dusky foreheads  
His one-armed blessing.

And he said : " Who hears can never  
 Fear for or doubt you ;  
 What shall I tell the children  
 Up North about you ? "  
 Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,  
 Some answer devising ;  
 And a little boy stood up : " Massa,  
 Tell 'em we 're rising ! "

O black boy of Atlanta !  
 But half was spoken :  
 The slave's chain and the master's  
 Alike are broken.  
 The one curse of the races  
 Held both in tether :  
 They are rising,—all are rising,  
 The black and white together !

O brave men and fair women !  
 Ill comes of hate and scorning :  
 Shall the dark faces only  
 Be turned to morning ?—  
 Make Time your sole avenger,  
 All-healing, all-redressing ;  
 Meet Fate half-way, and make it  
 A joy and blessing !

### TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD,

ON READING HER POEM IN "THE STANDARD."

THE sweet spring day is glad with music,  
 But through it sounds a sadder strain ;  
 The worthiest of our narrowing circle  
 Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

O woman greatly loved ! I join thee  
 In tender memories of our friend ;  
 With thee across the awful spaces  
 The greeting of a soul I send !

What cheer hath he ? How is it with him ?  
 Where lingers he this weary while ?  
 Over what pleasant fields of Heaven  
 Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile ?

Does he not know our feet are treading  
 The earth hard down on Slavery's grave ?  
 That, in our crowning exultations,  
 We miss the charm his presence gave ?

Why on this spring air comes no whisper  
 From him to tell us all is well ?  
 Why to our flower-time comes no token  
 Of lily and of asphodel ?

I feel the unutterable longing,  
 Thy hunger of the heart is mine ;  
 I reach and grope for hands in darkness,  
 My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question  
 The finger of God's silence lies ;  
 Will the lost hands in ours be folded ?  
 Will the shut eyelids ever rise ?

O friend ! no proof beyond this yearning,  
 This outreach of our hearts, we need ;  
 God will not mock the hope He giveth,  
 No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
 And call our loved ones o'er and o'er ;

Some day their arms shall close about us,  
 And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendors wait our coming  
 Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart ;  
 Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,  
 The harvest-gathering of the heart.

### THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

ALONG the aisle where prayer was made  
 A woman, all in black arrayed,  
 Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,  
 With gliding motion of a ghost,  
 Passed to the desk, and laid thereon  
 A scroll which bore these words alone,  
*Pray for me !*

Back from the place of worshipping  
 She glided like a guilty thing :  
 The rustle of her draperies, stirred  
 By hurrying feet, alone was heard ;  
 While, full of awe, the preacher read,  
 As out into the dark she sped :  
*" Pray for me ! "*

Back to the night from whence she came,  
 To unimagined grief or shame !  
 Across the threshold of that door  
 None knew the burden that she bore ;  
 Alone she left the written scroll,  
 The legend of a troubled soul,—  
*Pray for me !*

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin !  
 Thou leav'st a common need within ;  
 Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,  
 Some misery inarticulate,  
 Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,  
 Some household sorrow all unsaid.  
*Pray for us !*

Pass on ! The type of all thou art,  
 Sad witness to the common heart !  
 With face in veil and seal on lip,  
 In mute and strange companionship,  
 Like thee we wander to and fro,  
 Dumbly imploring as we go :  
*Pray for us !*

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads  
 Our want perchance hath greater needs ?  
 Yet they who make their loss the gain  
 Of others shall not ask in vain,  
 And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer  
 Of love from lips of self-despair :  
*Pray for us !*

In vain remorse and fear and hate  
 Beat with bruised hands against a fate  
 Whose walls of iron only move  
 And open to the touch of love.  
 He only feels his burdens fall  
 Who, taught by suffering, pities all.  
*Pray for us !*

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed  
 The mystery of another's breast.  
 Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,  
 Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.  
 Enough to note by many a sign  
 That every heart hath needs like thine.  
*Pray for us !*



## POEMS FOR PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

## A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE, BROWN UNIVERSITY, 29TH 6TH MONTH, 1870.

TO-DAY the plant by Williams set  
Its summer bloom discloses;  
The wilding sweetbrier of his prayers  
Is crowned with cultured roses.

Once more the Island State repeats  
The lesson that he taught her,  
And binds his pearl of charity  
Upon her brown-locked daughter.

Is 't fancy that he watches still  
His providence plantations?  
That still the careful Founder takes  
A part on these occasions?

Methinks I see that reverend form,  
Which all of us so well know:  
He rises up to speak; he jogs  
The presidential elbow.

"Good friends," he says, "you reap a field  
I sowed in self-denial,  
For toleration had its griefs  
And charity its trial.

"Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas More,  
To him must needs be given  
Who hearth heresy and leaves  
The heretic to Heaven!

"I hear again the snuffled tones,  
I see in dreary vision  
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,  
And prophets with a mission.

"Each zealot thrust before my eyes  
His Scripture-garbled label;  
All creeds were shouted in my ears  
As with the tongues of Babel.

"Scourged at one cart-tail, each denied  
The hope of every other;  
Each martyr shook his branded fist  
At the conscience of his brother!

"How cleft the dreary drone of man  
The shriller pipe of woman,  
As Gorton led his saints elect,  
Who held all things in common!

"Their gay robes trailed in ditch and swamp,  
And torn by thorn and thicket,  
The dancing-girls of Merry Mount  
Came dragging to my wicket.

"Shrill Anabaptists, shorn of ears;  
Gray witch-wives, hobbling slowly;  
And Antinomians, free of law,  
Whose very sins were holy.

"Hoarse ranters, crazed Fifth Monarchists,  
Of stripes and bondage braggarts,  
Pale Churchmen, with signed rubrics snatched  
From Puritanic fagots.

"And last, not least, the Quakers came,  
With tongues still sore from burning,

The Bay State's dust from off their feet  
Before my threshold spurning;

"A motley host, the Lord's *débris*,  
Faith's odds and ends together;  
Well might I shrink from guests with lungs  
Tough as their breeches leather:

"If, when the hangman at their heels  
Came, rope in hand to catch them,  
I took the hunted outcasts in  
I never sent to fetch them.

"I fed, but spared them not a whit;  
I gave to all who walked in,  
Not clams and succotash alone,  
But stronger meat of doctrine.

"I proved the prophets false, I pricked  
The bubble of perfection,  
And clapped upon their inner light  
The snuffers of election.

"And, looking backward on my times,  
One thing, at least, I'm proud for;  
I kept each sectary's dish apart,  
And made no spiritual chowder.

"Where now the blending signs of sect  
Would puzzle their assorter,  
The dry-shod Quaker kept the land,  
The Baptist held the water.

"A common coat now serves for both,  
The hat's no more a fixture;  
And which was wet and which was dry,  
Who knows in such a mixture?

"Well! He who fashioned Peter's dream  
To bless them all is able;  
And bird and beast and creeping thing  
Make clean upon His table!

"I walked by my own light; but when  
The ways of faith divided,  
Was I to force unwilling feet  
To tread the path that I did?

"I touched the garment-hem of truth,  
Yet saw not all its splendor;  
I knew enough of doubt to feel  
For every conscience tender.

"God left men free of choice, as when  
His Eden-trees were planted;  
Because they chose amiss, should I  
Deny the gift He granted?

"So, with a common sense of need,  
Our common weakness feeling,  
I left them with myself to God  
And His all-gracious dealing!

"I kept His plan whose rain and sun  
To tare and wheat are given;  
And if the ways to hell were free,  
I left them free to heaven!"

Take heart with us, O man of old,  
Soul-freedom's brave confessor,  
So love of God and man wax strong,  
Let sect and creed be lesser.

The jarring discords of thy day  
In ours one hymn are swelling;  
The wandering feet, the severed paths,  
All seek our Father's dwelling.

And slowly learns the world the truth  
That makes us all thy debtor,—  
That holy life is more than rite,  
And spirit more than letter;

That they who differ pole-wide serve  
Perchance the common Master,  
And other sheep He hath than they  
Who graze one narrow pasture!

For truth's worst foe is he who claims  
To act as God's avenger,  
And deems, beyond his sentry-beat,  
The crystal walls in danger!

Who sets for heresy his traps  
Of verbal quirk and quibble,  
And weeds the garden of the Lord  
With Satan's borrowed dibble.

To-day our hearts like organ keys  
One Master's touch are feeling;  
The branches of a common Vine  
Have only leaves of healing.

Co-workers, yet from varied fields,  
We share this restful nooning;  
The Quaker with the Baptist here  
Believes in close communing.

Forgive, dear saint, the playful tone,  
Too light for thy deserving;  
Thanks for thy generous faith in man,  
Thy trust in God unswerving.

Still echo in the hearts of men  
The words that thou hast spoken;  
No forge of hell can weld again  
The fetters thou hast broken.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more  
From Roman or Genevan;  
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps  
Henceforth the road to Heaven!

### "THE LAURELS."

AT THE TWENTIETH AND LAST ANNIVERSARY.

FROM these wild rocks I look to-day  
O'er leagues of dancing waves, and see  
The far, low coast-line stretch away  
To where our river meets the sea.

The light wind blowing off the land  
Is burdened with old voices; through  
Shut eyes I see how lip and hand  
The greeting of old days renew.

O friends whose hearts still keep their prime,  
Whose bright example warms and cheers,  
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,  
And set to music all his years!

I thank you for sweet summer days,  
For pleasant memories lingering long,  
For joyful meetings, fond delays,  
And ties of friendship woven strong.

As for the last time, side by side,  
You tread the paths familiar grown,  
I reach across the severing tide,  
And blend my farewells with your own.

Make room, O river of our home!  
For other feet in place of ours,  
And in the summers yet to come,  
Make glad another Feast of Flowers!

Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep,  
The pleasant pictures thou hast seen;  
Forget thy lovers not, but keep  
Our memory like thy laurels green.

ISLE OF SHOALS, 7th mo., 1870.

### HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION AT  
NEWBURYPORT.

NOT unto us who did but seek  
The word that burned within to speak,  
Not unto us this day belong  
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth  
The burden of unwelcome truth,  
And left us, weak and frail and few,  
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,  
The air we breathed was hot with blame;  
For not with gauged and softened tone  
We made the bondsman's cause our own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,  
The private hate, the public scorn;  
Yet held through all the paths we trod  
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped; but still, with awe,  
The coming of the sword we saw;  
We heard the nearing steps of doom,  
We saw the shade of things to come.

In grief which they alone can feel  
Who from a mother's wrong appeal,  
With blended lines of fear and hope  
We cast our country's horoscope.

For still within her house of life  
We marked the lurid sign of strife,  
And poisoning and imbittering all,  
We saw the star of Wormwood fall.

Deep as our love for her became  
Our hate of all that wrought her shame,  
And if, thereby, with tongue and pen  
We erred,—we were but mortal men.

We hoped for peace; our eyes survey  
The blood-red dawn of Freedom's day;  
We prayed for love to loose the chain;  
'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain!

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours  
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;  
Not by our hands is turned the key  
That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave  
Is piled and parted for the slave;  
A darker cloud moves on in light;  
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! is Thine alone,  
In Thy own way Thy work is done!  
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,  
To whom be glory, first and last!



# THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM, AND OTHER POEMS.

FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS.

THE beginnings of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1677 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics, who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the "Friends of God" in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener, and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windsheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Law at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law lecturer at Frankfort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of Dr. Spener. In 1680-81 he travelled in France, England, Ireland, and Italy with his friend Herr Von Rodeck. "I was," he says, "glad to enjoy again the company of my Christian friends, rather than be with Von Rodeck feasting and dancing." In 1683, in company with a small number of German Friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers. The township was divided into four hamlets, namely, Germantown, Krisheim, Creffield, and Sommerhausen. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognized head and lawgiver of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Anna), daughter of Dr. Klosternan, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1683 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery. The original document was discovered in 1844 by the Philadelphia antiquarian, Nathan Kite, and published in "The Friend" (Vol. XVIII., No. 16). It is a bold and direct appeal to the best instincts of the heart. "Have not," he asks, "these negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?"

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the Germantown settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal sect, but men of all religions were tolerated, and lived together in harmony. In 1692 Richard Frame published, in what he called verse, a "Description of Pennsylvania," in which he alludes to the settlement:—

'The German town of which I spoke before,  
Which is at least in length one mile or more.  
Where lives High German people and Low Dutch,  
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much,—  
There grows the flax, as also you may know  
That from the same they do divide the tow.  
Their trade suits well their habitation,—  
We find convenience for their occupation.'

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the Province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfort and Leipsic in 1700

and 1701. His "Lives of the Saints," etc., written in German and dedicated to Prof. Schurmberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left behind him many unpublished manuscripts, covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled "Hive Beestock, Melliotrophum Alucar, or Busca Apium," still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to a page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer:—

"Quisquis in hæc furtim reptas viridaria nostra  
Tangere fallaci poma caveto manu,  
Si non obsequeris faxit Deus omne quod opto,  
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta feras."

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer* and that able periodical the "Penn Monthly," of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius:—

"No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento cannot be gratified. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents; that Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to the mighty influence of their endeavors to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness," has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering,—felt, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern, aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as "a feeble folk," with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers, like Miles Standish; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Endicott. No Cotton Mather wrote their Magnalia; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which Satan and his angels were actors; and the only wish mentioned in their simple annals was a poor old Swedish woman, who, on complaint of her countrywomen, was tried and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians; indeed, their enemies taunted them with the fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilization that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer: \* "The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the

people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous, eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no external splendor and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an eternal Word, an Inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world; and all other voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral-aisles."

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist,—a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colors of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favor may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

AMESBURY, 5th mo., 1872.

J. G. W.

HAIL to posterity!

Hail, future men of Germanopolis!

Let the young generations yet to be  
Look kindly upon this.

Think how your fathers left their native land,—  
Dear German-land! O sacred hearths and  
homes!—

And, where the wild beast roams,  
In patience planned

New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,  
There undisturbed and free

To live as brothers of one family,

What pains and cares befell,

What trials and what fears,

Remember, and wherein we have done well

Follow our footsteps, men of coming years!

Where we have failed to do

Aright, or wisely live,

Be warned by us, the better way pursue,

And, knowing we were human, even as you,

Pity us and forgive!

Farewell, Posterity!

Farewell, dear Germany!

Forevermore farewell!

*From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS in the  
German Town Records. 1688.*

## PRELUDE.

I SING the Pilgrim of a softer clime

And milder speech than those brave men's who  
brought

To the ice and iron of our winter time

A will as firm, a creed as stern, and wrought

With one mailed hand, and with the other  
fought.

Simply, as fits my theme, in homely rhyme

I sing the blue-eyed German Spener taught,

Through whose veiled, mystic faith the Inward  
Light,

Steady and still, an easy brightness, shone,

Transfiguring all things in its radiance white.

The garland which his meekness never sought

I bring him; over fields of harvest sown

With seeds of blessing, now to ripeness grown,

I bid the sower pass before the reapers' sight.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

NEVER in tenderer quiet lapsed the day  
From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,  
Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar  
Of purple cloud, on which the evening star  
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through the  
deep

Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep,  
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their ploughs  
Rested at last, and from their long day's browse  
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-bound  
cows.

And the young city, round whose virgin zone  
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,  
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then  
With its fair women and its stately men  
Gracing the forest court of William Penn,

Urban yet sylvan; in its rough-hewn frames  
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,  
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland  
names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane  
Looked city-ward, then stooped to prune again  
Her vines and simples, with a sigh of pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset paled  
In the oak clearing, and, as daylight failed,  
Slow, overhead, the dusky night-birds sailed.

Again she looked: between green walls of shade,  
With low-bent head as if with sorrow weighed,  
Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

"God's peace be with thee, Anna!" Then he  
stood

Silent before her, wrestling with the mood  
Of one who sees the evil and not good.

"What is it, my Pastorius?" As she spoke,  
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,  
Sadder than tears. "Dear heart," he said, "our  
folk

"Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends  
Are frail; our elders have their selfish ends,  
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

"For duty's loss. So even our feeble word  
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard  
As if a stone its quiet water stirred;

"And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began  
A ripple of dissent which downward ran  
In widening circles, as from man to man.

"Somewhat was said of running before sent,  
Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,  
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

"On hearing, for behind the reverend row  
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show  
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

"And, in the spirit, I was taken where  
They toiled and suffered; I was made aware  
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair!





"Touching with finger-tip an aloe."

"And while the meeting smothered our poor plea  
With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,  
'As ye have done to these ye do to me!'"

"So it all passed; and the old tithe went on  
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun  
Set, leaving still the weightier work undone.

"Help, for the good man faileth! Who is strong,  
If these be weak? Who shall rebuke the wrong,  
If these consent? How long, O Lord! how long!"

He ceased; and, bound in spirit with the bound,  
With folded arms, and eyes that sought the  
ground,  
Walked musingly his little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling dew,  
Rare plants of power and herbs of healing grew,  
Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gorlitz' gentle sage,  
With the mild mystics of his dreamy age  
He read the herbal signs of nature's page.

As once he heard in sweet Von Merlau's<sup>76</sup> bowers  
Fair as herself, in boyhood's happy hours,  
The pious Spenser read his creed in flowers.

"The dear Lord give us patience!" said his wife,  
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife  
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife.

Or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn  
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,  
Brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen.

"See this strange plant its steady purpose hold,  
And, year by year, its patient leaves unfold,  
Till the young eyes that watched it first are old.

"But some time, thou hast told me, there shall  
come  
A sudden beauty, brightness, and perfume,  
The century-moulded bud shall burst in bloom.

"So may the seed which hath been sown to-day  
Grow with the years, and, after long delay,  
Break into bloom, and God's eternal Yea

"Answer at last the patient prayers of them  
Who now, by faith alone, behold its stem  
Crowned with the flowers of Freedom's diadem.

"Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work and wait  
Remains for us. The wrong indeed is great,  
But love and patience conquer soon or late."

"Well hast thou said, my Anna!" Tenderer  
Than youth's caress upon the head of her  
Pastorius laid his hand. "Shall we demur

"Because the vision tarrieth? In an hour  
We dream not of the slow-grown bud may flower,  
And what was sown in weakness rise in power!"

Then through the vine-draped door whose legend  
read,  
"PROCUŁ ESTE PROPHANI!" Anna led  
To where their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. "Dear heart," she said,  
"if we  
Must bearers of a heavy burden be,  
Our boy, God willing, yet the day shall see

"When, from the gallery to the farthest seat,  
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer meet,  
But all sit equal at the Master's feet."

On the stone hearth the blazing walnut block  
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed the cock  
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physic, side  
By side with Fox and Behmen, played at hide  
And seek with Anna, midst her household pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare  
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but where,  
Tasting the fat shads of the Delaware,

The courtly Penn had praised the goodwife's cheer,  
And quoted Horace o'er her home-brewed beer,  
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to hear.

In such a home, beside the Schuylkill's wave,  
He dwelt in peace with God and man, and gave  
Food to the poor and shelter to the slave.

For all too soon the New World's scandal shamed  
The righteous code by Penn and Sidney framed,  
And men withheld the human rights they claimed.

And slowly wealth and station sanction lent,  
And hardened avarice, on its gains intent,  
Stifled the inward whisper of dissent.

Yet all the while the burden rested sore  
On tender hearts. At last Pastorius bore  
Their warning message to the Church's door

In God's name; and the leaven of the word  
Wrought ever after in the souls who heard,  
And a dead conscience in its grave-clothes stirred

To troubled life, and urged the vain excuse  
Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use,  
Good in itself if evil in abuse.

Gravely Pastorius listened, not the less  
Discerning through the decent fig-leaf dress  
Of the poor plea its shame of selfishness.

One Scripture rule, at least, was unforgot;  
He hid the outcast, and bewrayed him not;  
And, when his prey the human hunter sought,

He scrupled not, while Anna's wise delay  
And proffered cheer prolonged the master's stay,  
To speed the black guest safely on his way.

Yet, who shall guess his bitter grief who lends  
His life to some great cause, and finds his friends  
Shame or betray it for their private ends?

How felt the Master when his chosen strove  
In childish folly for their seats above;  
And that fond mother, blinded by her love,

Besought him that her sons, beside his throne,  
Might sit on either hand? Amidst his own  
A stranger oft, companionless and lone,

God's priest and prophet stands. The martyr's  
pain  
Is not alone from scourge and cell and chain;  
Sharper the pang when, shouting in his train,

His weak disciples by their lives deny  
The loud hosannas of their daily cry,  
And make their echo of his truth a lie.

His forest home no hermit's cell he found,  
Guests, motley-minded, drew his hearth around,  
And held armed truce upon its neutral ground.

Their Indian chiefs with battle-bows unstrung,  
Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom Homersung,  
Pastorius fancied, when the world was young,

Came with their tawny women, lithe and tall,  
Like bronzes in his friend Von Rodeck's hall,  
Comely, if black, and not unpleasing all.

There hungry folk in homespun drab and gray  
Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting day,  
Genial, half merry in their friendly way.

Or, haply, pilgrims from the Fatherland,  
Weak, timid, homesick, slow to understand  
The New World's promise, sought his helping hand.

Or painful Kelpius<sup>76</sup> from his hermit den  
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,  
Dreamed o'er the Chiliaist dreams of Petersen.

Deep in the woods, where the small river slid  
Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic hid,  
Weird as a wizard over arts forbid,

Reading the books of Daniel and of John,  
And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through the  
Stone  
Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,

Whereby he read what man ne'er read before,  
And saw the visions man shall see no more,  
Till the great angel, striding sea and shore,

Shall bid all flesh await, on land or ships,  
The warning trump of the Apocalypse,  
Shattering the heavens before the dread eclipse.

Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded chin  
Leaned o'er the gate; or Ranter, pure within,  
Aired his perfection in a world of sin.

Or, talking of old home scenes, Op den Graaf  
Teased the low back-log with his shodden staff,  
Till the red embers broke into a laugh

And dance of flame, as if they fain would cheer  
The rugged face, half tender, half austere,  
Touched with the pathos of a homesick tear!

Or Sluyter,<sup>77</sup> saintly familist, whose word  
As law the Brethren of the Manor heard,  
Announced the speedy terrors of the Lord,

And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from his race,  
Above a wrecked world with complacent face  
Riding secure upon his plank of grace!

Haply, from Finland's birchen groves exiled,  
Manly in thought, in simple ways a child,  
His white hair floating round his visage mild,

The Swedish pastor sought the Quaker's door,  
Pleased from his neighbor's lips to hear once more  
His long-disused and half-forgotten lore.

For both could baffle Babel's lingual curse,  
And speak in Bion's Doric, and rehearse  
Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding verse.

And oft Pastorius and the meek old man  
Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran,  
Ending in Christian love, as they began.

With lettered Lloyd on pleasant morns he strayed  
Where Sommerhansen over vales of shade  
Looked miles away, by every flower delayed,

Or song of bird, happy and free with one  
Who loved, like him, to let his memory run  
Over old fields of learning, and to sun

Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,  
And dream with Philo over mysteries,  
Whereof the dreamer never finds the keys;



To touch all themes of thought, nor weakly stop  
For doubt of truth, but let the buckets drop  
Deep down and bring the hidden waters up.<sup>70</sup>

For there was freedom in that wakening time  
Of tender souls; to differ was not crime;  
The varying bells made up the perfect chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,  
The white, clear light, tradition-colored, stole  
Through the stained oriel of each human soul.

Gathered from many sects, the Quaker brought  
His old beliefs, adjusting to the thought  
That moved his soul the creed his fathers taught.

One faith alone, so broad that all mankind  
Within themselves its secret witness find,  
The soul's communion with the Eternal Mind,

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule and Guide,  
Scholar and peasant, lord and serf, allied,  
The polished Penn and Cromwell's Ironside.

As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meeting,<sup>71</sup> face  
By face in Flemish detail, we may trace  
How loose-mouthed boor and fine ancestral grace

Sat in close contrast,—the clipt-headed churl,  
Broad market-dame, and simple serving-girl  
By skirt of silk and periwig in curl!

For soul touched soul; the spiritual treasure-  
trove  
Made all men equal, none could rise above  
Nor sink below that level of God's love.

So, with his rustic neighbors sitting down,  
The homespun frock beside the scholar's gown,  
Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and sought  
The bookless wisdom by experience taught,  
And learned to love his new-found home, while  
not

Forgetful of the old; the seasons went  
Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit lent  
Of their own calm and measureless content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin sing  
His song of welcome to the Western spring,  
And bluebird borrowing from the sky his wing.

And when the miracle of autumn came,  
And all the woods with many-colored flame  
Of splendor, making summer's greenness tame,

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without a sound  
Spoke to him from each kindled bush around,  
And made the strange, new landscape holy  
ground!

And when the bitter north-wind, keen and swift,  
Swept the white street and piled the dooryard  
drift,  
He exercised, as Friends might say, his gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like the hash  
Of corn and beans in Indian succotash;  
Dull, doubtless, but with here and there a flash

Of wit and fine conceit,—the good man's play  
Of quiet fancies, meet to while away  
The slow hours measuring off an idle day.

At evening, while his wife put on her look  
Of love's endurance, from its niche he took  
The written pages of his ponderous book.

And read, in half the languages of man,  
His "Rusca Apium," which with bees began,  
And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some friend  
In gray Altorf or storied Nürnberg penned  
Dropped in upon him like a guest to spend

The night beneath his roof-tree. Mystical  
The fair Von Merlau spake as waters fall  
And voices sound in dreams, and yet withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low tone,  
Over the roses of her gardens blown  
Brought the warm sense of beauty all her own.

Wise Spener questioned what his friend could trace  
Of spiritual influx or of saving grace  
In the wild natures of the Indian race.

And learned Schurmberg, fain, at times, to look  
From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and Pentateuch,  
Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,  
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest range,  
Of flowers and fruits and simples new and strange.

And thus the Old and New World reached their  
hands  
Across the water, and the friendly lands  
Talked with each other from their severed strands.

Pastorius answered all: while seed and root  
Sent from his new home grew to flower and fruit  
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's foot;

And, in return, the flowers his boyhood knew  
Smiled at his door, the same in form and hue,  
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters grew.

No idler he; whoever else might shirk,  
He set his hand to every honest work,—  
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting clerk.

Still on the town seal his device is found,  
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil ground,  
With, "VINUM, LINUM ET TEXTURUM" wound.

One house sufficed for gospel and for law,  
Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text and saw,  
Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.

Whatever legal maze he wandered through,  
He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,  
And justice always into mercy grew.

No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail,  
Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief grew pale  
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land;  
The slanderer faltered at the witness-stand,  
And all men took his counsel for command.

Was it caressing air, the brooding love  
Of tenderer skies than German land knew of,  
Green calm below, blue quietness above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood  
That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood  
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of hate,  
Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to wait  
The slow assurance of the better state?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner way  
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,  
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?  
What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke  
In waves that on their iron coast-line broke?

Be it as it may; within the Land of Penn  
The sectary yielded to the citizen,  
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung  
The air to madness, and no steeple flung  
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from his face  
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place  
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white man's side,—  
Giving to kindness what his native pride  
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the old  
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors told  
By wigwam-fires when nights were growing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their fancy drew  
Its dreams, and held their childish faith more  
true  
To God and man than half the creeds he knew.<sup>60</sup>

The desert blossomed round him; wheat-fields  
rolled  
Beneath the warm wind waves of green and gold;  
The planted ear returned its hundredfold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun  
Than that which by the Rhine stream shines  
upon  
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'errun.

About each rustic porch the humming-bird  
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal stirred,  
The Old World flowers to virgin soil transferred;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple, bending  
The young boughs down, their gold and russet  
blending,  
Made glad his heart, familiar odors lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,  
Life-everlasting, bay; and eglantine,  
And all the subtle scents the woods combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer  
calm  
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,  
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel  
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel  
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,  
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways  
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim  
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,  
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness multiplied  
And made intense by sympathy, outside  
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume  
Breathed through the open windows of the room  
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,  
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,  
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread  
In Indian isles; pale women who had bled  
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

God's message through their prison's iron bars;  
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars  
From every stricken field of England's wars

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt  
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt  
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole  
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,  
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,  
The friendly group still lingered at the door,  
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid  
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,  
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet delayed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back the thrushes?  
Did light girl laughter ripple through the bushes?  
As brooks make merry over roots and rushes?

Unyexed the sweet air seemed. Without a wound  
The ear of silence heard, and every sound  
Its place in nature's fine accordance found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,  
Old kindly faces, youth and maidenhood  
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good!

And, greeting all with quiet smile and word,  
Pastorius went his way. The unscared bird  
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;  
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or trod,  
He felt the peace of nature and of God.

His social life wore no ascetic form,  
He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,  
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,  
He made his own no circuit-judge to try  
The freer conscience of his neighbors by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,  
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown,  
The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,

And faithful to all scruples, finds at last  
The thorns and shards of duty overpast,  
And daily life, beyond his hope's forecast,

Pleasant and beautiful with sight and sound,  
And flowers upspringing in its narrow round,  
And all his days with quiet gladness crowned.

He sang not; but, if sometimes tempted strong,  
He hummed what seemed like Altorf's Burschen-  
song,  
His good wife smiled, and did not count it wrong.

For well he loved his boyhood's brother band;  
His memory, while he trod the New World's  
strand,  
A double-ganger walked the Fatherland!

If, when on frosty Christmas eves the light  
Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed the sight  
Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child all in white;

And closed his eyes, and listened to the sweet  
Old wait-songs sounding down his native street,  
And watched again the dancers' mingling feet;



Yet not the less, when once the vision passed,  
He held the plaim and sober maxims fast  
Of the dear Friends with whom his lot was cast.

Still all attuned to nature's melodies,  
He loved the bird's song in his dooryard trees,  
And the low hum of home-returning bees ;

The blossomed flax, the tulip-trees in bloom  
Down the long street, the beauty and perfume  
Of apple-boughs, the mingling light and gloom

Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven through  
With sun-threads ; and the music the wind drew,  
Mournful and sweet, from leaves it overblew.

And evermore, beneath this outward sense,  
And through the common sequence of events,  
He felt the guiding hand of Providence

Reach out of space. A Voice spake in his ear,  
And lo ! all other voices far and near  
Died at that whisper, full of meanings clear.

The Light of Life shone round him ; one by one  
The wandering lights, that all mis-leading run,  
Went out like candles paling in the sun.

That Light he followed, step by step, where'er  
It led, as in the vision of the seer  
The wheels moved as the spirit in the clear

And terrible crystal moved, with all their eyes  
Watching the living splendor sink or rise,  
Its will their will, knowing no otherwise.

Within himself he found the law of right,  
He walked by faith and not the letter's sight,  
And read his Bible by the Inward Light.

And if sometimes the slaves of form and rule,  
Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's pool,  
Tried the large tolerance of his liberal school,

His door was free to men of every name,  
He welcomed all the seeking souls who came,  
And no man's faith he made a cause of blame.

But best he loved in leisure hours to see  
His own dear Friends sit by him knee to knee,  
In social converse, genial, frank, and free.

There sometimes silence (it were hard to tell  
Who owned it first) upon the circle fell,  
Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid its spell

On the black boy who grimaced by the hearth,  
To solemnize his shining face of mirth ;  
Only the old clock ticked amidst the death

Of sound ; nor eye was raised nor hand was  
stirred  
In that soul-sabbath, till at last some word  
Of tender counsel or low prayer was heard.

Then guests, who lingered but farewell to say  
And take love's message, went their homeward  
way ;  
So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age of Gold,  
A truer idyl than the bards have told  
Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of burial keep,  
And century-rooted mosses o'er it creep,  
The Nürnberg scholar and his helpmeet sleep.

And Anna's aloë ? If it flowered at last  
In Bartram's garden, did John Woolman cast  
A glance upon it as he meekly passed ?

And did a secret sympathy possess  
That tender soul, and for the slave's redress  
Lend hope, strength, patience ? It were vain to  
guess.

Nay, were the plant itself but mythical,  
Set in the fresco of tradition's wall  
Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not at all

Enough to know that, through the winter's frost  
And summer's heat, no seed of truth is lost,  
And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and air,  
God sent the answer to his life-long prayer ;  
The child was born beside the Delaware,

Who, in the power of a holy purpose lends,  
Guided his people unto nobler ends,  
And left them worthier of the name of Friends.

And lo ! the fulness of the time has come,  
And over all the exile's Western home,  
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom !

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets blow ;  
But not for thee, Pastorius ! Even so  
The world forgets, but the wise angels know.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,  
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,  
Through the frost-pictured panes I hear.

A brightness which outshines the morning,  
A splendor brooking no delay,  
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway  
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through  
A jewelled elm-tree avenue ;

Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,  
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-embossed,  
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,  
I dream the Saga's dream of caves  
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves !

I walk the land of Eldorado,  
I touch its mimic garden bowers,  
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers !

The flora of the mystic mine-world  
Around me lifts on crystal stems  
The petals of its clustered gems !



"A jewelled elm-tree avenue,"

What miracle of weird transforming  
In this wild work of frost and light,  
This glimpse of glory infinite !

This foregleam of the Holy City  
Like that to him of Patmos given,  
The white bride coming down from heaven !

How flash the ranked and mail-clad alders,  
Through what sharp-glancing spears of reeds  
The brook its muffled water leads !

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,  
Burns unconsumed : a white, cold fire  
Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein,  
Low laurel shrub and drooping fern,  
Transfigured, blaze where'er I turn.

How yonder Eth'opian hemlock  
Crowned with his glistening circlet stands !  
What jewels light his swarthy hands !

Here, where the forest opens southward,  
Between its hospitable pines,  
As through a door, the warm sun shines.

The jewels loosen on the branches,  
And lightly, as the soft winds blow,  
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.

And through the clashing of their cymbals  
I hear the old familiar fall  
Of water down the rocky wall.

Where, from its wintry prison breaking,  
In dark and silence hidden long,  
The brook repeats its summer song.

One instant flashing in the sunshine,  
Keen as a sabre from its sheath,  
Then lost again the ice beneath.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,  
The foolish screaming of the jay,  
The chopper's axe-stroke far away ;

The clamor of some neighboring barn-yard,  
The lazy cock's belated crow,  
Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.

And, as in some enchanted forest  
The lost knight hears his comrades sing,  
And, near at hand, their bridles ring,

So welcome I these sounds and voices,  
These airs from far-off summer blown,  
This life that leaves me not alone.

For the white glory overawes me ;  
The crystal terror of the seer  
Of Chebar's vision blinds me here.

Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven !  
Thou stainless earth, lay not on me,  
Thy keen reproach of purity,

If, in this august presence-chamber,  
I sigh for summer's leaf-green gloom  
And warm airs thick with odorous bloom !



Let the strange frost-work sink and crumble,  
And let the loosened tree-boughs swing,  
Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noon-time,  
On this chill pageant, melt and move  
The winter's frozen heart with love.

And, soft and low, thou wind south-blowing,  
Breathe through a veil of tenderest haze,  
Thy prophecy of summer days.

Come with thy green relief of promise,  
And to this dead, cold splendor bring  
The living jewels of the spring!

### THE SINGER.

YEARS since (but names to me before),  
Two sisters sought at eve my door;  
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,  
A gray old farm-house in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one,  
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in sun!  
Her gravest mood could scarce displace  
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less  
For quick and tremulous tenderness;  
And, following close her merriest glance,  
Dreamed through her eyes the heart's romance.

Timid and still, the elder had  
Even then a smile too sweetly sad;  
The crown of pain that all must wear  
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,  
Her modest lips were sweet with song;  
A memory haunted by her words  
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed  
The broad horizons of the west;  
Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold  
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me;  
I queried not with destiny;  
I knew the trial and the need,  
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed!

What could I other than I did?  
Could I a singing-bird forbid?  
Deny the wind-stirred leaf? Rebuke  
The music of the forest brook?

She went with morning from my door,  
But left me richer than before;  
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,  
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed: through all the land her name  
A pleasant household word became:  
All felt behind the singer stood  
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play;  
Her tired feet climbed a weaty way;  
And even through her highest strain  
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,  
The good she did she rarely knew,  
Unguessed of her in life the love  
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,  
She waited for her great release;  
And that old friend so sage and bland,  
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stir  
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,  
And men who toiled in storm and sun  
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed  
To healthful themes of life she led:  
The out-door world of bud and bloom  
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought  
Of loss to come within us wrought,  
And all the while we felt the strain  
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last!  
The common way that all have passed  
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,  
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,  
My dear ones! Give the singer place  
To you, to her,—I know not where,—  
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find;  
The gone before, the left behind,  
All mortal voices die between;  
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams  
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,  
And tremble in the April showers  
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed  
The sweet surprises of the wood;  
And bird and flower are lost to her  
Who was their best interpreter!

What to shut eyes has God revealed?  
What hear the ears that death has sealed?  
What undreamed beauty passing show  
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,  
Enough if there alone be love,  
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,  
With the old voice we loved so well!

### CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers: "All is well!"  
In one wild night the city fell;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.  
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:  
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street,  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signalled round that sea of fire;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;  
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And, underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still  
The new, the dreary void shall fill  
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from thee throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;  
And build, as to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness!  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust;  
The Christ again has preached through thee  
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires the western sky,  
'To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous!

### MY BIRTHDAY.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow  
Lies dead my latest year;  
The winter winds are wailing low  
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind  
As if a loss befell;  
Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,  
His low voice speaks within,—  
The patience of immortal love  
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years  
Of care and loss and pain,  
My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,  
I will not count it dross,  
Nor turn from treasures still my own  
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;  
As sweet her voices call,  
As beautiful her mornings break,  
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise  
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!  
How fields, once lost or won,  
Now lie behind me green and still  
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,  
The clamor of the throng!  
How old, harsh voices of debate  
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows  
Too soft in this still air;  
Somewhat the restless heart foregoes  
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed  
May founder in the calm,  
And he who braved the polar frost  
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years  
The outflung heart of youth,  
Than pleasant songs in idle years  
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
And love for hearts that pine,  
But let the manly habitude  
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,  
Dear Lord, the languid air;  
And let the weakness of the flesh  
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need  
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset lead  
As up the hills of morn!

### THE BREWING OF SOMA.

"These libations mixed with milk have been prepared for Indra: offer Soma to the drinker of Soma."—*VASHISTA, Trans., by MAX MÜLLER.*

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke  
Up through the green wood curled;  
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,  
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,  
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,  
The priests thrust in their rods,  
First tasted, and then drank their fill,  
And shouted, with one voice and will,  
"Behold the drink of gods!"

They drank, and lo! in heart and brain  
A new, glad life began;  
The gray of hair grew young again,  
The sick man laughed away his pain,  
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,  
Forget your long annoy."  
So sang the priests. From tent to tent  
The Soma's sacred madness went,  
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate  
A winged and glorious birth,  
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,  
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,  
And, sobered, sank to earth.



The land with Soma's praises rang;  
On Gibon's banks of shade  
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang;  
In joy of life or mortal pang  
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race  
Sends down these matin psalms;  
And still with wondering eyes we trace  
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,  
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,  
Each after age has striven  
By music, incense, vigils drear,  
And trance, to bring the skies more near,  
Or lift men up to heaven!—

Some fever of the blood and brain,  
Some self-exalting spell,  
The scourger's keen delight of pain,  
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,  
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk  
The saner brute below;  
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,  
The cloister madness of the monk,  
The fakir's torture-show!

And yet the past comes round again  
And new doth old fulfil;  
In sensual transports wild as vain  
We brew in many a Christian fane  
The heathen Soma still!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways!  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
Beside the Syrian sea  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all  
Our words and works that drown  
The tender whisper of thy call,  
As noiseless let thy blessing fall  
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm!

#### A WOMAN.

O, DWARFED and wronged, and stained with ill,  
Behold! thou art a woman still!  
And, by that sacred name and dear,  
I bid thy better self appear.

Still, through thy foul disguise, I see  
The rudimental purity,  
That, spite of change and loss, makes good  
Thy birthright-claim of womanhood;  
An inward loathing, deep, intense;  
A shame that is half innocence.  
Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin!  
Rise from the dust thou liest in,  
As Mary rose at Jesus' word,  
Redeemed and white before the Lord!  
Reclaim thy lost soul! In His name,  
Rise up, and break thy bonds of shame.  
Art weak? He's strong. Art fearful? Hear  
The world's O'ercomer: "Be of cheer!"  
What lip shall judge when He approves?  
Who dare to scorn the child he loves?

#### DISARMAMENT.

"PUT up the sword!" The voice of Christ  
once more  
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,  
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped,  
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped  
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow  
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe  
Down which a groaning diapason runs  
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, son  
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,  
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!  
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.  
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told  
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,  
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit  
With grave responses listening unto it:  
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,  
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,  
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,  
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.  
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate  
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."  
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace  
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,  
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."  
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank  
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence  
shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove;  
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,  
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:  
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;  
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

#### THE ROBIN.

My old Welch neighbor over the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not  
heard.  
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in h's little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin :  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn ! my breast-burned  
bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like Him !"

"Amen !" I said to the beautiful myth ;  
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well :  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
Who suffer like Him in the good they do !

### THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,  
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar  
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,  
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken !" she cried in fear,  
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear ?"

"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,  
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,  
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,  
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow ?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss,  
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,  
Up from the sea on the wind it came !

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall !"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.  
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam  
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea  
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee ?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,  
And wringing her small white hands she cried :

"O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong ;  
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie ! Annie !' I hear it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall !"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,  
"Thou liest ! He never would call thy name !

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea  
To keep him forever from thee and me !"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast ;  
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,  
But through her tears a strange light shone,—

The solemn joy of her heart's release  
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest !" she whispered, under breath,  
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away  
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,  
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,  
Thou in heaven and I on earth !"

She came and stood by her sister's bed :  
"Hall of the Heron is dead !" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,  
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,  
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,  
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,  
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed ;  
Thine the living, and mine the dead !"

### MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds into  
blossoms grew ;  
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins  
knew !

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neu-  
tral lay ;  
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the  
April day.

Through the dusty window, curtained by the  
spider's warp and woof,  
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs  
of roof.

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on  
the stand,  
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from  
her sick hand !

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm  
morning light,  
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of  
sound or sight ?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten  
her bitter bread ;  
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim  
and dead.



But her soul went back to its child-time ; she  
saw the sun o'erflow  
With gold the basin of Minas, and set over Gas-  
perau ;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the  
sea at flood,  
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to  
upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's  
rise and fall,  
The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark  
coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the  
song she sang ;  
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers  
rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat, smooth-  
ing the wrinkled sheet,  
Peering into the face, so helpless, and feeling the  
ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and  
long abuse,  
By care no longer heeded and pity too late for  
use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the  
mistress stepped,  
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face  
with his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother, who watched him sharply,  
with brow a-frown :  
" What ! love you the Papist, the beggar, the  
charge of the town ? "

" Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know  
and God knows  
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever  
she goes !

" O mother ! that sweet face came pleading, for  
love so athirst.  
You saw but the town-charge ; I knew her God's  
angel at first."

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down  
a bitter cry ;  
And awed by the silence and shadow of death  
drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ; but closer  
the young girl pressed,  
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross  
to her breast.

" My son, come away," cried the mother, her  
voice cruel grown.

" She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim ; let  
her alone ! "

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his  
lips to her ear,  
And he called back the soul that was passing :  
" Marguerite, do you hear ? "

She paused on the threshold of Heaven ; love,  
pity, surprise,  
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of  
her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but  
never her cheek grew red,  
And the words the living long for he spake in the  
ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds  
to blossoms grew ;  
Of the folded hands and the still face never the  
robins knew !

## KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

### AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones  
of the Horg,  
In its little Christian city stands the church of  
Vordingborg,

In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his  
power,  
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his  
tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young and  
faithful squire :

" Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy  
desire ? "

" Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only  
me :

As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the king ; " To-morrow shall bring  
another day,\*

When I myself will test her ; she will not say  
me nay."

Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about  
him stood,

Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as  
courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the  
ancient town

From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden  
Goose looks down :

The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind  
of morn,

The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare  
of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and  
spins,

And, singing with the early birds, her daily task  
begins.

Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around  
her garden-bower,

But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than  
the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly,  
and, white

As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small,  
round wrists in sight ;

Below the modest petticoat can only half con-  
ceal

The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned  
a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in  
sunshine warm ;

But, look ! she starts, she lifts her face, she  
shades it with her arm.

And, hark ! a train of horsemen, with sound of  
dog and horn,

Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling  
down the corn !

\* A common saying of Valdemar ; hence his sobriquet  
*Alterday*.

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume  
streamed gay,  
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held  
their way;  
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden  
spur on heel,  
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden  
checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to  
me!  
For weary months in secret my heart has longed  
for thee!"  
What noble knight was this? What words for  
modest maiden's ear?  
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and  
fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would  
seek the door,  
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes  
crimsoned o'er.  
"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer  
heart and hand,  
Bear witness these good Danish knights who  
round about me stand.

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as  
you may,  
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another  
day."  
He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round  
his train,  
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their  
smiles in vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of  
golden hair,  
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that  
you wear;  
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in  
a chariot gay  
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds  
of gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play,  
and brazen lamps shall glow;  
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances  
to and fro.  
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall  
shine,  
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and  
drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer  
face to face;  
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip  
found place.  
Back from her low white forehead the curls of  
gold she threw,  
And lifted up her eyes to his steady and clear and  
blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;  
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and  
turn to slight.  
If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant,  
not a lord;  
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty  
sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel  
away,  
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow  
your father's hay."  
"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes  
can never bear;  
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you  
must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider  
gayly spoke,  
"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet  
cloak."  
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my  
peasant love must ride,  
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he  
must guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well,  
let him wander free:  
No other man must ride the horse that has been  
backed by me.  
Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen  
talk,  
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of  
wine and flask and can;  
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peas-  
ant-man."  
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead  
of thine,  
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain  
my generous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter  
sign and boss,  
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly  
knee across.  
And pull me down your castle from top to base-  
ment wall,  
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of  
your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at  
last he knew  
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her  
troth-pledge true.  
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full  
well:  
You know that I must bear my shield and in my  
castle dwell!

"The lions ramping on that shield between the  
hearts aflame  
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her  
ancient name.  
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder  
towers,  
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this  
goodly home of ours!

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know  
is true;  
Would God that all our maidens were good and  
pure as you!  
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he  
shall well repay;  
God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring  
another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good  
steed then,  
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his  
gallant men.  
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on  
winds of morn  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare  
of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening  
Henrik cried;  
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by  
Elsie's side.  
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from  
afar,  
The Golden Goose that watched them from the  
tower of Valdemar.



O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers  
that throng  
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my  
song.  
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's  
skill;  
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has  
plenty still!

### THE THREE BELLS.

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud  
That raked her splintering mast  
The good ship settled slowly,  
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean  
Her signal guns pealed out.  
Dear God! was that thy answer  
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,  
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:  
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow  
Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,  
Yet on the heaving swells  
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,  
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,  
Man answered back to man,  
While oft, to cheer and hearten,  
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry.  
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,  
"The Three Bells shall lay by!"

All night across the waters  
The tossing lights shone clear;  
All night from reeling taffrail  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches  
Of storm and darkness passed,  
Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,  
In grateful memory sail!  
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,  
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,  
Repeat the Master's cry,  
As toss'ng through our darkness  
The lights of God draw nigh!

## HAZEL BLOSSOMS,

### NOTE.

I HAVE ventured, in compliance with the desire of dear friends of my beloved sister ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER, to add to this little volume the few poetical pieces which she left behind her. As she was very distrustful of her own powers, and altogether without ambition for literary distinction, she shunned everything like publicity, and found far greater happiness in generous appreciation of the gifts of her friends than in the cultivation of her own. Yet it has always seemed to me, that had her health, sense of duty and fitness, and her extreme self-distrust permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers. These poems, with perhaps two or three exceptions, afford but slight indications of the inward life of the writer, who had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, or of her tenderness of sympathy, chastened mirthfulness, and pleasant play of thought and fancy, when her shy, beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion. In the lines on Dr. Kane her friends will see something of her fine individuality,—the rare mingling of delicacy and intensity of feeling which made her dear to them. This little poem reached Cuba while the great explorer lay on his death-bed, and we are told that he listened with grateful tears while it was read to him by his moth'r.

I am tempted to say more, but I write as under the eye of her who, while with us, shrank with painful deprecation from the praise or mention of performances which seemed so far below her ideal of excellence. To those who best knew her, the beloved circle of her intimate friends, I dedicate this slight memorial.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 9th mo., 1874.

THE summer warmth has left the sky,  
The summer songs have died away;  
And, withered, in the footpaths lie  
The fallen leaves, but yesterday  
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills;  
No pale, belated flowers recall  
The astral fringes of the rills,  
And drearly the dead vines fall,  
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.

Yet, through the gray and sombre wood,  
Against the dusk of fir and pine,  
Last of their floral sisterhood,  
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,  
The tawny gold of Afrie's mine!

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,  
For spring to own or summer hail;  
But, in the season's saddest hour,  
'To skies that weep and winds that wail  
Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold! O life grown old!  
No rose of June may bloom again;  
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,  
Through early frost and latter rain  
Shall hints of summer-time remain.



"And withered in the footpaths lie  
The fallen leaves, but yesterday  
With ruby and with topaz green."

And as within the hazel's bough  
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,  
That points to golden ores below,  
And in dry desert places tells  
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet wells,

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,  
Be mine the hazel's grateful part  
To feel, beneath a thirsty land;  
The living waters thrill and start,  
The beating of the rivulet's heart!

Sufficeth me the gift to light  
With latest bloom the dark, cold days;  
To call some hidden spring to sight  
That, in these dry and dusty ways,  
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love! the hazel-wand may fail,  
But thou canst lend the surer spell,  
That, passing over Baca's vale,  
Repeats the old-time miracle,  
And makes the desert-land a well.

#### SUMNER.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied."—MILTON'S *Defence of the People of England*.

O MOTHER STATE!—the winds of March  
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,  
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch  
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,  
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead  
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,  
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,  
Once more the flag is half-way hung,  
And yet again the mournful bells  
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,  
Have come a simple wreath to lay,  
Superfluous, on a grave that still  
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned;  
It may be that my friend might miss,  
In his new sphere of heart and mind,  
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,  
Along the past my thought I send;  
The record of the cause he loved  
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,  
Put thou not Sinai's cloud and flame,  
But never yet to Hebrew seer  
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes; undo  
These heavy burdens. I ordain  
A work to last thy whole life through,  
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,  
Put thou the scholar's promise by,  
The rights of man are more than these."  
He heard, and answered: "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,  
His feet against the flinty shard,  
Till the hard service grew, at last,  
Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,  
Upon his kingly forehead fell



The first, sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,  
Launched at the truth he urged so well.

Ah! never yet, at rack or stake,  
Was sorer loss made Freedom's gain,  
Than his, who suffered for her sake  
The beak-torn Titan's lingering pain!

The fixed star of his faith, through all  
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same;  
As through a night of storm, some tall,  
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw  
The sheaves of freedom's large increase,  
The holy fanes of equal law,  
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The weak might fear, the worldling mock,  
The faint and blind of heart regret;  
All knew at last th' eternal rock  
On which his forward feet were set.

The subtlest scheme of compromise  
Was folly to his purpose bold;  
The strongest mesh of party lies  
Weak to the simplest truth he told.

One language held his heart and lip,  
Straight onward to his goal he trod,  
And proved the highest statesmanship  
Obedience to the voice of God.

No wail was in his voice,—none heard,  
When treason's storm-cloud blackest grew,  
The weakness of a doubtful word;  
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare;  
When once the hostile ensigns fell,  
He stretched out hands of generous care  
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small  
Or craven in his soul's broad plan;  
Forgiving all things personal,  
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,  
The memories of her great and good,  
Took from his life a fresher date,  
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,  
The venal crew that schemed and planned,  
The fine scorn of that haughty face,  
The spurning of that bribeless hand!

If than Rome's tribunes statelier  
He wore his senatorial robe,  
His lofty port was all for her,  
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave  
The vast contempt his manhood felt,  
He saw a brother in the slave,—  
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he? If his presence kept  
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,  
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped  
The hero and the demi-god,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,  
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain;  
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,  
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own  
The slight defects he never hid,  
The surface-blemish in the stone  
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought  
His conscience to the public mart;  
But lived himself the truth he taught,  
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride  
Of power in noble use, too true  
With thin humilities to hide  
The work he did, the lore he knew?

Was he not just? Was any wronged  
By that assured self-estimate?  
He took but what to him belonged,  
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,  
And scan with care the written page  
Through which he still shall warm and wake  
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah! who shall blame him now because  
He solaced thus his hours of pain!  
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,  
And hold to light his golden grain?

No sense of humor dropped its oil  
On the hard ways his purpose went;  
Small play of fancy lightened toil;  
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints  
A beauty veiled behind its own,  
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,  
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,  
The social courtesies that bless  
And sweeten life, and loved his friends  
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned  
The glad relief by Nature brought;  
Her mountain ranges never turned  
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech  
Three-banked like Latium's tall trireme,  
With laboring oars; the grove and beach  
Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair  
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,  
And left from youth to silvered hair  
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without,  
O Nature, make the last amends!  
Train all thy flowers his grave about,  
And make thy singing-birds his friends!

Revive again, thou summer rain,  
The broken turf upon his bed!  
Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain  
Of low, sweet music overhead!

With calm and beauty symbolize  
The peace which follows long annoy,  
And lend our earth-bent, mourning eyes  
Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,  
As God lives he must live always;  
There is no end for souls like his,  
No night for children of the day!

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes  
 Made weak his life's great argument ;  
 Small leisure his for frames and moods  
 Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw  
 Beyond the bigot's narrow bound ;  
 The truths he moulded into law  
 In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His State-craft was the Golden Rule,  
 His right of vote a sacred trust ;  
 Clear, over threat and ridicule,  
 All heard his challenge : " Is it just ? "

And when the hour supreme had come,  
 Not for himself a thought he gave ;  
 In that last pang of martyrdom,  
 His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,  
 In prayer, the passing soul to heaven  
 Whose mercy to His suffering poor  
 Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,  
 Her children's children long be taught,  
 How, praised or blamed, he guarded well  
 The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,  
 O Mother, from thy son, not long  
 He waited calmly in his place  
 The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved  
 'The one brief lapse, the single blot ;  
 Forgotten be the stain removed,  
 Her righted record shows it not !

The lifted sword above her shield  
 With jealous care shall guard his fame ;  
 The pine-tree on her ancient field  
 To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son  
 Her loving hands shall yearly crown,  
 And from her pictured Pantheon  
 His grand, majestic face look down.

O State, so passing rich before,  
 Who now shall doubt thy highest claim ?  
 The world that counts thy jewels o'er  
 Shall longest pause at SUMNER's name !

### THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

On the isle of Penikese,  
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,  
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,  
 Stood the Master with his school.  
 Over sails that not in vain  
 Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,  
 Line of coast that low and far  
 Stretched its undulating bar,  
 Wings aslant along the rim  
 Of the waves they stooped to skim,  
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,  
 Fell the beautiful white day.  
 Said the Master to the youth :  
 " We have come in search of truth,  
 Trying with uncertain key  
 Door by door of mystery ;  
 We are reaching, through His laws,  
 To the garment-hem of Cause,

Him, the endless, unbegun,  
 The Unnamable, the One  
 Light of all our light the Source,  
 Life of life, and Force of force.  
 As with fingers of the blind,  
 We are groping here to find  
 What the hieroglyphics mean  
 Of the Unseen in the seen,  
 What the Thought which underlies  
 Nature's masking and disguise,  
 What it is that hides beneath  
 Blight and bloom and birth and death.  
 By past efforts unavailing,  
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,  
 Of our weakness made aware,  
 On the threshold of our task  
 Let us light and guidance ask,  
 Let us pause in silent prayer ! "

Then the Master in his place  
 Bowed his head a little space,  
 And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
 Lapse of wave and cry of bird  
 Left the solemn hush unbroken  
 Of that wordless prayer unspoken,  
 While its wish, on earth unsaid,  
 Rose to heaven interpreted.  
 As, in life's best hours, we hear  
 By the spirit's finer ear  
 His low voice within us, thus  
 The All-Father heareth us ;  
 And his holy ear we pain  
 With our noisy words and vain.  
 Not for Him our violence  
 Storming at the gates of sense,  
 His the primal language, his  
 The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,  
 And the doubting gave assent,  
 With a gesture reverent,  
 To the Master well-beloved.  
 As thin mists are glorified  
 By the light they cannot hide,  
 All who gazed upon him saw,  
 Through its veil of tender awe,  
 How his face was still uplift  
 By the old sweet look of it,  
 Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,  
 And the love that casts out fear.  
 Who the secret may declare  
 Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?  
 Did the shade before him come  
 Of th' inevitable doom,  
 Of the end of earth so near,  
 And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas  
 Rests the isle of Penikese ;  
 But the lord of the domain  
 Comes not to his own again :  
 Where the eyes that follow fail,  
 On a vaster sea his sail  
 Drifts beyond our beck and hail.  
 Other lips within its bound  
 Shall the laws of life expound ;  
 Other eyes from rock and shell  
 Read the world's old riddles well :  
 But when breezes light and bland  
 Blow from Summer's blossomed land,  
 When the air is glad with wings,  
 And the blithe song-sparrow sings,  
 Many an eye with his still face  
 Shall the living ones displace,  
 Many an ear the word shall seek  
 He alone could fitly speak.  
 And one name forevermore  
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er  
 By the waves that kiss the shore,



By the curlew's whistle sent  
Down the cool, sea-scented air ;  
In all voices known to her,  
Nature owns her worshipper,  
Half in triumph, half lament.  
Thither Love shall tearful turn,  
Friendship pause uncovered there,  
And the wisest reverence learn  
From the Master's silent prayer.

### THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,  
Where, wept by many tears,  
To-day my mother's friend lays down  
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise  
Of death with her is seen,  
And on her simple casket lies  
No wreath of bloom and green.

O, not for her the florist's art,  
The mocking weeds of woe,  
Dear memories in each mourner's heart  
Like heaven's white lilies blow.

And all about the softening air  
Of new-born sweetness tells,  
And the ungathered May-flowers wear  
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle  
Is fresh as heretofore ;  
And earth takes up its parable  
Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll  
Methinks but discord were,—  
The prayerful silence of the soul  
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude  
Alike of earth and sky ;—  
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,  
Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;  
And thou not distant sea,  
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,  
And thou wert Galilee !

For all her quiet life flowed on  
As meadow streamlets flow,  
Where fresher green reveals alone  
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see  
The plain-robed mourners pass,  
With slow feet treading reverently  
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,  
Where, like the friends of Paul,  
That thou no more her face shall see  
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more  
Unto the perfect day ;  
She cannot fail of peace who bore  
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear  
The look of sins forgiven !  
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear  
Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,  
Or knelt in grateful praise !  
What grace of Christian womanhood  
Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant  
No duty left undone ;  
The heavenly and the human blent  
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found  
For feasting ear and eye,  
And Pleasure, on her daily round,  
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense  
Of all things sweet and fair,  
And Beauty's gracious providence  
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude  
With love's unconscious ease ;  
Her kindly instincts understood  
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness  
Made sweet her smile and tone,  
And glorified her farm-wife dress  
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls ;  
The Gospel of a life like hers  
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,  
The saintly fact survives ;  
The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in holy lives.

### JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone  
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,  
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars  
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,  
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,  
East by north, to Cochecho town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet  
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,  
And, when the bolt of banishment fell  
On the head of his saintly oracle,  
He had shared her ill as her good report,  
And braved the wrath of the General Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away  
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.  
The world might bless and the world might ban,  
What did it matter the perfect man,  
To whom the freedom of earth was given,  
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven ?

He cheered his heart as he rode along  
With sereed of Scripture and holy song,  
Or thought how he rode with his lincs free  
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,  
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,  
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house nigh,  
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,  
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,  
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank ;  
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad  
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,  
 Into the clearing's space rode he,  
 With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,  
 And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,  
 And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,  
 From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders: "Lo, I come  
 As the way seemed open to seek a home.  
 Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands  
 In the Narragansett and Netherlands,  
 And if here ye have work for a Christian man,  
 I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would own  
 The wonderful favor God hath shown,  
 The special mercy vouchsafed one day  
 On the shore of Narragansett Bay,  
 As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside,  
 And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,  
 A garment of gladness wrapped me round;  
 I felt from the law of works released,  
 The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,  
 My faith to a full assurance grew,  
 And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,  
 I shall not stumble, I shall not stray;  
 He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,  
 I wear the robe of his righteousness;  
 And the shafts of Satan no more avail  
 Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,  
 "Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide."  
 And Captain Underhill bowed his head.  
 "The will of the Lord be done!" he said,  
 And the morrow beheld him sitting down  
 In the ruler's seat in Coheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man should;  
 His words were wise and his rule was good;  
 He coveted not his neighbor's land,  
 From the holding of bribe she shook his hand  
 And through the camps of the heathen ran  
 A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,  
 And life hath ever a savor of death.  
 Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,  
 And whose thinketh he standeth falls.  
 Alas! ere their round the seasons ran,  
 There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail  
 Had found the joints of his spiritual mail;  
 And men took note of his gloomy air,  
 The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,  
 The signs of a battle lost within,  
 The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name  
 With broken vows and a life of blame;  
 And the people looked askance on him  
 As he walked among them sullen and grim,  
 Ill at ease, and bitter of word,  
 And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,  
 He strove in the bonds of his evil will;  
 But he shook himself like Samson at length,  
 And girded anew his loins of strength,  
 And bade the crier go up and down  
 And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head  
 Ceased as he rose in his place and said:

"Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know  
 How I came among you a year ago,  
 Strong in the faith that my soul was freed  
 From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,  
 But not with a lie on my lips I came.  
 In my blindness I verily thought my hear  
 Swept and garnished in every part.  
 He chargeth His angels with folly; He sees  
 The heavens unclean. Was I more than these?"

"I urge no plea. At your feet I lay  
 The trust you gave me, and go my way.  
 Hate me or pity me, as you will,  
 The Lord will have mercy on sinners still;  
 And I, who am chiefest, say to all,  
 Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer: a sob so low  
 That only his quickened ear could know  
 Smote his heart with a bitter pain,  
 As into the forest he rode again,  
 And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down  
 On his latest glimpse of Coheco town.

Crystal clear on the man of sin  
 The streams flashed up, and the sky shone in;  
 On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,  
 The leaves dropped on him their tears of dew,  
 And angels of God, in the pure sweet guise  
 Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze  
 Sang in their saddest of minor keys?  
 What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?  
 What whispered the pine-trees overhead?  
 Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way  
 That Adam heard in the cool of day?

Into the desert alone rode he,  
 Alone with the Infinite Purity;  
 And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,  
 As Peter did to the Master's look,  
 He measured his path with prayers of pain  
 For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Coheco came  
 The fruit of a once familiar name;  
 How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,  
 From wild Danskammer to Harlem sands,  
 A penitent soldier preached the Word,  
 And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword!

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear  
 How he harried the foe on the long frontier,  
 And heaped on the land against him barred  
 The coals of his generous watch and ward.  
 Frailest and bravest! the Bay State still  
 Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

## IN QUEST.

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved, with thee  
 On the great waters of the unsounded sea,  
 Momentarily listening with suspended oar  
 For the low note of waves upon a shore  
 Changeless as heaven, where never fog-cloud  
 drifts  
 Over its windless woods, nor mirage lifts  
 The steadfast hills; where never birds of doubt  
 Sing to mislead, and every dream dies out,  
 And the dark riddles which perplex us here  
 In the sharp solvent of its light are clear?



Thou knowest how vain our quest ; how, soon or late,  
 The baffling tides and circles of debate  
 Swept back our bark unto its starting-place,  
 Where, looking forth upon the blank, gray space,  
 And round about us seeing, with sad eyes,  
 The same old difficult hills and cloud-cold skies,  
 We said : " 'This outward search availeth not  
 To find Him. He is farther than we thought,  
 Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot  
 Whereon we wait, this commonplace of home,  
 As to the well of Jacob, He may come  
 And tell us all things." As I listened there,  
 Through the expectant silences of prayer,  
 Somewhat I seemed to hear, which hath to me  
 Been hope, strength, comfort, and I give it thee.

"The riddle of the world is understood  
 Only by him who feels that God is good,  
 As only he can feel who makes his love  
 The ladder of his faith, and climbs above  
 On th' rounds of his best instincts ; draws no line  
 Between mere human goodness and divine,  
 But, judging God by what in him is best,  
 With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast,  
 And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still  
 Of kingly power and dread caprice of will,  
 Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,  
 The pitiless doomsman of the universe.  
 Can Hatred ask for love ? Can Selfishness  
 Invite to self-denial ? Is He less  
 Than man in kindly dealing ? Can He break  
 His own great law of fatherhood, forsake  
 And curse His children ? Not for earth and  
 heaven  
 Can separate tables of the law be given.  
 No rule can bind which He himself denies ;  
 The truths of time are not eternal lies."  
 So heard I ; and the chaos round me spread  
 To light and order grew ; and, " Lord," I said,  
 " Our sins are our tormentors, worst of all  
 Felt in distrustful shame that dares not call  
 Upon Thee as our Father. We have set  
 A strange god up, but Thou remainest yet.  
 All that I feel of pity Thou hast known  
 Before I was ; my best is all Thy own.  
 From Thy great heart of goodness mine but drew  
 Wishes and prayers ; but Thou, O Lord, wilt do,  
 In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,  
 All that I feel when I am nearest thee !"

### A SEA DREAM.

We saw the slow tides go and come,  
 The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,  
 The gray rocks touched with tender bloom  
 Beneath the fresh-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost  
 The sombre pomp of showery noons ;  
 And signalled spectral sails that crossed  
 The weird, low light of rising moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head  
 We saw the white spray tossed and spurned ;  
 While over all, in gold and red,  
 Its face of fire the lighthouse turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds,  
 Half curious, half indifferent,  
 Like passing sails or floating clouds,  
 We saw them as they came and went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay  
 And watched the mirage-lifted wall  
 Of coast, across the dreamy bay,  
 And heard afar the curlew call,

And nearer voices, wild or tame,  
 Of airy flock and childish throng,  
 Up from the water's edge there came  
 Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice  
 Of old and common airs ; at last  
 The tender pathos of his voice  
 In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,  
 And memories old and sadly sweet ;  
 While, timing to its minor strain,  
 The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun ;  
 The rocks are fringed with foam ;  
 I walk once more a haunted shore,  
 A stranger, yet at home,—  
 A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea wind  
 That stirred thy locks of brown ?  
 Are these the rocks whose mosses knew  
 The trail of thy light gown,  
 Where boy and girl sat down ?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,  
 The boats that rock below ;  
 And, out at sea, the passing sails  
 We saw so long ago  
 Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time  
 On every breeze is blown ;  
 As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—  
 The change is ours alone ;  
 The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,  
 Is he who bears my name ;  
 But thou, methinks, whose mortal life  
 Immortal youth became,  
 Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,  
 Thy place I cannot see ;  
 I only know that where thou art  
 The blessed angels be,  
 And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years  
 Have left on me their sign ;  
 Wash out, O soul so beautiful,  
 The many stains of mine  
 In tears of love divine !

I could not look on thee and live,  
 If thou wert by my side ;  
 The vision of a shining one,  
 The white and heavenly bride,  
 Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face  
 Without the angel's crown,  
 The wedded roses of thy lips,  
 Thy loose hair rippling down  
 In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space and time,  
 And let thy sweet shade fall  
 In tenderest grace of soul and form  
 On memory's frescoed wall.  
 A shadow, and yet all !

Draw near, more near, forever dear !  
 Where'er I rest or roam,  
 Or in the city's crowded streets,

Or by the blown sea foam,  
The thought of thee is home!

At breakfast hour the singer read  
The city news, with comment wise,  
Like one who felt the pulse of trade  
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech, told  
The man of action, not of books,  
To whom the corners made in gold  
And stocks were more than seaside nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed  
His song had hinted unawares;  
Of flowers in traffic's ledgers pressed,  
Of human hearts in bulls and bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch  
That face so hard and shrewd and strong;  
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch  
The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist sought  
To sound him, leaving as she came;  
Her baited album only caught  
A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine,  
That trembled on the singer's tongue;  
He came and went, and left no sign  
Behind him save the song he sung.

### A MYSTERY.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees  
Wound through its meadows green;  
A low, blue line of mountains showed  
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all  
Clear into sunlight sprang:  
I saw the river of my dreams,  
The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,  
But well the ways I knew;  
A feeling of familiar things  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag  
Could lean the blasted pine;  
Not otherwise the maple hold  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills  
The mountain road should creep;  
So, green and low, the meadow fold  
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;  
Their place the mountains took;  
The white torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwonted look;

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by feet of mine,  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known.  
Walked with me as my guide;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?  
Or glimpse through aeons old?  
The secret which the mountains kept  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,  
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of Heaven arise.

### CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY, (always may his name  
Be said with reverence!) as the swift doom came,  
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he  
stood  
To do the utmost that a brave man could,  
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their  
tears  
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,  
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,  
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again:  
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began,  
From lips or saint or martyr ever ran,  
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem to this  
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,  
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

O, grand, supreme endeavor! Not in vain  
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!  
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,  
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.  
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead  
Who in his record still the earth shall tread  
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride  
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.  
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

### CHILD-SONGS.

STILL linger in our noon of time  
And on our Saxon tongue  
The echoes of the home-born hymns  
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies  
In every age and clime;  
The earliest cradles of the race  
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.



Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,  
Nor green earth's virgin sod,  
So moved the singer's heart of old  
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life  
Was more than dawning morn,  
Than opening flower or crescent moon  
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal  
The heart of genius turns,  
And more than all the sages teach  
From lisping voices learns,—

The voices loved of him who sang,  
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,  
That sound to-day on all the winds  
That blow from Rydal-side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,  
And folk-lore of the Finn,  
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths  
The Christ-child enters in !

Before life's sweetest mystery still  
The heart in reverence kneels ;  
The wonder of the primal birth  
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught—  
As only weakness can ;  
God hath his small interpreters ;  
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,  
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;  
But he is freshest from His hands  
And nearest unto Him !

And haply, pleading long with Him  
For sin-sick hearts and cold,  
The angels of our childhood still  
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom !—Teach thou us,  
O Master most divine,  
To feel the deep significance  
Of these wise words of thine !

The haughty eye shall seek in vain  
What innocence beholds ;  
No cunning finds the key of heaven,  
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love  
That gate shall open fall ;  
The mind of pride is nothingness  
The childlike heart is all !

#### THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

WITH fifty years between you and your well-kept  
wedding vow,  
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a  
fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been through all  
your pleasant past,  
Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the best wine is  
the last !

Again before me, with your names, fair Chester's  
landscape comes,  
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns, and quaint,  
stone-built homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the  
boscaige green and soft,  
Of which their poet sings so well from towered  
Cedarcroft.

And lo ! from all the country-side come neigh-  
bors, kith and kin ;  
From city, hamlet, farm-house old, the wedding  
guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse, mob-  
hunted, travel-worn,  
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as victors  
now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the long  
array,  
And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though  
heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who saw with  
me the fall,  
Midst roaring flames and shouting mob, of Penn-  
sylvania Hall ;

And they of Lancaster who turned the cheeks of  
tyrants pale,  
Singing of freedom through the grates of Moja-  
mensing jail !

And haply with them, all unseen, old comrades,  
gone before,  
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your open  
door,—

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave Garrett's  
daring zeal,  
The Christian grace of Pennock, the steadfast  
heart of Neal.

Ah me ! beyond all power to name, the worthies  
tried and true,  
Grave men, fair women, youth and maid, pass by  
in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused all their  
hearts in one.  
God give them now, what'er their names, the  
peace of duty done !

How gladly would I tread again the old-remem-  
bered places,  
Sit down beside your hearth once more and look  
in the dear old faces !

And thank you for the lessons your fifty years are  
teaching,  
For honest lives that louder speak than half our  
noisy preaching ;

For your steady faith and courage in that dark  
and evil time,  
When the Golden Rule was treason, and to feed  
the hungry, crime ;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when the  
hounds were on his track,  
And saint and sinner, church and state, joined  
hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you !—What you did for each sad,  
suffering one,  
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto our Lord was  
done !

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and Long-  
wood's bowery ways  
The mellow sunset of your lives, friends of my  
early days.

May many more of quiet years be added to your  
sum,  
And, late at last, in tenderest love, the beckoning  
angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike  
below, above;  
Our friends are now in either world, and love is  
sure of love.

### KINSMAN.

DIED AT THE ISLAND OF PANAY (PHILIPPINE  
GROUP), AGED 19 YEARS.

WHERE ceaseless Spring her garland twines,  
As sweetly shall the loved one rest,  
As if beneath the whispering pines  
And maple shadows of the West.

Ye mourn, O hearts of home! for him,  
But, haply, mourn ye not alone;  
For him shall far-off eyes be dim,  
And pity speak in tongues unknown.

There needs no graven line to give  
The story of his blameless youth;  
All hearts shall throb intuitive,  
And nature guess the simple truth.

The very meaning of his name  
Shall many a tender tribute win;  
The stranger own his sacred claim,  
And all the world shall be his kin.

And there, as here, on main and isle,  
The dews of holy peace shall fall,  
The same sweet heavens above him smile,  
And God's dear love be over all!

### VESTA.

O CHRIST of God! whose life and death  
Our own have reconciled,  
Most quietly, most tenderly  
Take home thy star-named child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,  
Thy words are on her tongue;  
The very silence round her seems  
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's  
Who hears its mother call;  
The lilies of Thy perfect peace  
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms  
To rest herself in Thine;  
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we  
Our well-beloved resign!

O, less for her than for ourselves  
We bow our heads and pray;  
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,  
To Thee shall point the way!

### THE HEALER.

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN, WITH DORÉ'S PICTURE  
OF CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

So stood of old the holy Christ  
Amidst the suffering throng;  
With whom his lightest touch sufficed  
To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift he lends to them  
Who use it in his name;  
The power that filled his garment's hem  
Is evermore the same.

For lo! in human hearts unseen  
The Healer dwelleth still,  
And they who make his temples clean  
The best subserve his will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,  
An errand all divine,  
The burden of our common need  
To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth  
With patience, trust, and hope;  
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth  
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries  
Of life and death go stand,  
With guarded lips and reverent eyes  
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued  
From Him who went about  
The Syrian hillsides doing good,  
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet  
Thy friend and guide to be;  
The Healer by Gennesaret  
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

### A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

#### I.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,  
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the  
morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!  
With glad jubilations  
Bring hope to the nations!  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

#### II.

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love  
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,  
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,  
And the voice of the world is the voice of the  
Lord!  
Clasp hands of the nations  
In strong gratulations:  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!



## III.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;  
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel  
cease:

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!

Hark! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

## HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ST.  
PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ALL things are Thine: no gifts have we,  
Lord of all gifts! to offer Thee;

And hence with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;  
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,  
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew;  
For human needs and longings grew  
This house of prayer, this home of rest,  
In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call  
On Thee for whom the heavens are small;  
Thy glory is Thy children's good,  
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father! deign these walls to bless:  
Fill with Thy love their emptiness:  
And let their door a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to Thee!

## POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

## THE DREAM OF ARGYLE.

EARTHLY arms no more uphold him  
On his prison's stony floor;  
Waiting death in his last slumber,  
Lies the doomed MacCallum More.

And he dreams a dream of boyhood;  
Rise again his heathery hills,  
Sound again the hound's long baying,  
Cry of moor-fowl, laugh of rills.

Now he stands amidst his clansmen  
In the low, long banquet-hall,  
Over grim, ancestral armor  
Sees the ruddy firelight fall.

Once again, with pulses beating,  
Hears the wandering minstrel tell  
How Montrose on Inverary  
Thief-like from his mountains fell.

Down the glen, beyond the castle,  
Where the linn's swift waters shine,  
Round the youthful heir of Argyle  
Shy feet glide and white arms twine.

Fairest of the rustic dancers,  
Blue-eyed Effie smiles once more,  
Bends to him her snooded tresses,  
Treads with him the grassy floor.

Now he hears the pipes lamenting,  
Harpers for his mother mourn,  
Slow, with sable plume and pennon,  
To her cairn of burial borne.

Then anon his dreams are darker,  
Sounds of battle fill his ears,

And the pibroch's mournful wailing  
For his father's fall he hears.

Wild Lochaber's mountain echoes  
Wail in concert for the dead,  
And Loch Awe's deep waters murmur  
For the Campbell's glory fled!

Fierce and strong the godless tyrants  
Trample the apostate land,  
While her poor and faithful remnant  
Wait for the Avenger's hand.

Once again at Inverary,  
Years of weary exile o'er,  
Armed to lead his scattered clansmen,  
Stands the bold MacCallum More.

Once again to battle calling  
Sound the war-pipes through the glen;  
And the court-yard of Dunstaffnage  
Rings with tread of armed men.

All is lost! The godless triumph,  
And the faithful ones and true  
From the scaffold and the prison  
Covenant with God anew.

On the darkness of his dreaming  
Great and sudden glory shone;  
Over bonds and death victorious  
Stands he by the Father's throne!

From the radiant ranks of martyrs  
Notes of joy and praise he hears,  
Songs of his poor land's deliverance  
Sounding from the future years.

Lo, he wakes! but airs celestial  
 Bathe him in immortal rest;  
 And he sees with unsealed vision  
 Scotland's cause with victory blest.

Shining hosts attend and guard him  
 As he leaves his prison door;  
 And to death as to a triumph  
 Walks the great MacCallum More!

### LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEPARTURE OF JOSEPH STURGE,  
 AFTER HIS VISIT TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF  
 THE UNITED STATES.

FAIR islands of the sunny sea! midst all re-  
 joicing things,  
 No more the wailing of the slave a wild discord-  
 ance brings;  
 On the lifted brows of freemen the tropic breezes  
 blow,  
 The mildew of the bondman's toil the land no  
 more shall know.

How swells from those green islands, where bird  
 and leaf and flower  
 Are praising in their own sweet way the dawn of  
 freedom's hour,  
 The glorious resurrection song from hearts rejoic-  
 ing poured,  
 Thanksgiving for the priceless gift,—man's regal  
 crown restored!

How beautiful through all the green and tranquil  
 summer land,  
 Uplifted, as by miracle, the solemn churches  
 stand!  
 The grass is trodden from the paths where wait-  
 ing freemen throng,  
 Athirst and fainting for the cup of life denied so  
 long.

O, blessed were the feet of him whose generous  
 errand here  
 Was to unloose the captive's chain and dry the  
 mourner's tear;  
 To lift again the fallen ones a brother's robber  
 hand  
 Had left in pain and wretchedness by the way-  
 sides of the land.

The islands of the sea rejoice; the harvest an-  
 them's rise;  
 The sower of the seed must own 't is marvellous  
 in his eyes;  
 The old waste places are rebuilt,—the broken  
 walls restored,—  
 And the wilderness is blooming like the garden of  
 the Lord!

Thanksgiving for the holy fruit! should not the  
 laborer rest,  
 His earnest faith and works of love have been so  
 richly blest?  
 The pride of all fair England shall her ocean isl-  
 ands be,  
 And their peasantry with joyful hearts keep  
 ceaseless jubilee.

Rest, never! while his countrymen have trampled  
 hearts to bleed,  
 The stifled murmur of their wrongs his listening  
 ear shall heed,

Where England's far dependencies her *might*, not  
*mercy*, know,  
 To all the crushed and suffering there his pitying  
 love shall flow.

The friend of freedom everywhere, how mourns  
 he for our land,  
 The brand of whose hypocrisy burns on her guilty  
 hand!  
 Her thrift a theft, the robber's greed and cunning  
 in her eye,  
 Her glory shame, her flaunting flag on all the  
 winds a lie!

For us with steady strength of heart and zeal for-  
 ever true,  
 The champion of the island slave the conflict doth  
 renew,  
 His labor here hath been to point the Pharisaic  
 eye  
 Away from empty creed and form to where the  
 wounded lie.

How beautiful to us should seem the coming feet  
 of such!  
 Their garments of self-sacrifice have healing in  
 their touch;  
 Their gospel mission none may doubt, for they  
 heed the Master's call,  
 Who here walked with the multitude, and sat at  
 meat with all!

### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

HE rests with the immortals; his journey has  
 been long:  
 For him no wail of sorrow, but a paean full and  
 strong!  
 So well and bravely has he done the work he  
 found to do,  
 To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever  
 true.

Strong to the end, a man of men, from out the  
 strife he passed;  
 The grandest hour of all his life was that of earth  
 the last.  
 Now midst his snowy hills of home to the grave  
 they bear him down,  
 The glory of his fourscore years resting on him  
 like a crown.

The mourning of the many bells, the drooping  
 flags, all seem  
 Like some dim, unreal pageant passing onward in  
 a dream;  
 And following with the living to his last and nar-  
 row bed,  
 Methinks I see a shadowy band, a train of noble  
 dead.

'T is a strange and weird procession that is slow-  
 ly moving on,  
 The phantom patriots gathered to the funeral of  
 their son!  
 In shadowy guise they move along, brave Otis  
 with hushed tread,  
 And Warren walking reverently by the father of  
 the dead.

Gliding foremost in the misty band a gentle form  
 is there,  
 In the white robes of the angels and their glory  
 round her hair.



She hovers near and bends above her world-wide  
honored child,  
And the joy that heaven alone can know beams  
on her features mild.

And so they bear him to his grave in the fulness  
of his years,  
True sage and prophet, leaving us in a time of  
many fears.  
Nevermore amid the darkness of our wild and  
evil day  
Shall his voice be heard to cheer us, shall his  
finger point the way.

#### DR. KANE IN CUBA.

A NOBLE life is in thy care,  
A sacred trust to thee is given;  
Bright Island! let thy healing air  
Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life—  
The self-forgetting leader bold—  
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,  
A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own  
Look dim with tears across the sea,  
Where from the dark and icy zone,  
Sweet Isle of Flowers! he comes to thee.

Fold him in rest, O pitying clime!  
Give back his wasted strength again;  
Soothe, with thy endless summer time,  
His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,  
From out the fragrant, flowery tree,—  
The ear that hears thee now has heard  
The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful night,  
He saw the Bear in Northern skies;  
Now, to the Southern Cross of light  
He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers from the hearts that watched in fear,  
When the dark North no answer gave,  
Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,  
That still His love may help and save.

#### LADY FRANKLIN.

FOLD thy hands, thy work is over;  
Cool thy watching eyes with tears;  
Let thy poor heart, over-wearied,  
Rest alike from hopes and fears,—

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision  
One sad picture fading slow;  
Fears, that followed, vague and nameless,  
Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,  
Truest heart of woman, weep!  
Owning still the love that granted  
Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror  
When, the long ice-battle o'er,  
In the sunless day his comrades  
Deathward trod the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,  
Spared the fainting heart's despair,  
What but that could mercy grant him?  
What but that has been thy prayer?

Dear to thee that last memorial  
From the cairn beside the sea;  
Evermore the month of roses  
Shall be sacred time to thee.

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree  
O'er his slumbers may not wave;  
Sad it is the English daisy  
May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter  
Shape and fashion year by year,  
Pile his mighty mausoleum,  
Block by block, and tier on tier.

Guardian of its gleaming portal  
Shall his stainless honor be,  
While thy love, a sweet immortal,  
Hovers o'er the winter sea.

#### NIGHT AND DEATH.

THE storm-wind is howling  
Through old pines afar;  
The drear night is falling  
Without moon or star.

The roused sea is lashing  
The bold shore behind,  
And the moan of its ebbing  
Keeps time with the wind.

On, on through the darkness,  
A spectre, I pass  
Where, like moaning of broken hearts,  
Surges the grass!

I see her lone head-stone,—  
'T is white as a shroud;  
Like a pall, hangs above it  
'The low drooping cloud.

Who speaks through the dark night  
And llull of the wind?  
'T is the sound of the pine-leaves  
And sea-waves behind.

The dead girl is silent,—  
I stand by her now;  
And her pulse beats no quicker,  
Nor crimson her brow.

The small hand that trembled,  
When last in my own,  
Lies patient and folded,  
And colder than stone.

Like the white blossoms falling  
To-night in the gale,  
So she in her beauty  
Sank mournful and pale.

Yet I loved her! I utter  
Such words by her grave,  
As I would not have spoken  
Her last breath to save.

Of her love the angels  
In heaven might tell,  
While mine would be whispered  
With shudders in hell!

'T was well that the white ones  
Who bore her to bliss  
Shut out from her new life  
The vision of this.

Else, sure as I stand here,  
An I speak of my love,  
She would leave for my darkness  
Her glory above.

### THE MEETING WATERS.

CLOSE beside the meeting waters,  
Long I stood as in a dream,  
Watching how the little river  
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current  
Glided to the waiting sea;  
On its breast serenely pictured  
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, "O, human spirit!  
Strong and deep and pure and blest,  
Let the stream of my existence  
Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

I could die as dies the river,  
In that current deep and wide;  
I would live as live its waters,  
Flashing from a stronger tide!

### THE WEDDING VEIL.

DEAR ANNA, when I brought her veil,  
Her white veil on her wedding night,  
Threw o'er my thin brown hair its folds,  
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

"See, Bessie, see! you wear at last  
The bridal veil, foresworn for years!"  
She saw my face,—her laugh was hushed,  
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

With kindly haste and trembling hand  
She drew away the gauzy mist;  
"Forgive, dear heart!" her sweet voice said:  
Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

We passed from out the searching light;  
The summer night was calm and fair:  
I did not see her pitying eyes,  
I felt her soft hand smooth my hair.

Her tender love unlocked my heart;  
Mid falling tears, at last I said,  
"Foresworn indeed to me that veil  
Because I only love the dead!"

She stood one moment statue-still,  
And, musing, spake in undertone,  
"The living love may colder grow;  
The dead is safe with God alone!"

### CHARITY.

THE pilgrim and stranger who through the day  
Holds over the desert his trackless way  
Where the terrible sands no shade have known  
No sound of life save his camel's moan,  
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,  
From his tent-door at evening the Bedouin's call:  
"Whoever thou art whose need is great,  
In the name of God, the Compassionate  
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

For gifts in His name of food and rest  
The tents of Islam of God are blest,  
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,  
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love?—  
O, Christian!—open thy heart and door,  
Cry east and west to the wandering poor:  
"Whoever thou art whose need is great,  
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate  
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"



## NOTES.

### NOTE 1, page 11.

MOGG MEGONE, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent in the treaty signed in November, 1676.

### NOTE 2, page 11.

Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando,—the most powerful sachem of the East. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

### NOTE 3, page 11.

The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

### NOTE 4, page 11.

Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbors a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that "Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog."

### NOTE 5, page 11.

Captain Harmon, of Georgiana, now York, was, for many years, the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

### NOTE 6, page 11.

Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it: "Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the mainland, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus."—*Les Voyages de Sieur Champlain*, Liv. 2, c. 8.

### NOTE 7, page 11.

John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be "a degenerate plant." In 1635, we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary his wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the "Great and General Court" adjudged John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his Majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." (Court Records of the Province, 1645.) In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "The Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:—

"Here lies Bonython; the Sagamore of Saco,  
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to  
Hobomoko."

By some means or other, he obtained a large estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the History of Saco and Biddeford.—Part I., p. 115.

### NOTE 8, page 11.

Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the "Heath," in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. On this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall, of more than sixty feet.

## NOTE 9, page 12.

Hiacomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: "One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, 'I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws';—then calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them."—*Mayhew*, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

## NOTE 10, page 13.

"The tooth-ache," says Roger Williams in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, "is the only pain which will force their stouter hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this pain."

## NOTE 11, page 14.

*Wuttamuttata*, "Let us drink."—*Weekan*, "It is sweet." *Vide* Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language, "in that parte of America called New England." London, 1643, p. 35.

## NOTE 12, page 14.

*Wetuomanit*,—a house god, or demon. "They—the Indians—have given me the names of thirty-seven gods which I have, all which in their solemn Worship they invoke!" R. Williams's Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worships, &c., of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death: on all which is added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chiefe and Special use—upon all occasions—to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene.—p. 110, c. 21.

## NOTE 13, page 15.

Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this Island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

## NOTE 14, page 15.

Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjuror, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Pere Jerome Lallamant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

## NOTE 15, page 16.

Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow, as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.

## NOTE 16, page 16.

Pere Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits, to the savages in North America, was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Pere Brebeuf, after laboring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Pere Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois,—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborerd, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeois. "For bed," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1640, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion, without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Pere Lallamant says: "With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastian Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies, not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew he gives the following account of his church, and his own labors: "All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day; first, very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars: they chant, or at least recite them aloud, during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and saints' days, I seldom let a working-day pass, without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those vices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practice of some particular virtue."—*Vide Lettres Edifiantes et Cur.*, Vol. VI., p. 127.

## NOTE 17, page 18.

The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. "The French," says the author of the History of Saco and Biddeford, "after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities.



Their principal agent was the celebrated Ralle, the French Jesuit."—p. 215.

NOTE 18, page 19.

Hertel de Rouville was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that, on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

NOTE 19, page 19.

*Cowessass ? — tawhich wessaseen ?* Are you afraid?—why fear you?

NOTE 20, page 20.

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now, if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

NOTE 21, page 22.

This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. (Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. III., pp. 21, 22.) "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, &c. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devil appeareth more familiarly than to others."—*Winslow's Relation.*

NOTE 22, page 23.

"The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

NOTE 23, page 24.

There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition

says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

NOTE 24, page 25.

The Spring God.—See *Roger Williams's Key*, &c.

NOTE 25, page 26.

"Mat wonck kunna-monee." We shall see tho or her no more.—*Vide Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language.*

NOTE 26, page 26.

"The Great South West God."—See *Roger Williams's Observations*, &c.

NOTE 27, page 27.

The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of "Admiral of New England," made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

NOTE 28, page 27.

Lake Winnipiseogee.—*The Smile of the Great Spirit*,—the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

NOTE 29, page 27.

Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

NOTE 30, page 27.

Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

NOTE 31, page 34.

De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

NOTE 32, page 38.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. BAYOU. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, TOUSSAINT refused to join them until he had aided M. BAYOU and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period, until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of

Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besancon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

#### NOTE 33, page 39.

The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!  
Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now  
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;  
O miserable chieftain!—where and when  
Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not, do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and  
skies,—  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

#### NOTE 34, page 39.

The French ship *LE RODEUR*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out,—an obstinate disease of the eyes,—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wineglass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several who were stopped in the attempt to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *Leon*. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *Rodeur* reached Guadalupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

#### NOTE 35, page 52.

The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

#### NOTE 36, page 59.

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammel's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."

#### NOTE 37, page 62.

The rights and liberties affirmed by *MAGNA CHARTA* were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, "by the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, or observe *them being made*, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church."

WILLIAM PENN, in his admirable political pamphlet, "England's Present Interest considered," alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says, "I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed."

#### NOTE 38, page 73.

"The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these,—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—*R. Saccho.*

#### NOTE 39, page 83.

Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of THOMAS CHALKLEY, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his *Journal*, which was published in 1749, presents a quiet but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity



to labor for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1833, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

NOTE 40, page 85.

August. Soliloq. cap. xxxi. "Interrogavi Ter-ram," &c.

NOTE 41, page 87.

For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora, —

"If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

NOTE 42, page 95.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

NOTE 43, page 101.

Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged 24 years.

NOTE 44, page 102.

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labors and liberal political opinions, I visited him in his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

NOTE 45, page 104.

"O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!"—*Jeremiah* xlviii. 32.

NOTE 46, page 106.

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The Birmingham Pilot says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman."

NOTE 47, page 107.

Winnipiseogee: "Smile of the Great Spirit."

NOTE 48, page 109.

This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the lifelike vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the coloring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jamieson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*. Vol. I., p. 121.

NOTE 49, page 110.

Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides," describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

NOTE 50, page 111.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

NOTE 51, page 111.

Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was, to the artisans of England, what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His "Corn-law Rhymes" contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of "The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain" said of him, "Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lay, for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day."

NOTE 52, page 112.

The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

NOTE 53, page 116.

"Thou 'mind'st me of a story told  
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold."

The incident here referred to is related in a

note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*.

"We arrived at the habitation of the Hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.*' There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fenelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'O, if Fenelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!'"

In my sketch of Saint Pierre, it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him, I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his Studies of Nature, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes,—these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason. . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, 'My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?'"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend, J. J. Rousseau. "I renounced," says he, "my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius, was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: *His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*"

NOTE 54, page 117.

"Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed."

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south,—a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice:—

"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet black, the other giving back the colors of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! 'This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand.'"

NOTE 55, page 121.

The election of Charles Sumner to the U. S. Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the U. S. officials and the armed police of Boston.

NOTE 56, page 123.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

NOTE 57, page 125.

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptus of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

NOTE 58, page 128.

This ballad was originally published in a prose work of the author's, as the song of a wandering Milesian schoolmaster.

In the seventeenth century, slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

NOTE 59, page 129.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those, even, who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood.



## NOTE 60, page 131.

"Homilies from Oldbug hear."

Dr. W —, author of "The Puritan," under the name of Jonathan Oldbug.

## NOTE 61, page 138.

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the 1st month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and coadjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys; and his whole life, extending almost to threescore and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereigns, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty.

## NOTE 62, page 139.

No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this: "He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive-Slave Law."

## NOTE 63, page 146.

"*Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March, 1846.*—This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro servant, Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs for me, but got no satisfactory account from them. Said at first said, 'O, they sing of *Rubee*' (God). 'What do you mean?' I replied, impatiently. 'O don't you know?' he continued, 'they asked God to give them their *Atka*?' (certificate of freedom.) I inquired, 'Is that all?' Said: 'No; they say, "Where are we going? The world is large. O God! Where are we going? O God!"' I inquired, 'What else?' Said: 'They remember their country, Bornou, and say, "*Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!*"' 'Do they say anything else?' Said: 'No; they repeat these words over and over again, and add, "O God! give us our *Atka*, and let us return again to our dear home."

"I am not surprised I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woful condition? It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondwomen cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the desert."—*Richardson's Journal.*

## NOTE 64, page 147.

One of the latest and most interesting items of Eastern news is the statement that Slavery has been formally and totally abolished in Egypt.

## NOTE 65, page 158.

A letter from England, in the *Friends' Review*, says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion,

Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gunboats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."

## NOTE 66, page 167.

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

## NOTE 67, page 174.

"Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! Thou wert within, and I abroad searching for thee. Thou wert with me, but I was not with thee."—*August. Soliloq., Book X.*

## NOTE 68, page 174.

"And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: And in that I saw the infinite Love of God."—*George Fox's Journal.*

## NOTE 69, page 179.

The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men, in Southern Kansas, took place near the Marias du Cygne of the French *voyageurs*.

## NOTE 70, page 186.

Read at the Friends' School Anniversary, Providence, R. I., 6th mo., 1860.

## NOTE 71, page 192.

See English caricatures of America: Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto, "Haven't I a right to wallop my nigger?"

## NOTE 72, page 194.

It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchia. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villany of the Chians the proverb arose, "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

## NOTE 73, page 197.

This ballad was written on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.

## NOTE 74, page 206.

Lieutenant Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it "The Cry of a Lost Soul!"

## NOTE 75, page 259.

Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker Historian gives it, Von Merlane, a no-

ble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have held among the Mystics of that city very much such a position as Annia Maria Schurmaus did among the Labadists of Holland. William Penn appears to have shared the admiration of her own immediate circle for this accomplished and gifted lady.

NOTE 76, page 260.

Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania, in 1694, with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wis-sahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the Millennium, and was a devout student of the Book of Revelation, and the *Morgen-Rothe* of Jacob Behman. He called his settlement "The Woman in the Wilderness" (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers, because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring "that he could as little agree with the *Damnatus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent."

He died in 1704, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous "Stone of Wisdom" into the river, where that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

NOTE 77, page 260.

Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism, enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam, and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wieward; and, according to Gerard Croes, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends, at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women, it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions, were formed. Labadie died in 1674 at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. "Nothing remains for me," he said, "except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier."

In 1679, Peter Sluyter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermanns, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known as Bohemia Manor.

Sluyter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near Millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favorably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them courteously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

NOTE 78, page 261.

Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. "I spent," he says, "some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things,—that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days." It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Sluyter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher's house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found "a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common hand-book; also Helmont's book on Medicine (*Ortus Medicinæ, id est Initia Physica inaudita progressus medicinæ novus in morborum ultionem ad vitam longam*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers." It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher of Vilverde had not escaped the notice of Friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

NOTE 79, page 261.

"The Quaker's Meeting," a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be Egbert Hemskerck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskerck the old), in which William Penn and others—among them Charles II., or the Duke of York—are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskerck came to London from Holland with King



William in 1689. He delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

NOTE 80, page 262.

In one of his letters addressed to his friends in Germany he says: "These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ's teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not over-reach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and stylishness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk, the mouth-Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink."

Again he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many among

you who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny him.

"It is evident," says Professor Seideustecker, "Pastorius holds up the Indian as Nature's unspoiled child to the eyes of the 'European Babel,' somewhat after the same manner in which Tacitus used the barbarian *Germani* to shame his degenerate countrymen."

As believers in the universality of the Saving Light, the outlook of early Friends upon the heathen was a very cheerful and hopeful one. God was as near to them as to Jew or Anglo-Saxon; as accessible at Timbuctoo as at Rome or Geneva. Not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit which dictated it, was of saving efficacy. Robert Barclay is nowhere more powerful than in his argument for the salvation of the heathen, who live according to their light, without knowing even the name of Christ. William Penn thought Socrates as good a Christian as Richard Baxter. Early Fathers of the Church, as Origen and Justin Martyr, held broader views on this point than modern Evangelicals. Even Augustine, from whom Calvin borrowed his theology, admits that he has no controversy with the admirable philosophers, Plato and Plotinus. "Nor do I think," he says in *De Civ. Dei.*, lib. xviii., cap. 47, "that the Jews dare affirm that none belonged unto God but the Israelites."





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